


# WARRIOR





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Der lieben Florence von ihrer für liebenden  
Freundschaft zu ihrer Geburtstags.  
in unserer lieben Gesellschaft Schauer,

Mein, 18 Oktober  
1895.



*fine engraving*  
*Fred W. Miller*

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# THE RHINE.

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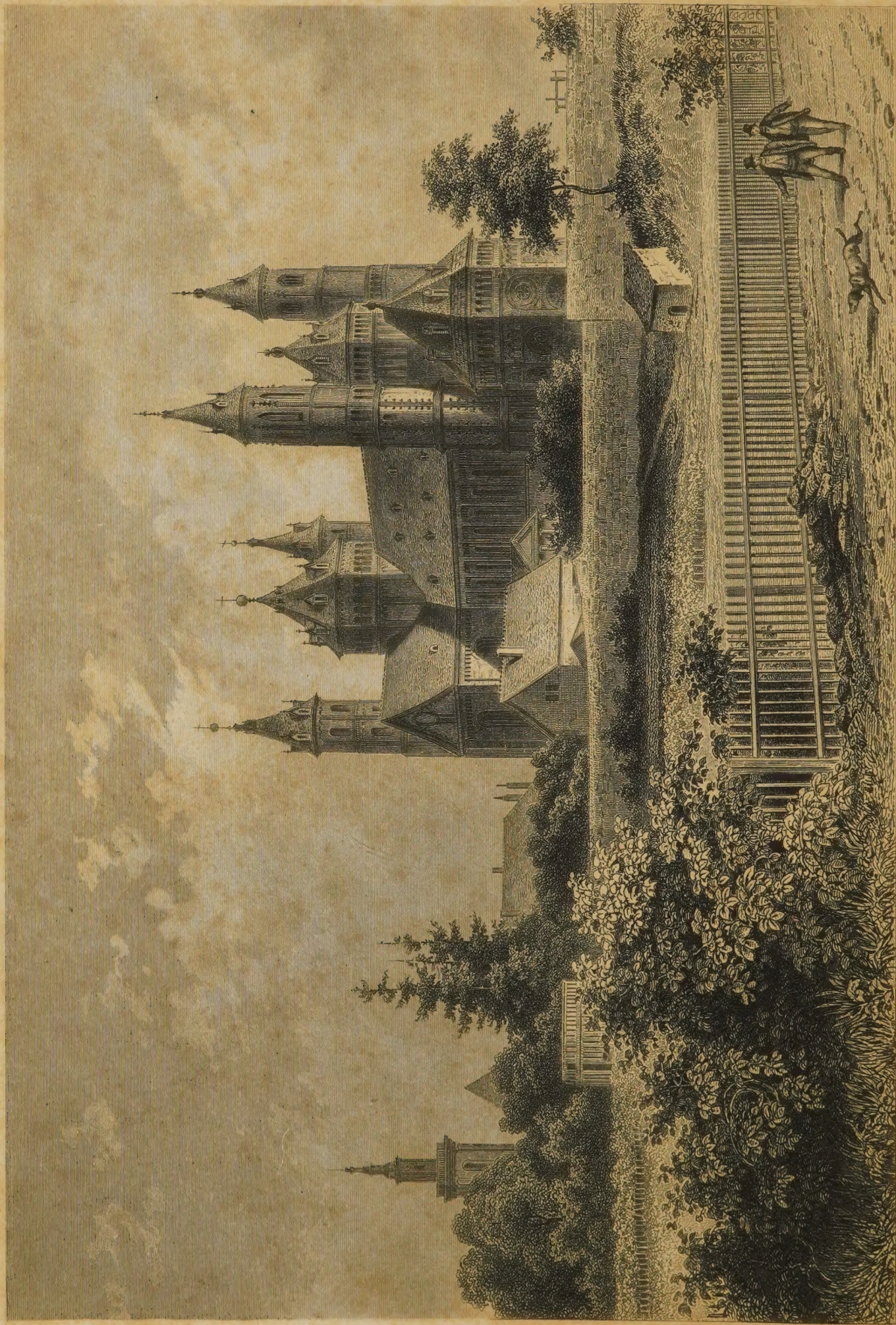






*Fred W. Miller*





Klinsch ges.

Stahlschnitt v. Carl Mayer's K.A. in Nürnberg.

*Worms*

Verlag von Julius Niedner in Wiesbaden.



*Fred W. Miller*

# THE RHINE.

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HISTORY AND LEGENDS

OF ITS

CASTLES, ABBEYS, MONASTERIES,  
AND TOWNS.

BY

W. P. VON HORN

(W. OERTEL.)

WITH THIRTY SIX STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

E N G L I S H

by

CHRIS: BENSON.

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WIESBADEN.

PUBLISHED BY JULIUS NIEDNER.

1872.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE,

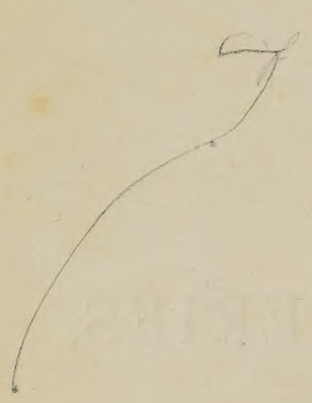
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GARDEN, LONDON; 20 SOUTH FRED-  
ERICK STREET, EDINBURGH.

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THE RHINE



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## PREFACE.

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The book I now offer to the lovers of the glorious river of our Fatherland requires a few introductory words, primarily, with regard to the manner of treatment I have adopted.

There can exist no doubt that Handbooks pass over too superficially and summarily the history of the towns, castles, abbeys and monasteries situated on the banks of the Rhine between Worms and Cöln; that the traditions and legends attaching to so many of them, are scarcely touched upon. Nearly half a century has elapsed since my connection with the Rhine country commenced, and during this period I have often felt the want I propose to supply, and frequently heard from the lips of others, expressions of regret at the non-existence of a satisfactory guide.

So arose the thought which ripened to the determination to remedy the evil. For many years I have carefully and conscientiously sought and collected the material I now offer, accompanied by numerous and artistic engravings, trusting that my work will be generally acceptable.

As I have written chiefly for the educated reader, and more especially for those who for many years have expressed favourable opinions of my other works, it has been my aim to give true and faithful narrations of the



result of my researches, *without*, the perhaps important, ballast of quotations, in such a form as to satisfy the demand for amusement, and to do justice to local legendary lore.

Those acquainted with history will recognise the sources whence my information is obtained without detailed references. That I found many gaps which I was as little able to stop as others before me I need not observe. Whoever knows the difficulty of pursuing one small fact "through many years", will season his justice with mercy, if he has been more fortunate than I; if sources have been revealed to him which are sealed to me, authorities which throw light on dark passages, or is he in a position to guide me where my human nature has gone astray; then I pray him to supply what is wanting, and give me access to his discovered treasures. With the warmest gratitude I would accept both, and conscientiously seek to profit by his aid.

And so recommending my book to the kindly attention and gentle criticism of the reader I remain:

WIESBADEN.

W. P. VON HORN.



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## WORMS.

The commandment: "Reverence old age!" is one wóthy to be had in remembrance. In obedience to the commandment we will choose as our first abiding place on our Rhine passage, the spot where primitive tradition, the wondrous German poesy and history unite to form a halo round the wall-bound, primeval city of Worms.

Whilst we look at the city at the Dome within, and at the Church of the Liebfrauen without her walls, a series of pictures pass before us—which carry us away, far back into the days of old. In our vision we behold the rosy Chrimhild and the mighty Siegfried, the royal pair at whose court dark intrigues are woven; before us arises the "Fiedler Volker" and the black-browed Hagen — in short the "Nibelungen-Lied" with all its actors; its loves and its sorrows; its hates and its vengeance, its battles and its victories; — an ancient past, rich in legendary lore raises its blanched head and enquires: Where is the home of my history? Who the poet who with such mighty power can enthrall the heart and conjure up before us those wild lawless, days—days nevertheless intertwined with touches so tender and so thoughtful, as to awake in us life and light—because they themselves were endowed with such fulness of life and light.

Where is the home of the mighty "song"? Here I reply, in the Palatinate; for it has arisen from historic ground. He who has followed up the history link by link can scarcely doubt for a moment that Worms was the home of the poet who with his own eyes beheld the events that here befel. Where would'st thou seek what the "Lied" tells; other than there where it approaches in solemn, historical garb to greet thee?



There, behind thee, towards the Moselle, where the dark forests of the "Hochwald" stretch over hill and valley, lie the massive ruins of the Castle Dronecken (Thronecken), where the cradle of the false murderer, "Hagen the Grim", stood, the castle which to this day proclaims itself to be a castle the date of whose foundation must be sought deep, deep in the dark ages. Nearer to thee (towering over) the little town of Ober-Moschel is the mighty ruin of the "Landsberg", where according to *written* evidence abode a line of knights bearing the name of "Nibelungen": Nibelungus the First, Second, etc.—Down below on the Lower Rhine (Niederrhein) arises Siegfried, the native giant; he bathes himself in the dragon's blood on the hills of the Seven Mountains (Siebengebirge), and his skin grows horny, invulnerable, with the exception of one woe-bringing spot, whither the breath of the coming wind has carried a Linden leaf. Know ye not the „Drachenfels" with its cavern to which the legend of the "Lindwurm" points? Here in the land, rich in iron, Siegfried wrought his own sword and then came to the court of Gunther at Worms.

Above, inland, lies "Alzeia", Alzei, the home of the "Fiedler" (Fidler), where but a few years ago, and haply even now is, was to be seen in the keystone of an arched gateway on the old Kaiser palace a fiddle of antique fashion hewn in the stone. On the opposite bank of the Rhine, opposite to Worms, stretches the gloomy Odenwald, the hunting ground of the giants where they chased the wild-boar and the stag. The people still shew a clear spring, which bubbles up in a little rocky basin, in the depths of the forest, which they call: Siegfriedsbrunnen (Siegfried's Well), because it was here that Hagen the Grim plunged his hunting-spear deep into the loins of Siegfried. Above in the rocky region of the Dahner lie the ruins of the castle mentioned in the Lied, to bearing day this according to existing documents, the name bestowed upon it by the poet—and now Worms with its royal court, with its Dome, with its "Rosengarten" (Rose Garden) known to and so called by the "folk"! — Here, and here alone, is the cradle of the heroic song of which we may well be proud, connecting as it does historical ground with the fields of mythology.

But I ask: can a Thüringer (Thuringian), can any other than a native poet, lay the scene of his poem in places known only to the native born—which only one native born can know with the



accuracy with which they are portrayed in this poem? I must openly confess—as this chain of thought passes; as these *proved facts* present themselves to my mind the poet's words occur to me: "That which has lived in verse has existed"! From all the critical researches concerning the "Song" and its author I gather but one fact and that one is incontrovertible—the cradle of the "Song" is Worms, and the singer of the song: *a child, of the Palatinate to whom the land was well-known.*

I know perfectly well how severely this asseveration will be challenged; I know perfectly well how from the lofty Tripod sage words of contemptuous wisdom will be spoken; but I know too that the soberly judging, acute enquirer will find it worth his while to follow carefully the trail laid down. An abrupt, cutting verdict is easily pronounced, but facts are not to be disproved thereby.

Whether my readers agree with me or have grounds for laying the scene of the "Song" elsewhere—the scene, which here in a circuit of a few miles, is marked out as it were by boundary stones, lying close to each other—of the Nibelungenlied, gives to our ancient city of Worms an importance, such as, poetically speaking, no other city can possess, and this importance is one essentially German and its source dear to the hearts of the people.

Worms is one of the most ancient among the cities of the Rhenish provinces. The Rabbi of Tudela refers to the city as the primeval abode of emigrant Israelites, though perhaps the old Chronicles of the Synagogue are not precisely correct in all the details—as when they assert that at the destruction of the *first* Temple of Jerusalem, about 588 years B. C., Jews had wandered forth and founded a Synagogue here. Her old Thoras, the most reliable evidence of the antiquity of a Jewish community, carry us very far back in the annals of time.

A legend too is connected with the origin of the Jewish colony. When better days had come and they were summoned by the High-priest, and threatened with the curse and wrath of God if they obeyed not, to return to their beloved land of promise and appear there at the high festivals, they lingered in the "Wunnegau" (or fair meadow), as the Nibelungenlied calls the blessed land of the green Rhine, saying in reply to the call: "We live in the promised land; Worms is our Jerusalem; our Synagogue, our Temple!" They were justified in taking this



view of their case and in giving such a reply, by the circumstance that when they were driven forth from the Holy City they carried with them some of the consecrated soil and intermixed it with the earth of their burying-ground, and with the soil of the ground in which the foundation of the Synagogue was laid. So this became to them the land of promise where they prayed, and where their bones were finally laid to rest.

It is a well-known fact that in the fanatical persecutions of the Middle Ages, the Worms Jews were frequently spared when other colonies were persecuted. A deception which they practised saved them. The Synagogue of Worms spread the report—incredible as it may seem—that when the Saviour was about to undergo crucifixion and the other Jewish communities throughout the world had assented to it, the Worms Synagogue alone withheld their assent. The fact remains; the deception succeeded and bore good fruit.

By the Emperors, whose very faithful vassals they always were, they were especially protected and received no insignificant proofs of the Emperor's good will in the form of privileges. Another tradition as to the origin of the Jewish colony in Worms is related, which it will not do to pass over unnoticed; although it bears a much later date.

It is well known that certain old noble houses date their origin from Noah's and boast of intimate blood relationship with the Blessed Virgin.

To these most especially ancient times belongs the house of Dalberg, whom we find mentioned in ancient deeds as "Chamberlains of Worms". Their family Chronicle relates how their primitive ancestor was a cousin of the Virgin Mary and, at the same time, a centurion in the 22<sup>nd</sup> Roman Legion. He, says the Chronicler, when this legion was stationed on the Rhine, brought Jews with him to Worms from Jerusalem after its capture and destruction by Titus, and indeed, in the capacity of slaves, that with true Christian magnanimity he gave them their freedom, and that by them the Synagogue was founded.—Here with the fable of the bearing of the Jews concerning the Crucifixion would of necessity fall to pieces; but strange to relate the "folk" clings rather to the Jews than to "the Blessed Virgin's cousins", who, also strictly speaking, must have been Jews. Did it ever occur to these most ancient noblemen to consider the persuasion of their forefathers?



The fruitful land of the "Wunnegau" (fair meadow) was inhabited by a Gallic tribe, and subsequently we find the tribe of the "Vangionen" established under Roman protection; Roman foresight founded here a camp of mercenary soldiers at Borbetonagus, the chief city of the Vangionen to secure their fidelity. So it happens that from the earliest ages we find traces of Roman customs and civilisation, Roman temples and baths, and all the evidences of an important Roman city, with a camp and a fort with Roman garrison. Worms became a Roman Municipality with all rights appertaining thereto. The Legion which had formerly been in Jerusalem brought Christianity early to Worms, and the Christian community whose increase, as in all other parts of the Roman Empire, was unchecked by the bloodiest persecutions, spread the bright light of Christian truth abroad on all sides.

About the middle of the fourth century we find records of Victor, Bishop of Worms—evidence at once of the importance of the Christian Colony.

Henceforth we meet with a series of frightful storms. The incursions of the Allemans and their allies; the irruptions of the Franks in Gaul, agitated the fair land of the Wunnegau and violently convulsed the city of Worms. The attacks of the Vandals directed against the Romans on the Rhine and against the flourishing cities on the river banks, brought terror and destruction to Worms, and not until the Burgundians settled there do happier days seem to have arrived. Worms was their Capital; but civilisation could not have struck very firm root, and just as weak was the hold of Christianity when Attila's predatory and blood-thirsty hordes swept past like a destructive and desolating mountain-torrent—annihilating civilisation and prosperity in its wild course. Attila's power succumbed on the fields of Catalonia. His army retreated to the Rhine and passed it, and what had been left in the course of victory they destroyed during their retreat.

Whether on their retreat the Huns again pursued the same route is uncertain; but it is quite certain that subsequent to this flight Allemannic tribes inhabited and occupied the country which finally acknowledged the sway of the Franks. At this epoch Worms was the chief city of the so-called "Wormsgaues", and was the brightest pearl of the Frank Duchy on the Rhine.

When however the Empire of the Franks was divided Worms



lost much of its importance, but the fact that a "Pfalz"—a royal residence—was erected adjacent to the town, frequently brought the Conquerors hither, and the broad plains afforded opportunities for the holding of those mighty meetings of the "folk", called "Maifelder", in the neighbourhood.

The occasional residence of the Frank kings and Dukes, the constant presence of the Gaugrafs and of the Bishops necessarily promoted the welfare of the city, inasmuch as Mainz only recovered with difficulty from the havoc committed by the Huns and Vandals. Under the sway of Dagobert I. the "Pfalz" adjacent to the town, was converted into an ecclesiastical foundation, being replaced by a proud palace which reared itself up within the city walls. Henceforth the stately pile was the frequent residence of the kings, and Worms was called "the royal city"; and gifted with privileges which were continually increased under Carl der Grosse. Worms was advancing towards a mighty future—as with one swoop all the bright prospects were annihilated. The Royal palace was burnt to the ground.

This was a terrible blow to the future of the city, which would doubtless have become what Frankfurt is.

Frankfort and Aix-la-Chapelle obtained the preference, and even if Worms was not totally forgotten the crown had vanished for ever from its head. As I said, it was not forgotten, though its royal residence was no more. Many a weighty matter brought the Frank Emperors within the walls of the ancient city, and many an important diplomatic decision was come to at the assembly of the Diet, many dangers too threatened her, among others the approach of the Normannens to the town—where however an end was put to their predatory courses.

The later German Emperors often resided in Worms in the palace built by the Rhine-Frankish Duke Conrad — and those were brilliant days for the city, when in 1002, Henry II was elected Emperor within her walls.

In the tumults which followed the differences between Henry IV. and the Pope, Worms "stood right true" to the Emperor, who took refuge here when all other adherents deserted him. In opposition to their Bishop the Wormsers continued true friends of the Emperor. Hence he went forth on his expedition against the Saxons, here it was that he caused the assembled Bishops to decide upon the deposition of Pope Gregory VII; in Worms he stayed—until the fierce and unholy campaign against Canossa;



hence he made war upon the antagonistic King and hence wandered towards Rome, in short all the events of great moment which occurred in those days originated in Worms, and the "true" Wormsers were ever around and about him,—until his star set.

His unworthy son shewed himself—it was no wonder inimical to the Worms people, but changed his opinions on grounds of policy; frequently assembled the Diet in the town and generally furthered its interests; yes, even when he besieged and took the town when his appointment of a Bishop was opposed by the inhabitants, he neither revoked nor annulled any of the privileges he had granted them in former days.

Worms was rich, great, and powerful, and withstood of its own strength the encroachments of the disturber of the public peace, Hermann von Stahleck, as it did other dynasties also.

The Hohenstaufen prized Worms highly, and the town fought valiantly for them. The fiery sermons of the Crusader Bernhard caused a violent excitement in Worms. Many men and a crowd of blooming youths, followed Conrad to the East; but the recollection of them caused scalding tears to flow, for they found not their burial place in the land of promise, four hundred valiant fighting men nevertheless followed Friedrich II to the Holy Land and met with a like fate. Bold citizens they always were, and in the contest between Conrad and Heinrich Raspe they proved themselves courageous; valiantly did they stand by him in his feud with Sifrid of Eppstein, who occupied the archiepiscopal chair of Mainz. True they suffered bitterly for it, and it seemed as if Worms was tottering to her fall; yet Conrad forgot not his faithful Wormsers. He sent them help, the united Oppenheimers joined them, and once more Worms breathed freely; but the deposed Bishop again crept into the town and attempted to hold it. As one man the citizens rose up and hunted the hated prelate from the town. New complications followed new struggles, until weary of the strife the inhabitants thirsted for peace. With a body of 2000 citizens the Wormsers took the field for Conrad against William of Holland.

Within the town itself episcopal disputes incessantly called forth new broils, and the archiepiscopal ban lay heavy on them until the Emperor Conrad was gathered to his fathers a few years later, and Worms submitted to William of Holland. Gradually peace was established within the walls of the town. It was however a peace of short duration. An important member of



the "town confederation", she was compelled to take the field with it. Subsequently Worms allied herself with Richard of Cornwallis, did him homage and profited thereby; but intestine strife now became universal, guilds and corporations leagued themselves together to oppose the encroachments of the patrician families. The Bishop calmed the storm; but the spark smouldered on under the ashes. Notwithstanding all these unfavourable circumstances the town increased in extent and beauty; for she had wealth, and, in spite of Rhine dues and marauding knights, trade increased; the Dome was beautified and extensive monastic establishments and public buildings multiplied. The numerous assemblies of the Diet held here brought money into the town, and on all sides evidences of its fruits were manifest in the growing civilisation—and also in the increasing luxury. The Lombards settled down; the Jews multiplied. The increase of the town was from outwards, as the flourishing state of trade induced strangers to settle here. The internal welfare of the city can hardly have been furthered by this, as just at the period religion and morality shook and sank, for throughout the nation immorality spread like weeds.

Rudolph of Habsburg benefited the town immensely by suppressing the marauding knights. Enlightened Bishops, bringing blessings with them, ruled at the end of the thirteenth century.

True to their Emperor the bold Wormsers fought valiantly for Adolph of Nassau, whilst within their own walls the temporarily subdued strife between guilds and patricians again burst forth into flames, fed by the fact of the latter being inimical to the Emperor.

Albrecht had no love for Worms, that is to say for her people devoted as they were to the cause of Adolph. He turned the scale in favour of the patricians.

A disputed election of a Bishop was the cause of Baldwin of Trier obtaining possession for a time of the Bishopric of Worms, and the hand a heavy one which held the reins and brought the citizens on their knees. The Bishop appointed by him followed his maxims, they were those of an iron government; but such a rule was not one adapted to the Wormsers and for once they were joined by the acute and wealthy Jews. The Bishop was cunning enough to see the object of the citizens—namely the intention to invest the Jews with the rights of citizenship,—in order to divert the taxes paid by them to the Bishop into the town coffers. He anticipated the



citizens, granted the Jews a Charter guaranteeing certain privileges to them, and — gained them over. The rage of the citizens was boundless; but the discord was healed, even if the citizens retained their feeling of annoyance at being outwitted.

Ludwig the Bavarian had the citizens on his side and accorded them important privileges, for their faithful allegiance to him the Pope fulminated a Bull against them and laid the town under an Interdict. They were bad days these. No help against external feud and robbery; and division prevailed within. Charles the IV's efforts to secure the peace of the country were unavailing. In spite of the very numerous proofs of favour granted by the "lazy Wenzel" the town suffered; for the feuds abroad never ceased and the broils at home knew no end, now between the Bishops and the town, now between the guilds and the patricians. True they were as often smoothed over; but not invariably to the profit of the townsfolk. They shewed their wisdom by their fidelity to the Emperors and by supporting them on all occasions. The town secured to itself hereby a powerful ally, even if the old title of the "free electoral city" was now and again a stumbling-block.

Nevertheless—and it is positively true—the town flourished during these commotions although during this time destructive conflagrations, pestilence, even famine visited it her fortifications were increased; and she grew not only in extent, but also in the number of her inhabitants. In the 14<sup>th</sup> century, so say the records, she could furnish a contingent of 10,000 men able to carry arms; furnish, be it understood, out of her pecuniary resources.

The assemblies of the Diet lent brilliance to the city, and where it assembled mirth ran high. Severe morality was often compelled to hide her head, and deep sank the poison into the blood of the citizens. Chronicles tell of doings at the Council of Constance which make the hair stand on end, and from such taint Worms was not free in those days of loose morals and wild passions. It was not the well-being of the Church and of the Empire which brought all her guests to Worms.

A new era dawned for the town with the meeting of the Diet in 1521. Luther, "the world-shaking monk of Wittenberg" appeared, escorted by high and low, appeared in triumph in Worms and boldly and manfully defended the cause of Evangelical truth. Who remembers not the mighty words he spake: "Here I stand, other I cannot do, so help me God, Amen!"



Such was the effect of these words that men wept, men who scarcely knew what a tear was, and paved the way for the advance of the Gospel.

The pretty legend of the Luther-tree at Worms originates in these days, it is a Cork-Elm of wondrous size, height and extent, which has attracted attention for centuries. The legend says: that as Luther seated in a small open carriage and escorted by the Imperial Herald neared the town, Princes, Grafs and Knights, surrounded by a countless multitude came out to meet the Apostle of light and truth.

Among the loftiest knights was to be seen the valiant, knightly and imperial Captain von Frundsberg. He rode by the side of the carriage and spoke much with the honoured guest. When, as they neared the gates of the city, turning his large clear eye upon Luther he spoke: "Little Monk, dost thou, verily believe that thy teaching will prevail?" Luther, raising an inspired glance to the noble man, pointed to a weak sapling of Cork-Elm which had sprung up on the way-side, and filled with joy and in conscious strength, with full trust in God answered: Yea, noble Sir, so truly as this sapling may become a mighty tree and vie in height with the towers of the city!"

And the mighty, the beautiful Cork-Elm, which has withstood the storms of centuries was this sapling, is the Luther Elm of Worms!

They were strangely perturbed times for Worms too, which followed this world famous Diet, which threatened the town during the peasants' War (Bauernkrieg); for in the vicinity of the town, at Pfeddersheim, was fought the bloody battle which was the death-stroke of the war in this land. What would have been the fate of the city had the peasants conquered?

Easter of the year 1615 found Worms in intense excitement. It was caused by the Jews, who having amassed large fortunes by usury and commerce, the trade in wine and fruits being almost exclusively in their hands, had the power of determining the prices. The citizens expelled them from the town and destroyed their ancient and holy Synagogue; but no blood was shed and they met with no brutal treatment. Such usurpation of power could not take place without serious consequences to the towns folk and to the ring-leaders especially. The Jews returned. The citizens were forced, as say the Rheinlanders, "to gulph down" their wrath.



For the rest Worms had passed her culminating point and descended with gigantic steps. The power of the Bishops increased, and rare assemblies of the Diet caused considerable gaps in her Exchequer. The misunderstandings between patri- cians and Guilds had disappeared; but were succeeded by religious disputes, as the Bishops oppressed the Protestants, leaving the Jesuits to pursue their course unchecked.

Then followed the woe and sorrow of the Thirty Years' War, and the prosperity of the town was at a low ebb. Oppres- sion after oppression succeeded each other, and Tilly's ire against the Protestants softened not, whose Churches he closed and whom he attempted by force to convert to Romanism. These various tortures only ceased with the advent of the Swedes, who be it said were by no means angels, and recommenced after their retreat subsequent to the battle of Nordlingen. In quick succession Imperialists, Bavarians, French and Weimarers sucked the last drops of life-blood from the wretched inhabitants of Worms.

Defenceless against the arrogance of all, delivered over to the tender mercies of those to whom the fortune of war had given the upper hand, every party laboured diligently to work their ruin and downfall until at length pestilence sickness and famine visited even these gardens of paradise and demanded numerous victims.

Where so many and such deep wounds yawned cure was difficult, and when at length one ray of hope dawned it was fol- lowed by the unholyest of all the wars which ever devastated the blood saturated soil of this fair and rich land, the so-called Orleanistic War.

On the 1<sup>st</sup> of October the hardships of the city commenced. Half forced, half persuaded, the citizens threw open the gates to the French — who never intended to keep the terms they had made — the worst evils which brutality and licentiousness could conceive fell upon Worms. And in addition to this a ter- rible fear oppressed their hearts, even if they offered up their sacrifices with a willing mind, and this fear was the fear for the existence of the town. The end came, the lot of Worms was the lot of other cities. In February 1689 the fortifications, which had cost centuries of labour to build, fell. A faint ray of hope which streamed over the city, induced the enemy to proceed rapidly with the completion of their diabolical work.



Towards the end of May began the destruction of the growing crops; then with a show of hypocritical sympathy the necessity for burning down the town was proclaimed and permission given to the citizens to remove their valuables. In the Dome many things had been stored up, for the Dome was to be spared; but at length this favour was rescinded. The firing of the town was announced with beat of drum, to enable those to fly who could. Now began the plundering by the soldiers and long ere this noble work was complete a cannon shot thundered over the city, and gunpowder and sulphur carried the devouring element throughout the town!

In a hundred places simultaneously did the tongues of fire shoot forth, greedily consuming whatsoever they could reach. It was a fearful night! — Far away over the landscape glowed the flames which hellish revenge had kindled, and far and near were heard the agonised cries of the unhappy people, as they beheld their homes falling a prey to the fire.

The city is one vast heap of ashes! Nothing left but a few buildings which had withstood all, among them the Dome. Whether it was intended to save it from the general devastation must—according to all that had happened—be doubted.

What had been spared in the conflagration, the French endeavoured in the succeeding six weeks to destroy, not even the coffins of the dead were allowed to escape desecration!

What was left for the unhappy sufferers? Those who had saved their fortunes wandered forth and sought new homes, others built themselves huts upon the Maulbeerau, others arranged dwellings in their cellars or sought abodes in the surrounding villages, nearer or farther from the scene of their agony.

In all parts of Germany sympathy for the unfortunate inhabitants of the city was shewn.

From Germany and from Holland rich contributions for the alleviation of the misery poured in, and more especially did the free-towns aid and assist their unlucky sister. All vied with each other in helping the sorely chastised city, and a wise magistrate did all that was to be done.

The Dome and the Church of St. John were restored that the piously inclined might again have a spot of holy ground whence his prayers for the city might ascend to God. Where otherwise should they seek help and consolation if not in the Lord their God!



Twenty years had passed over before the traces of this fearful barbarity had been washed out and 500 houses together with the houses of God been rebuilt. Even the walls and gates were restored; but the town was impoverished; her crown fallen and shattered; her very lifeblood checked in its flow.

Only slowly did she recover; but the French Revolution brought her a fatal gift, the French nobility. Among the refugees was Condé, who inhabited the Bishofshof, which was subsequently burnt down by the revolutionary hordes, because,—because Condé had dwelt therein.

Some of these refugees had money the gift that they brought in plenitude was boundless immorality—and their unholy influence was not without its effects.

The deluge of revolutionary hordes the so-called “Grun-delchen” brought verily no blessing in its train! The German Empire which had grown feeble departed this life after a severe struggle, and died of old age.

Worms was incorporated with the Empire of Napoleon in common with the rest of the left bank of the Rhine. It is well-known that “much silk was not spun” under a government which dragged the flower of the land forth to the battle-field. The Thirty Years’ War changed all these things, and Worms was apportioned to the Grand Duchy of Darmstadt; it is now a country, town, which broods mournfully over past and better days.

The old wounds are healed over; but the days of old return no more in their brightness—return not, nor ever can. Nevertheless the town has prospered of late and the spirit of trade and speculation is lively, days of peace are to mental and material progress, days replete with blessings and promises of future greatness. The town has cast retrospective glances upon her glorious past and erected a magnificent memorial to Luther to keep alive the remembrance of this most famous age—an effort to which all Germany has lent a helping hand. Happily the sad death of the Master did not prevent the inauguration of the work—and his work forms a new attraction to the old “protestant town.”

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## OPPENHEIM.

Could we but glance back a few thousand years upon those spots on the banks of the Rhine now densely crowded by human habitations, which from small beginnings, have in the course of time grown in importance, by the natural increase of population and by the addition of new blood, until they have become small towns or cities, we should probably perceive in one spot selected by common sense and practical eyes, various huts under a shady roof formed by one or more trees, in whose neighbourhood the nets hung out to dry indicate the river, an inexhaustible source of livelihood to those tribes on whose banks the lapping waves play.

Only then were our forefathers sociable when danger or necessity united them. *C'est tout comme chez nous!* Only when tribes quarrelled, was hut joined to hut, until at length mighty common interests led to unity with others and the little places stretched their limbs.

The Rhine did not harbour fish alone in its bosom; but on the land side the forest extended to the very banks of the river, and within its gloom dwelt a host of animals of chase from the buffaloe down to the hare and the squirrel, from the eagle to the thrush. Forming a link between the forest and the stream was the beaver, who built his nest wherever a streamlet fell into the river or a bay offered an eligible situation for a colony. Excitement and food, dress and bed, all furnished by the chase. What could primitive man demand further? If the reclaimed shore of the river but provided him with a barley field for his beer, and an oat-field for his bread, all his wishes and wants were supplied.

When the Romans penetrated to the Rhine their quick discerning eye soon discovered here and there places suited to the establishment of camps; places protected by natural fortifications. Here soon arose a watch-tower surrounded by earthworks, a camp or a *castrum*; and the cunning conqueror taught the German to cultivate the grape, the nut and the sweet chestnut; tho' all the German colonies were by no means of Roman origin, and he who concludes that because on one bank the grape flourished and the nut and the chestnut were planted, that the place must be of Roman origin, or that the Romans must have inhabited it, would of a surety find himself often in error.

When there are no stones to speak then all proof is wanting.





K. A. Mayer's K. A. N. 1864.

Stadtschule v. Carl Mayer's K. A. N. 1864.

*Oppenheim.*

Verlag v. ... in Wiesbaden







One place to which the above remark applies is Oppenheim. Authorities declare that a Roman Station lay on the so-called "Itineraria" between Worms and Mainz which was named: "Bauconica" or "Banconica", this station must be Oppenheim even tho' there be not the slightest resemblance in the name; even if it has been shewn a thousand times that the accurate account of the distance of this station from Mainz and from Worms does not tally with the actual distance, or rather, varies very considerably; even if every one knows that no Roman antiquities or buildings have ever been found in Oppenheim, and it is utterly impossible to prove that the specimens of Roman coins in the two small numismatic collections were found in Oppenheim, and, even if all this were demonstrable, it would by no means prove that Oppenheim was a Roman Station.

It is said that the votive tablet found here, from which the Sironaquelle derives its name, is proof enough; but the fact that the well belongs to Nierstein has been overlooked!

Summa Summarum: Oppenheim is neither the Bauconica nor the Banconica of the Itineraries; it is not of Roman origin!

Certain people may pull long faces—and local patriotism shed bitter tears at the fading away of the wreath of fame, woven by the hands of love, which encircled the name of their native town,—but fade it must!

The town must rest content to trace its origin to a small village, consisting of the huts of huntsmen and fishermen who were the first settlers on the spot. Tho' it was but a little village, we find very early reference made to it in original historical records—as when we read that the pious Franke Folrad in the year 764 endowed the Monastery of Lorsch with a vineyard within the boundaries of the village of Oppenheim.

This gift, the first recorded, was followed by others more important in succeeding years, until in the year 774 Charles the Great enriched the monastery by the gift of the village of "Obbenheim." The suspicion, or the conclusion, that this gift comprehended the *whole* village with man and mouse is premature and false, in spite of its having been so often repeatedly that is to say "written".

The monastery was richly endowed with property lying within the boundaries of Oppenheim, gifts presented by private individuals as well as by Imperial order. The "Hufen" (farms)



were occupied by the tenants of the monastery, peasants perhaps who were under the superintendence of the Fathers and were probably even their actual vassals, whilst the remaining inhabitants of the village who occupied their own land acknowledged the Gau-Grafs as their feudal lords. As far as facts ecclesiastical are concerned, there is no question that the Monastery possessed and was forced to serve the Chapel on the Saale, which was used by the Oppenheimers for their religious services until a larger Church was built. The Church was built by the Monastery. When Abbot Thiodroch was invested with staff and insignia, he took the village under his special protection, the population of the village had at this time probably considerably increased; for he began to build the Church of "Obbenheim" and a monastery in connection with it in the year 865—the plot of ground selected was situated upon the so-called Abrahams Berg (hill). This Church was dedicated to Saint Sebastian and is now almost a thousand years old. What the Abbot had done for the spiritual welfare of the Oppenheimers was repaid by the material advantages which accrued to the monastery—advantages by which the Monks profited—nor was it more than right that the benefits arising from the Abbot's piety should go to the account of the Monastery.

The most permanent of these advantages—by which too the town profited not a little—was the privilege granted by Henry II in 1008 of holding a market and the permission—to the Monastery—to levy dues. This enriched both Monastery and village; for the trade increasing with the population—the traffic on the Rhine assumed much greater dimensions.

Events which brought considerable additions to the population of the place were the assemblies of the Diet at Trebur opposite to Oppenheim. Many princes and knights with their followers resided in the village, much money flowed into the "bags" of the Oppenheimers; the excellent wine grown became known and due and well-merited justice was done to it.

It might be supposed that the large landed property of the Monastery of Lorsch would have secured its well-being and prosperity; but misfortunes fell upon it and the administration appears to have been a faulty one,—to make a long story short, it appears in the days of Conrad the Third to have gone, if not "the way of all flesh" at least "the way of all monasteries", even if its state had ever formerly resembled that of others. It be-



came impoverished and was forced to sell a portion of its rich lands thus the lot fell upon the Convent and its estates at Oppenheim, of which the Monks were not the sole proprietors, where there was doubtless no lack of unpleasant scenes between the Gaugraf and the Cloister Bailiff in which the former probably came off the winner. The Emperor purchased the estates, which Charles the Great had granted, for a large sum of money; in spite of this Oppenheim was still in the year 1200 an *open* village, without either wall or tower for protection. However Oppenheim, stood high in the Imperial favour. Numerous rights, charters and privileges were granted to it which manifestly paved the way to *freedom and corporative dignity*. Many nobles took up their abode in the village, and artisans and merchants visited it; for the markets were a great attraction. Many "villains" too who had escaped from their lords came and settled down in Oppenheim, finding employment and proving the old Rhenish proverb: "Rhine air gives freedom." Oppenheim basked in the full sunlight of Imperial favour. By means of its commerce, traffic, and wine culture, its quiet internal organisation, its fidelity, and its numerous population it had become a city without being one. The advent of corporation rights could not be far distant unless some great injustice was done to the village. Powerful machinery was set in motion and Friedrich II. granted city rights accompanying them with many proofs of Imperial favour, proofs which his august successor continued to give. Hence the Emperors found in the citizens adherents firm to the death as was frequently shewn on many a bloody field of battle. The Oppenheimers were justly regarded as brave and valiant soldiers.

It was no longer possible to allow the city to remain an open one—like a village. She required massive walls and towers wherewith to protect her gates. In this instance the resident nobles ardently assisted the cause, true they lived in houses which had some of the characteristics of castles, most having a tower and to a certain extent capable of being put in a defensive condition. But of what use were these if a war broke out? Neither walls nor moats round the town! even an Acropolis, a castle behind the town, was wanting—a last refuge in time of need! And there high above—commanding the whole town was a glorious situation for such a fort! When the castle which received the well-merited name of "Landskrone" was built, it is impossible to decide, tho' there is no question that it was



an Imperial castle and erected by an Emperor for the purpose of quelling bold city outrage or impertinence, if need were. Where definite facts fail, we can draw conclusions from carefully collated information which enables us to fix the date with tolerable certainty. Before the years 1244—1245 it is well-known that the Latin designations "Castellani" and "Castrenses" do not occur. They would be easily translated by the word "castle-men"—so that either word implies the existence of a castle, "Castellum" or "Castrum". The conclusion that about this period the castle was built and garrisoned by nobles resident in the village, whose interests were certainly most at stake, cannot be called a rash or unjustifiable one—and that these men were "castlemen" cannot be disproved as many of their names are found written in the chronicles.

Granted that the presence of the nobility whose fixed residence was in Oppenheim had hitherto exercised considerable influence upon life and manners in the town, there can be little question that this influence now increased, inasmuch as with the garrisoning of the castle certain rights and privileges were connected. Although encroachments and interference had not perhaps been carried to the same excessive pitch in Oppenheim as in some other especially Rhenish cities, one is still disposed to think that this arose less from an undeveloped spirit of oppression in the nobles, than in the proud bearing of the Oppenheimers themselves who were by no means of a nature to submit willingly to the usurpation and interference of the nobility. There was no lack of attempts to obtain the superiority, but the bold and courageous citizens understood the science of: "rapping long-fingered knuckles", which did not fail to exert its influence on the great lords.

Valiantly and faithfully did the citizens in subsequent days support the cause of those who had dealt so kindly by them—those to whom they were indebted for so many favours—to the Emperors, more especially to those of the line of Hohenstaufen. They served in many a Roman campaign; and in the City Confederation (Städtebund) they proved themselves to belong to those who readily stretch out an arm to help when the object to be gained is the preservation of peace; the protection of trade and the liberty of the subject.

By favour of Frederick II the Charter of Oppenheim was precisely the same as that granted to the little town of Sobern-



heim on the Nahe, that is to say identical also with and securing the same rights and privileges as were possessed by Frankfurt on the Main; but what various fruits they have borne! On the Main ever increasing importance, growing honour and power, the two poor sisters on the Nahe and the Rhine, how stunted was their growth in comparison with that of the Free City—the connecting link betwixt South and North! There flourishing and consistent prosperity, here a bright promise—doomed to perish in the bud!

However much the noble knights of the Landskrone and of the City might seek to moderate the violence of their antipathies to the citizens—frequent and serious disturbances were unavoidable. Things went at length too far, the patience of the citizens gave way and they besieged, stormed and took the Castle, sent “the gentlemen” about their business and made short work with their Fort Oppenheim (Trutzoppenheim)—that is to say they razed it to the ground after having “shewn the knights the road home”—so that of the “nest of usurpers and unjustifiable arrogance” only the ruins remained. This was a result of the City Confederation, in which each felt his own importance, when the citizens recognised Richard von Cornwallis they made it a condition that during the life-time of the King no Castle should be built in the vicinity of the town. Thus on one hand they secured their freedom; but the so-called “knightly born” still possessed their castle-like houses in the town—here too they were compelled to give way. In this instance by a mutual arrangement which however they only entered into on compulsion. As was to be expected the “knightly born” only waited until time and opportunity favoured them to shew how little binding upon them, were those “slips of parchment”, wherefore the town signed a compact with Worms and Mainz by which mutual assistance was guaranteed, a compact which, as we have already seen in Worms, was faithfully observed by the Oppenheimers and sufficed to keep the knights in check.

King Richard frequently resided in the town, was happy in the midst of the honest citizens and with great pomp and ceremony in the year 1262, laid the foundation stone of the St. Catharine's Church, this glorious building affords evidence of the prosperity and unity, of the Oppenheimers, and of their pious spirit and readiness to make sacrifices. About this time other pious individuals founded religious establishments, for instance



the Nunnery of the Order of Cisterciens; the Hospital for the poor, two foundations generously and effectively supported by the "Grey Brothers of Eberbach" who had long held considerable estates in Oppenheim. The unhappy period, ending with the election of Rudolph of Habsburg to the Imperial throne, was a terrible one for our city which gladly embraced the opportunity of joining the extended confederation of the Rhenish cities, and when this powerful band uprooted the robber nests below Bingen the citizens of Oppenheim were present, everywhere lending a hand to restore order and to clear the path of justice. They were never absent on any occasion; for experience had taught them within their own walls that the only radical cure of the evil lay in the destruction of the fastnesses of the knights whose passion for the noble sport was not less than the fear entertained of it by the citizens!

Rudolph of Habsburg's interference with these lawless pursuits and his energy in extirpating "the thievish trade", as he expressively called it in one sense paralysed the strength of the City Confederation; for where the State keeps order special societies for its preservation are superfluous.

If the Emperor, as we shall subsequently see in Soneck and Reichenstein, sharply punished the knights, it was still by no means his intention to break with them entirely; so he kept a tight hand on the towns too, inasmuch as their wealth and their spirit of self aggrandization increased. He obtained—or rather—expressed money from their coffers threatening them in case of non-compliance with his demands with forfeiture. Besides which the tenants of the Imperial castles were in the enjoyment of considerable privileges.

The Landskron was rebuilt as it would appear soon after the death of Richard whose promise naturally died with him. The burghers did not submit without opposition to the imposition of this galling yoke with whose severity experience had made them acquainted, it would appear however that their opposition availed them nothing. Whilst Rudolph was employed in the middle Rhine provinces in exterminating the robber-bands and razing their strongholds, the Oppenheimers thought the opportunity a favourable one, and their course justified by Rudolph's energy elsewhere; for they stormed and destroyed the new Landskron; but brought down the wrath of the Emperor upon themselves by doing so. True he did not punish them other than by for-



this cing them to rebuild the castle from their resources. That was no punishment might be difficult to prove; for one can conceive that the conditions decreed punishment were no light ones.

He himself now appointed the garrison and by so doing afforded the burghers a guarantee against the recurrence of old grievances, the reminiscences of which weighed heavily upon their souls for they retained a lively recollection of their bitter experience.

The appointment of the garrison by the Emperor might have tended to calm the excited feelings only that they enjoyed the full glow of Imperial favour, whilst the burghers could boast but little of the Habsburg kindness towards themselves, this caused considerable abatement in the former enthusiasm while it did not suffer them to diminish their watchfulness.

Thus Rudolph raised suspicion and dislike in the minds of the citizens, and in the garrison defiance and love of interference. Once more jealousy between Castle and town blazed up in bright flames, added to which Rudolph had contrived to deprive the citizens of all participation in the administration of justice.

It appears that it was by no means Rudolph's intention to push matters to extremes; had he done so the castle would inevitably have been once more razed to the ground. Again burghers and those of "knightly blood" sat side by side in the courts of law and the threatening storm passed over and left no traces behind it; nevertheless the love shown by Rudolph to the Oppenheimers was but cold and the town lost their love for him as was clear from their dislike to Albrecht and in the firm attachment evidenced to Adolph of Nassau, who frequently resided in the town without however giving it occasion to boast of great favours received at his hands. In one instance he afforded them ground for gratitude—namely in the lowering the subsidies levied by the Empire. Adolph's position however continually became more critical—and the longer his difficulties endured, the more did his financial decrepitude increase. He was compelled at length to mortgage the entire revenues he derived from Oppenheim and its vicinity. For the townsfolk a by no means agreeable conjuncture; though a small corps of Oppenheimers nevertheless fought for Adolph at Göllheim against Albrecht, who was cunning enough to turn the disfavour of the citizens to his own advantage by treating them mildly and with consideration.



The days which followed were not unfavourable and under the rule of Ludwig the development of her resources progressed satisfactorily. The town reorganised her laws and the administration was such as promised a bright future; but it was the time of the accursed mortgages in the Empire which ruined many smaller towns, and to which not a few of the more important ones partly succumbed when the Majesties wanted a supply of the current coin of the realm; a state not rare among the Roman Emperors of the German nation—a state which was indeed in some cases a chronic one.

Oppenheim was mortgaged by the Emperor to Kur Mainz. The worst of such mortgages is their redemption—precisely as in case of debts—the painful feature is their payment. The redemption was at times impossible—and so the mortgage remained, and as circumstances changed the mortgage was not redeemed, and was forfeited. Whereof Oppenheim can tell.

And in this wise was Oppenheim forfeited to Kur Mainz. Without a conception of it on her side this was the moment when the town lost her freedom; her independence, and approached her grave; for gradually in spite of her opposition she became an Electoral city, and the fate of the Palatinate was shared by Oppenheim which assuredly did not profit by the bargain. Times were changed, completely changed, and the change was stamped upon all, small and great; but the worst was that the freedom of her self-government was gone, and Electoral magistrates had precisely the same despotic cravings as had those of “knightly birth” in the Landskron.

The mental and social development of the town made, under these circumstances but little progress. It even appears as if the paralysation of their free burgher life exercised a reflective action on their mental advance.

Luther visited Oppenheim in person. Yet his presence was not followed by the great effects, which might have been anticipated from his fresh and free current of thought and the peculiarities of the burghers. Besides which the power and influence of the priesthood assisted by an army of Monks and Nuns must not be left out of the calculation—for they laboured with ceaseless and redoubled energy to dam the stream which threatened to pour in upon the so carefully tended pastures of the Church. Opposition to the Reformation was so strong that when the Kurfürst Otto Heinrich attempted



to introduce the new order of things he met with decided opposition from the Town-Council. The ground upon which their protest was based was one of common law: that the right of mortgage on the city did not include the right of legislating in matters ecclesiastical; for the axiom—that the religion of the subject was determined by that of the ruler could not be applied here—inasmuch as the land was not the “property of the Kurfürst” but pledged simply to him as a security for loans and hence his possession of it but temporary; “where fore and because” the town was one “freed by the Empire and the Imperial Majesties”—and hence the right of legislating in matters of faith appertained to them and them only.

However much this may recal the spirit of days gone by, it would appear that the Town-Council were by no means minded to put themselves without the pale of electoral favour; for we find in the town, by sufferance of the Town-Council—“Lutheran preachers”. Their success does not seem to have been signal, although the more calm acceptance, or rather the adoption, of reformatory measures introduced by Friedrich III, go to prove that sparks still smouldered among the ashes and were prepared to burst into flames if but a vivifying breath could give life.

The frequent change of belief in the Palatinate had the worst influence upon the poor clergy, as they were subject to being chased forth and being again reappointed—confession of his faith causing the fall of the clerical offender. This occurred frequently in Oppenheim and in proportion to the closeness of the ties which bound the clergy to individuals or to families, so much more grievous and irritating were the severe measures adopted by the prevailing power. The mortgage was no longer acknowledged, and the town was regarded as an Electoral one, Electoral crown officers, who were remarkable for two qualifications—one being the aptitude for nourishing their bodies with food and drink, and the other the good care they took of their own revenues, lost no opportunity either of oppressing the citizens or of exercising despotic power, and where an occasion offered they availed themselves of it to shew the arrogance belonging to their position.

A number of them had enriched the Imperial coffers, which then as now travailed in chronic inanition, by purchasing



titles of nobility with those superfluous State revenues which had found their way into their private purses—their imbecility was in the natural order of things boundless. That there was no lack of misunderstandings between the Town-Council, who still cherished their dreams of freedom and maintained the principles of mortgage, and these newly-fledged knights who laughed them to scorn may be supposed. Grievance after grievance was laid before the Kurfürst, but as neither town nor Town-council enjoyed the high favour of the Elector, the end was the same, the noble officers pursued their course unreprieved so long as a shew of moderation was observed.

And thus the prosperity of the town dwindled and in consequence the unhappy effects of the “Winter-rule” of Friedrich V. were heavier than they otherwise might have been; for the Spaniards and the “army of monks” found in the soldiers willing proselytisers who were paid for their ecclesiastical zeal with no niggard hand out of the pockets of the burghers and who were by no means ineffective agents in impoverishing the country and the people in whom they raised up a feeling of fearful bitterness. The Monks took possession of the Protestant Church and then came the Spinnola-Cordova conversion business, namely the forcing of the Protestants to attend mass—whereby there was no want of impromptu blows and tickling with sabre-points.

By means of protests and complaints the Protestants sought to secure the intervention of the Spanish government, of which the seat was at Kreuznach, but the noble knights made merry at the tales of the grievances and—permitted the Oppenheimers to—hope.

Such was the course taken in ecclesiastical affairs, in financial affairs the careful magistrates provided that nothing was lost and that nothing—remained over.

After the battle of Breitenfeld a star of hope rose in the minds of the despairing citizens—Gustavus Adolphus advanced towards Oppenheim and the people said: “now we shall be rid of the Spanish salamander!” In the middle of December 1631 the King of Sweden fixed his head-quarters in Erfelden.

The Spaniards had either removed all their ships or sunk them in the Rhine and thought that they had thus secured their position, they were deceived; for the Swedes, assisted by the people, had found means and ways of crossing the river in



the morning twilight of the 17<sup>th</sup> of December—the passage is still commemorated by the so-called “Swedes pillar”. The Spaniards found themselves unexpectedly attacked by the Swedes. The strongholds of the Spaniards the city, and finally the Landskron, fell after fierce and sanguinary battles into the hands of the Swedes. Those Spaniards who could not escape and bear the message of terror to Mainz fell before the sword, or the bullets of the arquebuses—for the war was one without mercy. Many years after their remains found a resting-place where the plough-shear disturbs them not—in the vaults of St. Catherine’s Church where they may still be seen built up into walls of bones. Oppenheim suffered and had still to suffer; for the Swedes were but rude hands who spared them not. The unfortunate Kurfürst, mourning that he had lusted for the deceptive crown of Bohemia, came, but his land was withheld from him. That was the last bitter drop and when he died in Mainz, to Oppenheim, as the nearest palatinate city was granted the melancholy honour of burying his heart and entrails in the western aisle of his beloved St. Catherine’s Church.

The unlucky battle of Nördlingen brought the Swedes through Oppenheim en route for the Rhenish provinces of the Upper Nahe, where they found an asylum, but they marked their passage as subsequently their presence, by so few works of love that when the Spaniards returned they found nothing worth taking. The period which followed and extended to the peace of Westphalia, was an eventful one for city and country, for they were possessed in succession by Spain, Bavaria, France and the Empire (unquestionably the least meritorious) &c. &c. That the town gained nothing; that religious oppression with Jesuit aid, were neither slight, nor evanescent, lay in the times and in the nature of things; but those on whom it fell felt it bitterly. Not until after the peace of Westphalia did matters improve, and even then some of the old wounds yawned.

The St. Catherine’s Church was appropriated to the Reformers.

The town at length saw that the song of the “mortgage-right” was over. She had fully awakened from her old dream. Silently she bowed down before the provisions of peace which incorporated her with the Palatinate. Alas that this sober awakening should just have fallen in the days when “the most Christian King of France” conceived the project of advancing his pretended claim to the “lovely Palatinate”. It is thus evident



that "the spirit of annexation" on the Seine is not of today's birth, and that the beautiful banks of the Rhine are the objects of an old love, which as the proverb says, never rusts.

In 1688 war broke out and the Palatinate fell into the hands of the famous hordes of Louis XIV—who were of opinion that speedy capture was more effective than slow negotiation.

Arrived before Oppenheim they demanded admittance. The citizens trembled, not so the bold Governor. The citizens recognised the futility of any attempt at resistance and surrendered the city; but the Commandant defended his Landskron. Of what avail was it? Cannon-balls destroyed the walls, the fort fell, and the Commandant, such was the order—was to be hanged. The Governor of the Palatinate saved his life. Although the citizens had escaped the conventional plundering and destruction the army of "the most Christian King" "the very effulgence of all glory" awaited the order to "*burn down Oppenheim as all other Electoral towns*"! The order arrived and was carried out in its fullest and most terrible signification, after the walls and towers had been blown up. The French jealously watched the burning town lest the citizens should extinguish the flames.—Upon the hills around, on the opposite shores of the Rhine, they stood and beheld how their town sank into ashes! It was a horrible fate! They had saved their bare lives nothing more! Of the town though sadly ruined some remained, the Churches too still stood.

But how was the the rebuilding of town to be accomplished? In the Palatinate where religious hate and oppression and the tyranny of magistrates whose despotism assumed the place of laws was the order of the day—the restoration was but a tardy one! The impoverishment complete.

Not until the days of Carl Theodore was an effort made to reestablish the prosperity of the town. Scarcely did a brighter day dawn than with it came the French Revolution; the Siege of Mayence and all the consequences of war, finally French occupation, these made the inheritance of the city.

Oppenheim had suffered grievously the loss of its forests on the right bank of the Rhine was the final stab. The life of past days, days long past, returned no more to the French country town; although freedom from the thraldom of foreign yoke inaugurated a happier state, and the efforts of the









*Wiesbaden.*

Verlag von Julius Neudner in Wiesbaden



Grand Duke were in all respects adapted to promote the welfare and interests of its inhabitants.

Among the remarkable buildings in Oppenheim the partially ruined Church of St. Catherine is of paramount interest. It is one of the most important creations of past centuries—and with admiring wonder the eye rests upon the ruins which the “French conflagration” spared.

## MAINZ.

Just as our ancestors of the Middle Ages loved to distinguish the Fathers of the Church whom they held in high esteem by adding characteristic adjectives to their names; so too they distinguished the chief emporiums of Rhenish commerce: Cöln and Mainz, Cöln was called: “the holy”, and Mainz: “the golden”, this latter was a very simple cognomen referring to the immense wealth of the electoral, archiepiscopal and commercial city. With regard to Cöln one might haply be betrayed into the erroneous belief that once upon a time the town had been notable for the eminent piety and godliness of its inhabitants. The belief would be erroneous; the credit imputed too great, and in excess of that which the modesty of the citizens would permit them to assume; this designation, “holy” referred rather to local Saints, among whom the ten thousand virgins; to the sacred relies, among which the bodies of the three kings occupy the most prominent position. Alas! there is a circumstance not altogether pleasant connected with these same ten thousand virgins. A votive tablet was discovered on which was hewn “X. M. Virg:” the simple translation of which is; ten virgin martyrs; but M is the Latin letter for 1000, and inasmuch as 10,000 are more than 10 Saints, the thought was a great one and so arose the Legend of the 10,000 drowned virgin martyrs. We have however to thank this legend for the glorious picture in the Cathedral, a picture whose beauty strikes every visitor, it was painted by the masterly hand of a citizen whose name occupies a high and well-deserved place in art history, though a mystery attaches to it. What rich fruit this slight numerical error has borne is evidenced in the above-named painting.



Let us leave Cöln and its glory. "The golden" Mainz lays no claim to such distinction but has nevertheless another claim—its reverend antiquity, its famous Roman days—and it wears that crown in which Guttenberg and his "black art" are the brightest gems.

Whether antecedent to the Roman warrior whose experience and military skill pitched upon the spot as an important stronghold against the belligerent Teutonic tribes, an ancient German colony existed between the two rivers which unite here must be left undecided. Prior to the establishment of Roman supremacy on the Rhine we know nothing of Mainz.

As in Treves the rude inscription on the "Rothen Hause" declares the town existed in the most remote ages, so also the local patriotism of the Mainzers has given birth to traditions whose authors did not content themselves with tracing back their origin to an epoch moderately remote. When once tradition has drawn on the seven league boots inherited from Fortunatus, it is not to be supposed that a handful more or less of centuries or millenniums will prove a stumbling-block in her way. Tradition in Mainz was less ambitious than in Treves whose superior antiquity she respects with a true spirit of self-abnegation.

Fourteen hundred years before Christ, so says the legend, there lived a Sorcerer in Trier whose name was Nequam! Inasmuch now as he had played the good citizens many a malicious prank and the whole world was angered against him, the Trierers grew vicious and turning him out of the town enjoyed the blessings of peace. When however the sorcerer found himself "out in the cold", gnashing his teeth at his persecutors he cried: "I go to build unto you a city, a city whose fame shall be greater than that of Trier"! Arriving at the spot where Mainz now stands, it found favour in his eyes and by magic means he caused the city to arise, and men came and dwelled in the city and the words of Nequam were fulfilled and Mainz grew to be "the golden".

In all probability the Mainzers soon found the disadvantage of owing the existence of their good city to a sorcerer; so—ignoring a few centuries—they declared the date of the foundation to be identical with the destruction of Troy by the Greeks. Many Trojans flying from this deed of horror, escaped out of the way of that fatal wooden horse with his rascally entrails—



escaped to a region whither he could not pursue them. So it came to pass that one of these runagate Trojan heroes—by the name of Moguntius—found himself on the Rhine and being a man of discernment and astute, settled down where now stands the good town and began to build the city.

True this is a more respectable ancestor to look back to than the braggadocio sorcerer—besides which we at once obtain a name for our town—derived from that of its founder—wherewith—namely with the derivation—antiquarians had a hard nut to crack.

As is but just—we leave the choice of founder to the good old town itself—and turn our attention to the Roman settlers. Aqueducts; remarkable monuments such as the Eichelstein, numberless gravestones and other valuable antiquities, and the fortifications within which several Legions could encamp afford evidence of Roman domination and the existence of a fixed colony. Protected by the forts and attracted by the facilities for trading, and especially counting upon the supplies needed by the Roman Legions, colonists natives of the Rhenish provinces soon settled, doubtless many of them veteran Romans. So the town on the banks of the Rhine grew and gained wealth, power and importance. One fact alone proves that in the year 35 after Christ we meet with a *Curator civium romanorum mogunt.*—one Caius Sertorius a veteran of the 16<sup>th</sup> Legion. A Warden of the Roman citizens in Mainz in whose hands lay the well-being of the rising community, must under certain circumstances have been a man of importance.

Even if entire Legions had not head-quarters in Mainz there is little question that their *depôt* was here, their camp; their permanent station whence watches were despatched to the several posts where they remained on guard until relieved by others from Mainz. On all sides—wherever the active minded Romans settled we find civilisation advancing in the land. Temples to their deities arose; memorials of their heroes; magnificent works and buildings of public utility; aqueducts, bridges and the like. Their masons were employed in commemorating spots where warriors rest from their dangers. Roads are made and distances marked with mile-stones; in short they appear not only as a predatory and conquering nation; but as a civilising people. They plant, cultivate and cherish the vine, introduce their own sweet chestnut, and enrich with stores of know-



ledge the rough and mighty Teuton; teaching him agriculture and the arts of manufacture.

This frequently happened in the Rhenish provinces more especially on the left bank of the river, whence it came about that when the Roman camp was attacked by the tribes living on that side, they made no distinction between the Romans and their own people, treating them with the severity and cruelty they exercised towards the hated Romans. And so it came to pass that Rando with his horde attacked Mainz, murdered the inhabitants, burned the town and slew the Bishops with the whole Christian fraternity whilst they were celebrating Easter in the Church, as well the Romans, who not foreseeing the attack had taken no measures to repel it.

The valiant 22<sup>nd</sup> Legion lay longest in and around Mainz—returning again in the year 80 A. D. from the East—Jerusalem having fallen before them. Of their presence traces are most frequently met with; but one memorial of themselves they have left, one more glorious than all that have been dug from the earth—they founded a temple and brought the Christianity whose glories radiate through all quarters of the world.

Tradition tells of a St. Crescentius, said to have been a physician and a pupil of St. Paul—the same tradition tells that, he was the first Bishop of Mainz and that he died a martyr's death. This legends confers as it were an apostolical origin upon the See—which weighs heavy in the scale against Cöln and Trier.

That an ecclesiastical building of any magnitude existed in these days is very improbable—possibly there was a small votive Chapel or Baptistery such as was built long afterwards by Archbishop Willigis in the Nahegau, in order to induce the heathen inhabitants of the district to adopt the faith and doctrines to which efforts were being made to convert them.

The camp at Mainz was first strongly fortified by Drusus, he erected the works, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, out of which rose eventually the present fortifications of Castel. He also built a stone bridge for the purpose of facilitating the transport of his troops into the mountain regions of the Taunus and Vogelsberg where in the almost inaccessible hill fastnesses, lay the untamed German tribes with deadly hate in their hearts, scheming how best they should overthrow their oppressor's power.



Beloved by his Legion Drusus had done much for Mainz, great then was the grief when in the prime of his life he sank into his grave. Among the chief treasures in the collection of antiquities in Mainz is a memorial tablet to him—and still mighty in decay is the so-called Eichelstein in the Anlage—it was once doubtless a colossal erection, built by the hands of his sorrowing legion to the memory of their mourned hero and leader. The solidity of the remains of this monument—whose external decorations have been removed—probably by the victorious Germans, who though capable of depriving us of its art characteristics were powerless to destroy the monument itself. The infernal discovery of the Freiburg monk might have assisted in shattering this rock-like mass of Roman masonic skill; but even with such aid no slight effort and gigantic ingenuity would be requisite. This colossal and magnificent memorial was erected to his memory by his soldiers love—the aqueduct whose arches still call forth admiration and wonder was a monument erected by himself.

During her flowery days Mainz passed through many a fierce storm. Now from this point, now from that the infuriated Germans descended upon her—issuing from their rocky caves and forest—holds to level to the ground and annihilate all traces of the foreign yoke.

Mainz was among the most sorely stricken of all cities during the first century of the Christian era.

Plunder and destruction, rapine and murder, and all the other horrors of war fell upon the city which ever and again with the courage and vigour of youth recovered herself; but only to suffer a like fate again. We have already spoken of Rando's incursion during the Easter festival, it was not the only one nor does it seem to have been limited to Mainz. The raging destruction to which the Roman stations in the Nahe-thal were exposed was not the work of the Huns; but may be attributed to German fury; although we are unable to give the date or an accurate account of the event. The line of forts commenced with the Castrum at Bingen and formed a chain including the Castra of Kreuznach, a station at the foot of the Desibodenberg; the Castell at Sodernheim and the colony in the vicinity of Frauenburg in the upper valley of the Nah.

In 406 Mainz had again been rebuilt when the Huns and



subsequently the Vandals with their allied tribes, surged down like a tempest over it, murdering, devastating, desolating until wherever they had wreaked their fury nought was left. When this mighty wave had rolled past; Mainz lay a mass of smoking ruins amidst which the majority of the inhabitants had found their graves.

It is strange and shews how favourable was the position of the town and how discerning the mind which had selected the situation, the city—like a Phoenix, ever again rose from the ashes to which it had fallen, rose again though not in the course of a single decade.

Under the Franconian dynasty the town was made the capital of East Franconia. Worms was an obstacle in the way of Mainz becoming the centre of this great territory; for she had fared better during the floods of Hun immigration and was the chief See of the Duchy. Thither wandered the life and enterprise of both Church and State when Mainz was reduced to a heap of ruins. The condition was however but one of transition. How could the situation of Worms compete with that of Mainz to which nature herself had given the preference and complied with the demands of a commercial town?

Now after the city had slowly recovered from her paralysis and the horrors of the desolation which had befallen her were disappearing, the natural advantages of her situation became more evident and Mainz—silently and without a struggle—became what Worms had been. At the end of the seventh and in the eighth century the transition had become an accomplished fact. The glory of Mainz dates from the days when St. Boniface—the Apostle of the Germans—ascended the archiepiscopal chair as Archbishop of Mainz, and Charles the Great from his castle at Ingelheim exerted his encouraging and invigorating influence on all sides.

Under the revered sway of Archbishop Boniface the episcopal power of Mainz sensibly increased in Germany. Though as yet there was no thought of adding temporal sovereignty to the spiritual office exercised by the Archbishop—that is of conferring upon him territory over which his rule would be absolute; still it is not to be supposed that the spiritual influence of a great ecclesiastical dignitary would be unfelt at sittings of the Diet and in general assemblies; an influence rendered more effectual by the superior education and more intimate knowledge



of the world possessed by the prelates. With her influence, her power increased; with her power, her claim for higher respect and extended sway. The step from "poor sonship of the Church" to mighty lord and mastership of the land was not a broad one. The Archbishops of Mainz soon established themselves as chief councillors of the Emperors, then as their chancellors every gate and door which ambition could desire was thrown open, and firmly implanted ambition is soon followed by greedy avarice.

Dear to the Archbishops was the progress and development of their city. One might almost assert that they had been gifted with a spirit of prophecy, and had foreseen the time when they would require the aid of a large and submissive army of auxiliaries for the training of the citizens, who had awaked to a sense of their own responsibility; so they founded and caused to be founded, many monasteries whereof the monks, and under certain circumstance the nuns too, merited the name bestowed upon them by the historian Spittler: "the archiepiscopal militia"—with whose weapons—true neither of iron nor of steel; but well wielded; they combated with the mightier though unseen power of speech, wherewith are to be gained victories greater than those won with "carnal weapons". Boniface opened and his successors carried on the campaign unweariedly.

In like manner and with corresponding results the number of Churches increased; they were needed to supply the wants of a rapidly growing population.

In the course of time it became evident that the situation of the town on the heights was not so favourable as it once had been, when the town enjoyed the protection of the Roman forts which imperatively demanded such a situation, so long as the colonists were threatened with destruction by wild hordes and tribes. All this was radically changed now. Where monasteries and Churches stood, where there was anchorage for ships, where commerce had established her depôts—there the town must lie, there where she could stretch her limbs and develop her resources.

Conditions such as these on which life depended could not be overlooked and so arose the question: Were it not a step forward if Mainz deserted the steep inaccessible heights and descended to the banks of the stream which bore to and from her



on its bosom all those conditions of life and progress demanded by a rising colony.

As the town grew the necessity arose for some union of interests the necessity for forming a corporate body. The city already possessed municipal rights conferred by the Romans, and the *cives*—citizens—with their wardens, availed themselves of the benefits accruing from them. The laws and statutes, the customs and regulations of the Franks were beneficially enforced and reasons for their enforcement were soon evident—reasons why in future years a free and independent city should be self-governing. At first they were neither opposed nor interfered with by ecclesiastical power; but when profuse Imperial liberality had made priests lords of the land, who attempted to bind the people with chains of iron there followed a series of events which, Alas! were not mentally healing. The Clergy forsook their spiritual office devoting themselves to more and more temporal matters.

From the time that Boniface—not in all respects a benefactor to Germany—took his seat on the archiepiscopal throne of his predecessor—who had been dispossessed, the history of Mainz is the history of her Archbishops and of their growing power.

His subserviency to the Papal chair gained for Boniface a stay which he well knew how to strengthen, his successors especially Hatto I. who assumed the crozier at the close of the ninth century understood their position in the State and in the Church, and reaped no small advantage thereout.

Not in vain was Hatto called: "the heart of the King." He played into his hands and not invariably in the noblest manner; but "one hand washes the other." That the Emperors were not disposed to allow themselves to be trifled with Otto the Great proved to Archbishop Friedrich. This Emperor raised Hatto II. to the archiepiscopate, that Hatto, whose death is recounted in the legend of the Mouse-Tower. Monkish chronicles have related the stories of his cruelties. The motive which dictated these stories may hence probably be sought in the severity with which Hatto punished the dissoluteness of the monks; in his enforcement of the rules of the orders and the consequent check on their insubordination. The chronicles afford evidence of how impossible it is to conciliate hatred and of the signal vengeance taken by the haters.



Willigis justly occupies a prominent position among the Archbishops.

In his personal requirements modest and unassuming he lived and strove solely for the good of his office, for the spread of Christianity, for the welfare of the land. His name first occurs as Elector. His aim was to establish justice through the medium of wise laws systematically administered. We have to thank him for the Cathedral. Under his rule and supervision the Liebfrauenkirch was built by the citizens. He presented to the Liebfrauenkirch the brazen gates now adorning the entrance to the Cathedral, in which the "privileges" of the city conferred by Archbishop Adalbert are preserved. It was he who organised the archidiaconate of the See and appointed a "Vice Domini" to whom was committed the administration of the civil affairs of the Diocese. Not Mainz alone owed him a debt of gratitude; for his paternal solicitude was extended to the most remote districts of his See. He restored the Monastery of Desibodenberg in the Nah-Thal! and erected small churches and baptisteries on the borders of the vast forest which stretches over the northern mountain-range between the Nah-Thal and the Hunsrück. Within a very short period he built seven such for the inhabitants. The Monks of Desibodenberg were pledged to serve these chapels and were charged with the cure of souls. Adalbert was one of the few Archbishops ever loved and honoured by the citizens whose rights he never attempted to circumscribe. The number of those was small who neither sought to encroach upon nor to trample out the consciousness of growing power.

The natural consequence of archiepiscopal oppressions was a revolt of the citizens under Hatto II., who paid the penalty of his tyranny, he was forced to flee. True the Emperor Arnulph compelled them to receive him again; but the bond was broken, the bond of love which Willigis maintained unsevered.

Experience brought forth wisdom and in future the burgesses made treaties with the Archbishops, as they had been forced to give the lie to the proverb: "there's luck under a crozier."

Willigis' immediate successor's rule was a contrast, disharmony marking the connection between him and his flock.

A grievous calamity was that when on the very day of its solemn consecration the Cathedral was burned to the ground. Not until the 12<sup>th</sup> century was it rebuilt and dedicated to God's service.



The town at this epoch had made wonderful progress, commerce had raised it. Trade however lay chiefly in the hands of the Jews who, as "protégés" and servants" enjoyed special imperial protection and are said to have amassed fabulous wealth. Side by side with them went the Italians, generally called from their province Lombards, commerce and trade were almost exclusively carried on by them.

The pawn-shops founded by them have perpetuated their name among us up the present day; for in some places "Lombardy" is the name applied to them. The popular name given was: "Spicebox" as the chief trade in spices especially that in pepper, was in their hands, whence the cognomen: "Spicebox"; they too were the chief dealers in the productions of Venetian industry. The financial operations of those days, the negotiations of loans being shared between them and the Jews. Their influence was not confined to Mainz; but their commercial relations extended to indeed were principally carried on in Bingen, where inasmuch as they were the merchant princes their business flourished "still more exceedingly." With full justice did the historian designate the Lombard families there resident: as "the Rothschilds of the Middle Ages" from whose cash-boxes the empty coffers of Electors and Emperors were replenished. Bingen rose in its importance from being in the direct route for Lothringen and France so that it formed the depot for merchandise imported and exported.

The days of Henry IV. were bright days for the burgesses whose privileges he extended, wherefore the love borne him by the Archbishops was not overwhelming.

Archbishop Ruthard, probably belonging to the family of the Rhine-Grafs of that name was his opponent and enemy. During his reign the fearful massacre of the Jews, in Mainz was perpetrated in which the Rhine-Graf, a brother-in-law of the Archbishop, participated. Ruthard's own hands were neither unstained with blood nor guiltless of plundering the Jews, so the wrath of the Emperor fell heavy on him. He was confined for seven years in a Thuringian Monastery and not set at liberty until Henry IV's unnatural son wrested his father's crown from him. His atonement for the robbery and horrible sacrifice of the Jews consisted in the erection of the Cathedral at Desibodenberg in the Nah-Thal after which his conscience was at peace!

Ruthard's successor Adalbert, only changed the actors.



Whereas Ruthard had been ungrateful to Henry IV., who had raised him to the archiepiscopal throne, Adalbert was ungrateful to Henry V. As a reward for his knavery he was imprisoned for three years in the fortress of Trifels. The citizens of Mainz giving bail for him he was at length liberated, and when he was beaten in the wars the Emperor's adherents the Mainzers, as is said: "paid the piper". He rewarded them for their devotion by granting them many valuable rights and privileges whereby the spirit of independence and self-government was encouraged.

True, tho' not without some personal losses did Archbishop Arnold reap the fruits of this freedom of thought among the citizens. It came to an open rupture, the citizens stormed the palace and attacked Arnold's retainers. He was lucky enough to effect his escape.

The Emperor now interposed; but Arnold was politic enough to advocate the adoption of mild measures and the ring-leaders were outlawed. Arnold in the first instance did not venture to return to Mainz, when he did, the bright flame of rebellion burst forth, and the raging mob whom he had reviled as "dogs", slew him and wreaked their vengeance on his dead body by shameful maltreatment of it.

Repentance and fear of consequences followed this outburst of rage. Suggesting an Archbishop of whom they approved they sought to assuage the threatening hurricane, and by gilding the lightening-conductor to turn aside the storm; but their calculations failed, even gold worked not, gold whose spell has filled up so many abysses and smoothed down mountains of difficulties. The Pope refused to sanction the election, although the candidate was one of his own most zealous adherents. The Emperor Friedrich I. joyfully seized the opportunity of ousting an adherent of the Pope and even compassed the election of his own Chancellor Christian von Buche. Now however the sentence was carried into effect and a fearful sentence it was! As the chief ring-leaders had fled only one fell into the judges hands he was put to death, Mainz, the rebellious city, was fearfully chastised. Her walls and her towers were razed to the ground, she was but a large open village, with strength broken and spirit paralysed; only revenge, bitterest rage and hate remained to her, all intensified by an Edict of the Emperor, who as if in scorn called an assembly of the Diet,



which was held in magnificent tents without the Gau Gate because that there was not found room within the walls."

Stillness as of death prevailed in the streets of "the golden Mainz", trade was crushed where the Archbishop's court was not, and he was in Italy. Nought was left to the sorely visited city, nought but her agony, suppressed rage and misery to which was added the rancour of party feeling. Archbishop Christian died in Italy.

His successor Conrad von Wittelsbach, did his utmost to promote the welfare of the city; but unlucky events disturbed his plans and they were never realised. At length the citizens recalled the proverb: "God helps those who help themselves". The times were out of joint, none thought of Mainz and so the burgesses began to rebuild their walls and towers and not in vain did the brazen gates proclaim the possession of rights and privileges. The humbled citizens grew arrogant. A disputed election to the throne completed the division between the parties and for long years the city was a picture of civil war. The ban of the empire was hung over them for the murder of imperial officers and only by sacrificing enormous sums was it removed. These unfortuitous circumstances terribly interfered with the prosperity and peaceful development of the place.

Barbarity, violence and immorality were the order of the day. Feud and anarchy followed. The Crusades however bore no evil fruit for Mainz, on the contrary the trade and prosperity of the town increased; for trade was no longer in the hands of the Lombards and Jews alone. The barbarity and immorality of clergy and laity had reached a height which defied the power of Siegfried III.

Wild life and restless activity were within her walls notwithstanding the siege which the city suffered. The citizens attacked the neighbouring towns and villages; robbed the inhabitants plundered the homes of the Cathedral Dons and perpetrated horrors of all kinds.

Archbishop Siegfried was forced to lay the very seat of his own See under an interdict, but without effect, it only increased the the embitterment against the prelate himself as his interdict was annulled by the papal legate.

Matters grew still worse when the Emperor Friedrich II. rewarded the Mainzers lavishly for their loyalty to his person,



and simultaneously encouraged them to refuse allegiance to their own Archbishop.

This was succeeded, by the expulsion of the Archbishop, the city proclaiming itself independent of his rule and authority.

Siegfried could suffer this insubordination against his authority no longer and again laid an interdict on the town; collected a goodly army and besieged the city. Want set in; for all supplies were cut off and the burgesses had no stores laid up. No choice was left. Smothering the fierce fire of rage burning within they threw open the gates. Alas! that Siegfried's proceedings were not of a nature to conciliate the people! As he was enjoying the autumn glories in his castle at Eltville, the Mainzers in the stillness of night approached in boats, and seized the castle together with the Archbishop and his entire court. Nothing remained for them but to consummate their deed by murder, and he allowed himself to be cowed by the rebels into granting a charter of privileges by virtue of which he granted more than was buried within Adalbert's gates of brass.

Such conditions were not likely to prove a firm foundation for a lasting peace between the conflicting parties.

The hour for shewing this soon arrived.

Conrad, the son of Friedrich II., was defeated at Höchst by his antagonist Emperor, and Siegfried inclining to the cause of the victor, the defeated force laid waste the archiepiscopal territory and the Mainzers manfully assisted them. They declared against the Archbishop and the clergy, pillage and murder followed as usual. They refused obedience to their lord, prevented his entering the city and upon his death united with the citizens of Worms in acknowledging William of Holland. Now came a feud which terminated with Siegfried's life. The independence of Mainz seemed now to be established. For the first time they were their own masters conscious of their power in which they were supported by the "City confederation" (Städler-Bund). The strength of this confederation was a firm foundation on which to build their self-rule; for the arrogance arising out of it, and for the consequent hatred of all legitimate lordship. Out of this sprang anew an unholy division, namely that between patricians and plebeians. Here too the superiority of rank and power was the galling yoke. The quarrels were carried on with intense bitterness until foreign mediation was called in and a reconciliation brought about.



Hand in hand with the jealousies between the different grades of citizens went the disputes with the clergy; for that they inclined to the side of the patricians and once more Mainz was laid under an interdict—this taming process was now thread-bare, the people scorned the bann and drove the clergy from the town.

The measure of religious decadence in Mainz is shewn by the fact that without exciting surprise no religious services were held in the town for several years.

No wonder that such a state of things attracted general attention. In 1435 the Council of Constance succeeded in procuring a consummation much needed peace.

Taking into consideration the lawless, disorderly and predatory nature of the Mainzers it was to be expected that the plundering of the clergy and of the adjacent towns, Bingen for instance, would increase their proneness to exercise the simplest of all trades, namely the pursuit of violence and robbery and once again arouse the inclination to persecute the Jews. In the years 1348—49 a bloody persecution took place; but the sorrowing tribe recovered itself, and in 1439 Archbishop Conrad did throughout his dominions what the Mainzers had formerly done in their city. Example is rarely set in vain.

The state of morality among the Clergy may be seen from the single circumstance that in the first quarter of the 14<sup>th</sup> century Archbishop Mathias gave to each citizen the right to arrest every priest whom he should find armed in the streets during the night-hours; but as soon as day broke, he was by the same law forced to deliver up his prisoner to the ecclesiastical authorities to be dealt with as should be deemed right.

Mathias was universally honoured and loved even by the burgesses but died under circumstances that hint at the use of poison. Such a death of such a man under such circumstances will excite little surprise.

He was one of the few Archbishops who did not prefer the sword to the Monstranz, who had the courage to proceed against the immorality of clergy and laity and his fate was that of others like minded both before and after!

In all the state turmoils of those dark days the Archbishops interfered, advocating the cause of one side and doing battle for that party, absent from their sees and heedless of the flock committed to their care. War was the trade they pursued *con amore*



sometimes too with indifferent success. The consequences which followed the events narrated above, shew us that to relate in detail the course of events would be neither expedient nor edifying, unless it induced us to think better of our own much vilified age. Let us turn then to other events whose light shines upon us with more peaceful effulgence. From the 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> centuries we must select two names: Frauenlob and Gutenberg.

Frauenlob was not the veritable name of the poet and Minnesinger. The tender subjects of his lays obtained it for him and it has clung to him many centuries. The glowing words of his song were consecrated to the praise of perfect womanhood from the praise of the fair ladies of Mainz to the exaltation of the glory of the Blessed Virgin. So he gained fame and honour especially among women, who at his death contended for the distinction attaching to those who should bear him to the grave. The tomb which grateful hearts erected to his memory, was garlanded by fair hands. A restored one is to be found in the Dom. Such blossoms could still develope even in days which shewed manhood debased, when it was a question of exalting tender womanhood, purity of soul and nobility of mind though the gentle sex in this age but too often Alas! gave sad evidences of frailty not confined to the lower classes. How should it have been otherwise?

Johannes von Sorgenloch—yclept Gensfleisch von Gutenberg who prepared the field for the reception of the seeds of intellectual fruit, who bore a blazing torch, the discoverer of the art of printing is the second name we have selected.

Hitherto the sources of knowledge and wisdom were accessible through the medium of costly, tedious M. S. S. made in the narrow cells of the Benedictine monks. No wonder that the sun of wisdom could barely penetrate the dense cloud of barbarism and ignorance. How many had the means to purchase the written parchments? How few understood the art of deciphering these splendidly illumniated manuscripts!

Gutenberg was one of those grubbing, thinking, inquiring natures, gifted at the same time with rarely encountered talents. His road to "the eternal, highly to be exalted" goal of his desire was weary, one not clear and easy to follow. Goldsmith by trade, he threw himself blindly into the mania for gold-



making and devoted himself to the search for "the philosopher's stone", the two phantasmagoria which turned the best heads of the age. The search was one which absorbed enormous sums and afforded no returns.

Gutenberg although belonging to a highly esteemed patrician house, probably consumed his fortune in a very short space of time whilst pursuing his alchemistic researches, and was forced to turn to some practical work. He became a wood-carver. It is difficult to conceive how it happened that the thought of cutting detached letters and then arranging them into words had not occurred to any of those employed in carving sacred subjects on wood—accompanied as these usually were by a text of Scripture or the name of the persons represented. It lay incredibly close at hand and could not remain long hidden. And so it fell out that simultaneously with Gutenberg's invention of the reduplication of letters it was made by others—*yet without the knowledge of the attempts being made*—. Simultaneously with Gutenberg's, the system of the reproduction of thought by the reduplication of letters was made by others all in ignorance of what was going on in other workshops. Only by such an assumption can the doubt between Mainz and Amsterdam, between Gutenberg and Koster be solved. Gutenberg's first specimen, the Psalms, shews the infancy of the art. The letters are ugly, heavy, uneven; but the discovery being made the perfecting of the art was a matter which a sense of beauty would naturally bring with it.

Ten long years was Gutenberg employed in Strasburg in perfecting his art. There several others became acquainted with his invention which he had hitherto kept secret, and when Mäntelin stepped forward with his printing, it appeared that his was the discovery; whereon Strasburg laid claim to the honour of the invention having been made within her walls; a claim soon shewn to be without foundation.

Gutenberg still far from his ideal type was obliged to initiate Strasburg workmen into the secret and return to Mainz. Poverty oppressed him. Faust, a Mainz "money-man" now opened his coffers in order to supply Gutenberg with the means of bringing out his discovery, but Faust's large advance was consumed before he had attained what he desired—the thoughtful, grubbing, self-sacrificing man was feign to surrender that for which he had striven so hard, together with his apparatus to his harsh creditor who well knowing the



value of the treasure resigned to him by the disconsolate artist, employed a learned Gernsheimer, Peter Schöffer, as an assistant, who gifted with a large store of acumen accepted the office and devoted his whole energy to the work. He was successful; for in 1451 he was so far advanced as to be able to give to the world the first book printed on Gutenberg's plan, printed namely with moveable types.

Gutenberg as we before said had already printed a selection from the Psalms. All his resources had come to an end so he sought to establish a further connection still continuing however at his great work.

How little the art was really understood or even suspected, is evident from the fact that Faust, or Fust, sold his *printed* Bibles in Paris for high prices—giving them out for written one's. The sensation caused was unbounded, and the Monks in whose hands the art of writing lay, saw a prospect of their own earnings being considerably diminished. The production of the discovery lay before them; but they comprehended it not, and so they had recourse to a device which had on more than one occasion stood them in good stead, they declared namely that Faust was familiar with "the black art"; in short was a wizard. Whether he would or not he was forced to fly in order to escape the stake. Scarcely but in intense bodily fear he contrived to evade the pursuit. The fate which he had escaped would haply not have been all unmerited. He had wrung Gutenberg's secret from him and had turned it to his own profit, whilst the unfortunate discoverer battled and struggled in distress and want.

Now came days such as Mainz had never before known and these days were evil ones for Gutenberg. We shall see his fondly cherished secret blazed abroad and him deprived of the glory. Mainz was devastated in the bloody feuds between Diether von Isenburg and Adolph von Nassau concerning the archiepiscopal throne. The Nassauer was victorious and his wild band overran the city. Adolph burned the Charters of the town and forced the majority of the citizens to fly. So the secret was betrayed. In Elfeld, Oberursel and elsewhere, printing offices were established and the so called black art revealed ruin to Gutenberg, to mankind a blessing.

His misfortunes went hand in hand with those of the city which now and for ever lost her rights and her charters.

If treachery and other causes for a time kept the flame of discord alight between the excommunicate Diether von



Isenburg, and Adolph von Nassau who had laid violent hands on the Archbishopric, it was impossible that a war so fierce and desolating should last long, at length a truce and finally peace was made between them. Adolph died. In 1475 came new disturbances, in which as usual the city drew a blank. The victorious Diether von Isenburg fortified himself in the Martinsburg, which had already been burned down once. The warlike spirit had deserted them, the freedom of the city was no more.

Diether was now lord of the city—supreme and unfettered—the city had sunk to the rank of chief town of an Electorate.

One circumstance contributes to render Diether's name to some extent famous. He founded the University which however became completely disorganised, and was dissolved during the revolution, existing in the days of French domination only as the shadow of one of those strange institutions, which Napoleon founded in the principal towns of his Empire, to which his death put an end.

The Reformation could not fail to influence Mainz; many zealous disciples were found there, but the cunning of priestly order knew well how to steer the frail bark and no evangelical communion was established.

I When in 1552 the Markgraf Albrecht of Brandenburg approached Mainz after plundering the towns of Speyer, Worms and Oppenheim, Archbishop Sebastian who was no hero took flight followed by the clergy; the nobles and many of the wealthier citizens imitated the example, and Mainz was left in possession of a man to whom bloodshed and rapine were but empty names.

With him came Protestant clergymen who held their services in the Dom and celebrated the Holy Communion according to the rites of their Church; a passing meteor, for when armed forces came against the Markgraf he burned or razed to the ground the ecclesiastical foundations, left the city and continuing his career of violence, burned and plundered as he advanced. There was nothing left to take!

Under the succeeding Archbishops much was done to restore the city; but her glory had departed, time had passed sentence upon her and she never again rose to her former position. One thing calls for remark, namely that the character which to this day is stamped upon the city that of a fortified town was impressed upon her verily not for her prosperity in the 17<sup>th</sup>



century by the Archbishop Elector, Schweikhard von Kronberg. The Thirty Years War found her fortified; but her girdle of forts availed little. At the approach of the Swedes in 1631, following the example set by the clergy all who could do so—shewed the white feather and deserted the city. The garrison consisting of Spaniards and Dutch robbed, plundered and maltreated the inhabitants more atrociously than the bitterest enemy could have done, and when the Swedes attacked them followed in the wake of the inhabitants. The garrison capitulated and retired taking their booty with them—and were replaced by Swedes.

Gustavus Adolphus took up his abode in the Martinsburg which the Markgraf of Brandenburg had spared. The officers took possession of the deserted houses of the nobility and the numerous clergy and soldiers found comfortable quarters in the citizens houses; the fate of the monasteries was hard. Although the town escaped plundering heavy contributions were levied, the clergy for only the higher, orders of them fled were compelled to pay still heavier fines, nor was the burden laid upon the Jews a light one. When the time stipulated had passed if the contributions were still unpaid the houses of the delinquents were stripped and even torn down. Precisely so were the houses treated of those who had escaped. Everything found was sold.

But who in Mainz bought or could buy? So foolish those who still had means would not of a certainty be and others had no means. Well even in those days the Frankfurters and the dwellers in Hanau were speculative merchants! And the purchasers were Jews—circumcised and uncircumcised.

The Jesuits upon whom King Gustavus Adolphus cast loving eyes fared badly. It was decreed that they should pay a moiety of the sum to be raised by the clergy. As they did not do so their property was confiscated and they were driven forth.

Henceforward Mainz became the central point of Swedish enterprise and Gustavus Adolphus held brilliant court in the Martinsburg. The works of the fortress were restored, the Gustavsburg built and the edict went forth that all Churches should be pulled down and the material employed in the construction of fortifications. This decree however was not carried out in full force, although many ecclesiastical edifices fell, or were perverted from their primary sacred destiny.



The moral condition of the city was sad to a degree; in the streets life was insecure. Trade and commerce were effectually destroyed. The citizens had much to bear and suffer and melancholy days followed during the war which agitated the fatherland, memorably when Gallas besieged the city, and famine raged within her walls, until the town fell into his hands. When the Elector returned better times for the sorely tried burghers came with him, were however but of short duration under the Imperial troops they scarcely met with gentler treatment than they had experienced under the Swedes and when the French occupied the city the guests; but not the customs nor the oppression, nor the want changed. Not before 1649 did the French leave the town—to return and reoccupy it in 1688.

In the year 1689 the Germans again held the city; but the Elector fell and died without the walls. The conciliatory spirit of the Elector Friedrich Carl von Erfurt kept matters quiet up to the French Revolution, when his Court became the refuge of the French emigrants in spite of his every attempt to stem the flood. In 1792 Mainz again fell into the hands of the French. French ideas had taken root and were hailed by many as heralds of salvation, as forerunners of a golden age which came not.

Scarcely had twelve moons faded away when a new storm gathered over the sorely chastised city. German troops laid siege to and took it after an obstinate defence. In 1797 it became entirely French and remained so until the fabric raised by Napoleon crumbled to the ground.

During the foreign occupation Mainz was converted into a strong fortress; was again besieged by the armies of the allied powers and became a Federal fortress, whilst the town fell to Hesse-Darmstadt, and remained hers until the Bund (Diet) met with its well earned fate and died the death in 1866.

A series of cruel pictures pass before the mind's eye; but a lasting peace has healed the wounds of the past. By her industry and trade Mainz has raised herself to the position she held formerly and the improved communication of modern days has not a little furthered her rise.

True that during the stormy days through which she passed her University decayed; but there is no lack of educational institutions and should the angel of peace but allow the olive-branch to overshadow her, Mainz from her very position must ever increase in importance.



The work of the holy Willigis—the Dom, commenced in 978 which suffered severely during the last siege, is in process of restoration. Six times fire has consumed it but the noble pile has ever again risen from amid the ashes. So it happens that the styles of both the 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> centuries are impressed on it. During the various sieges of the city the Dom was more than once misappropriated. The last desecration was in 1813 at the hands of the French, when after the battle of Hanau 6000 men were quartered within the walls. Their condition is best described by the following anecdote: Ten days after the battle a General of Division appeared in my father's house and pointing to a troop of 120—130 men remarked: "Voilà ma Division!" His own aide-de-camp had been wounded in the arm and the wound was still undressed.

The Palace, now used as the Museum for the valuable collections of arts and antiquities which have been found in the neighbourhood of Mainz. occupies the ground where the Martinsburg formerly stood, every trace of this fort has vanished from the face of the earth.

That a town which we regard as the cradle of the art which is the bearer and right hand of mental progress, does not forget her Gutenberg is shewn by the bronze statue which Thorwaldsen's master-hand modelled.

How completely another appearance has the Strasburg Gutenberg, hidden in a corner, and apparently about "to risk a minuet", in contrast with the noble dignity expressed in the statue which his native town has erected to his memory.

The position and foot of the statue are open to criticism, exception too might be taken to the Latin inscription on the pedestal of a statue to a German master; but the "too late" which exercised and exercises as fatal an influence in this world's history as it does in private life, here recalls us and points to another treasure—the store of legends which such an ancient city has gathered and fosters in her bosom.

As far as "the lions" are concerned every Guide book will give minute and correct accounts of them, there too may be read the story of the explosion of the powder-magazine in the Kästrich—to which we will only refer here as to an event of horror—an act of inconsiderate revenge.

The cycle of legends commences with the "Eichelstein", the Devil here, as in every other place "the evil one", must have a finger



in the pie when good deeds are to be defeated; but here too as usual, "the poor devil" gets, as is just, deceived outright.

When the Christian cohorts of Drusus built themselves a chapel upon the heights of the Roman forts—the Devil grew exceedingly angry and thought to play the Almighty a trick by encouraging heathenism, in which he was bravely supported by many in Drusus' camp.

So in the course of one night he caused the mighty, the indestructible Eichelstein to grow out of the bosom of the earth, intending it to form a pedestal for the statue of a heathen god, which should watch over the fair banks of the river and in the blessed land be seen from afar; but the angel of dawn floating over the earth was scattering dew-drops to refresh and fertilise the ground beheld it, and perceiving Satan's object, rapidly carried the dread news back to Heaven—and the Almighty bade the heavenly hosts go forth to confound the works of the devil before the sun should have shed his light over it. When Satan now beheld the host of heaven approaching, in terror and trembling he took flight, before the statue could be placed on its pedestal, and the works of the Prince of Darkness perished and fell before the power of the angels—the foundation stone is the only one remaining at this day. The Chapel on the Kästrich stood and within her walls worshippers assembled, until it grew too small, and other temples to the living God were built on the shores of the Rhine, other temples, the crown of all being the Dom.

Later generations have called the shapeless mass of stone a memorial of the Roman leader who found an early death on German ground, and "later generations" did well because that they neither know nor wish to know ought of the devil's works.

The following legend carries us into the Dom of the pious Willigis.

Near to the porch there is a marble tablet bearing the date 794. It was probably either the gravestone, or the lid of the Sarcophagus under which rested the remains of the beautiful and beloved Fastrada, wife of Charlemagne, the inscription tells us that beneath lies the body of the imperial lady of ancient descent who died in the flower of her age, and closes with the prayer that to her sorrowing husband a longer life will be granted than was vouchsafed to her. Upon the legend is founded. Charlemagne's love for his fair wife was so intense



that he could never tear himself from her side, not even when the cankering hand of death had begun its loathsome work could he bring himself to part with her corpse.

This incomparable, yes, unnatural affection which was unable to withstand the repulsiveness of putrefaction seemed to all to be the effect of magic, the more horrible the condition of the corpse became, the less possible was it to move the Emperor to desert the remains though his own life imperilled was by the proximity.

Now it fell out that Fastrada wore on her finger a magic ring which exercised this strange attractive power—a discovery that was made by the pious Archbishop. Overcoming his disgust he drew it from her finger and concealed it upon his person. Overpowered with intense loathing Charles left the beloved corpse, and caused it to be carried in solemn procession to the Abbey of St. Alban, marking the spot where it was interred by a costly monument.

The magic power of the ring again manifested itself; for the Emperor loaded the Archbishop with tokens of his esteem and friendship, whose profundity and warmth increased so continually that the Emperor never for one hour left the Archbishop's side.

The possession of this mysterious jewel presently began to weigh on the holy man's mind, and when about to proceed to Aix la Chapelle in the Emperor's suite he cast it into the moat surrounding the imperial palace. True the Archbishop had freed himself of the magic influence; but now the ban lay on the Emperor, who was unable to leave Aix in spite of his longing desire to be in his Ingelheim home—endeared to him by the thousand associations which reminded him of his happy life with Fastrada. Until the unsparing hand of death was laid upon him he never left Aix; death which reunited him with his beloved Fastrada vanquished the fatal power of the ring; a power of which the Emperor was oblivious.

Tradition relates of the Münster-Kloster that Bilhildis the benefactress of the Church and of the poor, was descended from a mighty, princely dynasty which still clung to the worship of graven idols whilst, the cheering and elevating rays of the godly effulgence of Christ's glory had penetrated her own soul, The vain creed of her husband who continued a heathen troubled her sorely, all her efforts to convert him were vain.



Scorn and ridicule were the fruits of her attempts. At his death she devoted her whole substance to the religious houses and founded the monastery of Altmünster, where praying for the soul of her husband who had ended his days in sin and in spiritual blindness, she lived and died as Abbess. Beholding from afar the approaching storms, and the nights of darkness gathering in the lap of the future, her anxiety for the fate of her home was great; so she opened her lips and pronounced a curse on all or any who should lay a sacriligious hand thereon. The Monastery flourished, and the curse went to the grave with Bilhilden and rested there; for no desecrating arm was raised to overthrow it until on an Archbishop—the last Elector of Mainz—was poured out the full bitterness of the curse of Bilhilden, Abbess and Foundress. He dissolved the Monastery, and caused her remains to be buried within the walls of the University. For this act he lost his land, his dignity, his grand palace; bloody revolt stretched forth her hand to seize him, and he was attacked by a fearful, devouring sickness, the effect of poison which had been administered to him without effecting its murderous object. Prostrate; broken in mind and in body, he died in Aschaffenburg. And so the curse of Bilhilden was fulfilled.

The wheel occurring in the city arms is thus accounted for by tradition: Willigis, the Archbishop, notable as much for his mildness as for his truthfulness, for his magnanimity as for his humility, was not of noble descent but was the son of a wheelwright. In order in his high position and dignity not to get puffed up, he introduced the wheel into the archiepiscopal shield with the legend:

Willigis, Willigis,  
Forget not this  
That thy father a wheel-wright is!

And never did he forget it. Did none of his successors forget it? Some did!

Although Rudolph the Habsburger sat on the highest throne in the Christian world, his dress and manner were as simple as were his habits and his fare; modest and of humble mind he leaned towards the folk who clung to him vigorously. It happened that once upon a time he was with his camp near Mainz, and the desire to wander alone through the streets of the town



clad as a soldier came upon him—so he started forth on his journey, no man dreaming that he was the Emperor.

It was cold and the wind whistled down the valley of the Wisper; the Emperor was chill, and wishing to warm himself, entered a baker's shop through the open door, taking up his position directly before the oven whence a cheering warmth streamed forth. His doing so without asking permission angered the baker's wife, who besides wife was "lord of the house" too. In her wrath she scolded the impudent hireling and in ever growing wrath sought with hard words to drive him out; but when he laughed at the marvellous eloquence of the Mainz tongue and made merry over the boiling-spring of Mainz abuse, and kept his ground, the burning rage of the woman burst out in full flame, increasing as the mocking laugh of the soldier grew louder. Seizing him by the jerkin she attempted to turn him out, in vain, his laugh only grew noisier and he maintained his ground.

The cup of the woman's wrath was now full to overflowing—raging with fury she seized a bucket of water which was at hand and before the Emperor could escape emptied it over his head—so that he was soused and wetted to the skin. Although not exasperated the Emperor deemed it prudent to return to his camp, where arriving with stiff frozen garments, he commanded his Marshall to send six dishes of the richest viands that could be prepared to the baker's wife, with greetings from the sorely chastised soldier.

The terror of the woman who was found still scolding at the impudent soldier, may be conceived, when she learned that it was the Emperor to whom she had given such an hospitable reception. Overcome with fear and sorrow she resolved to hurry quickly to the camp and on bended knee solicit pardon of the Emperor. The Emperor laughing raised her up and said: "Woman t'was good, thou didst but defend thy right as thou drovest forth the impudent intruder; but in future we would have thee shew more mercy to frozen soldiers; all men had not regarded thy treatment as a merry joke as did we who now pass sentence upon thee; forthwith thou shalt relate the story to all who may be present in this our camp". At a sign from the Emperor the woman was seized by four mighty arms and lifted onto the table.

What was to be done? She had sense enough to obey,



and told the tale with so much wit and humour as to call forth hearty laughter in which the Emperor joined. Whereupon he presented her with a valuable ring, and as often as he visited Mainz and rode past the baker's, he greeted the occupants of the shop; shaking himself as if another bucket of cold water were being poured over his head. And to shew that he still remembered his desperate baptism he laughed heartily and related the tale to his followers.

## THE PALACE AT BIEBRICH.

There can be little question that the Palace of Biebrich in the little town of the same name, may be counted among the noblest of the princely residences of Germany.

It is about three miles (eine Stunde) from Mainz, is situated on the broadest part of the stream; varied here by the fresh, green islets (Auen), standing in the midst of tastefully laid out grounds with exquisite green-houses and conservatories, and surrounded by a park; the like of whose magnificent trees may be sought long ere they are found laid out and superintended by the masterly and famous landscape gardener Theleman. The stately and extensive palace affords a residence than which it would be difficult to devise any more lovely and attractive.

The landscape viewed from the windows or balconies, offers to the eye on all sides a glorious panorama. High up the stream lies the old many towered city of Mainz, called, and rightly so, in the Middle Ages "the golden" enclosed by ranges of mountains and washed by the clear waves of the Rhine. On the left the Odenwald loses itself in the Taunus and resembles *one* great dark forested mountain chain, over which the chief peak of the Odenwald—the Melibocus—keeps watch and guard and here the Altkönig—prominent in the Taunus mountains, looks down over the fertile landscape watered by the Main and the ancient Obringa, the green sons of the Alps—carrying on their bosoms the sluggish sailing vessel and the all-conquering steam boat to the old mercantile city.

To the left the symmetrical Taunus mountains stretch towards us, and we find ourselves the victims of a pretty deception when viewing them from the Palace Gardens; as by ar-





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*Lehigh - Dickrich*







tificial means we are led to suppose that the gardens extend to and are lost at the foot of the mountains.

To the right down-stream; stretches the Rhenish mountain chain and as on the right bank Johannisberg looks down from its vine-clad height; beneath it numerous and beautiful castles standing amidst luxuriant vineyards, upon lovely islands embosomed in the mirror-like water; so on the opposite side lies primeval Ingelheim where the great Frank Emperors lived and brooded over the subduing of rebellious Saxons and lawless Longobards, and discovered means of civilizing the country. Far away, the heights and the great oak forests of the Soon shut in the view, and the Rhine assumes the appearance of a long sea, and Bingen, the Rochus Capelle, noble residences, the old Mausturm, Ehrenfeld and many castled Rüdesheim lie peacefully in the bosom of the hills; in the midst of the stream, or upon the rocky crags of the mountains

Where could be found a lovelier landscape; where could the reflective mind find a country richer in historical interest? Where else than within these narrow limits within which were played some of the most important scenes in the drama of the world's history, where the ground rich with spilled blood produces the most regal of wines, and indications of early civilization are given by tongues graven in stone?

Before opening our ears to what history tells us of the palace and the spot on which it stands, we must for a few moments allow the name of the place to absorb our attention.

It is worth noticing and carries us back to ages long past that on the Rhine and in the Rhine district, and also on other rivers and streams of Germany the names of the villages frequently remind us of an almost extinct race of animals—the Beavers—(Biber) Bibern, Biberthal, Bibernheim, Biber, Biebrich will serve as instances; many others might be added to them.

Do not object we entreat—"but Biebrich or Bibrich might be derived from the name of the old Biburc, Biburg!" The name of the extirpated race occurs even in that! And if we look at the situation of Biebrich and of the large island opposite; if we consider the wondrous buildings and colonies founded by the animals, we can scarcely imagine a position more favourable to their habits and requirements. The very name as I said before Biebrich = Biber-reich (rich in beavers) is evidence enough. In the frequent recurrence of the name in



localities where man alone is now supreme, lies a proof of the assertion that beavers were formerly to be met with in large numbers on the Rhine and this, even if history did not support us, and even if the dredging apparatus on the Lake of Geneva and in the far north, did not furnish evidence that there at least the Pfahlbauers and the beavers were contemporaries and neighbours; the pile dwellings of the former furnishing the latter with shelter and protection. It would be strange if close search of the Rhine bed did not produce bones of the animals along with the stone vessels and weapons of Pfahlbauers.

The value of the skin, flesh, and bones of the animal caused him to be pursued by the inhabitants of the Rhine banks as eagerly as he is now hunted by the fur-hunters of North America, and the more numerous the villages on the banks became; the more the forest was encroached upon by the culture of the vine, and as gradually the woods more rarely stretched down to the river and the beaver thus deprived of the conditions necessary to his existence, the more rapidly did the animal disappear—precisely as he is now doing in the rivers of North America before the remorseless pursuit of the fur-hunter. With reference to the diminution in extent of the forests we will quote but one fact of history. In the year 820 the extent of forest presented by the Emperor Louis the Pious to the Church of St. Goar equalled *eight* Stunden—(27 miles) and included but one village with *fourteen* inhabitants (suppose families), and now some twenty flourishing villages partially occupy the ground and still possess, according to our ideas, considerable forests! Even in the beginning of the present century the beaver was occasionally met with on the banks of the Rhine. In 1720 he was becoming extinct so rapidly in the North, that Frederick William I. of Prussia published stringent laws for his preservation. In 1804 beavers were found in the Principality of Lippe. In the vicinity of the town of Beleke they were so common that the foresters (gamekeepers) of the noble family of von Nugel, entered as items in their accounts the sale of beaver-skins value 900 Thalers, and beaver castorum value, 136 the produce of eight years hunting. Beavers are still found, though rarely, in the Elbe, the Weser and other rivers. In the district of Lödderitz near Aken in the province of Magdeburg he has still a quiet resting place; where he is carefully protected and preserved. Whether it is true that remains of the beaver were met with



in the foundations of the palace at Biebrich I know not, the tale was told to me.

Let us now return from this digression and consider Biebrich and its history.

In the beautiful park stands a carefully restored ruin dating from remote times. A few years ago it was occupied by the Sculptor Hopfgarten as a studio, whilst—engaged on the memorial tomb of the too soon deceased Russian Princess, the Duchess Elizabeth of Nassau. The tomb is in the Greek Chapel on the Neroberg near Wiesbaden.

Some portions of the walls are those which formed the remains of the ancient Biburc, Biburg, from which the present town of Biebrich (as it is now written) derives its name. The new Palace derives its name from the same source.

The ruin out of which the Burg in the park was built formed an imperial fort under the Carlovingian dynasty, near it stood the Imperial villa which was gradually increased in size. It was as before stated called Biburc, Biburg, and was probably erected in the days when Charlemagne at Ingelheim, cast his eye with proving glance over and about the fair country opposite, considering how he could secure and civilize it. We meet with notices of it in the year 874 in the Fulda Annalen and in this year Louis the Deutsche resided in it for a time; so probably it was neither too small nor too insignificant to shelter so lofty a head. Ludwig's passion was a passion for the chase, and perchance his steed bore him away into the dark woods of Taunus in pursuit of stags and wild-boar. Here probably, on the very spot where in later days the Princes of the house of Nassau embarked in their pleasure boats, did Louis enter his ship which was to bear him onward on his journey.

Darkness shrouds the history of the fort. Beyond the notice of Louis the Deutsche having resided in the villa no record exists; only one thing is certain: that in the year 992 it was still a fort—Castellum—capable of defence. Whether it was destroyed in time of war or whether it fell slowly to ruin are unanswered queries—the former assumption is probably the correct one. In that year, namely 992, Otto III. presented the entire imperial estate, that is to say the Villa Biburc, including the fort, to the Cloister of Sels in Elsass, and therewith all "free land," thereabout, together with Moskebach, which formerly belonged to the fort, embracing the right of judicature and



comprehending the serfs who unquestionably lived in Moskebach (Mosbach). The Cloister appointed the knights of Bolanden, who were likewise Vicedomini of the Archbishops of Mainz, as their stewards in the Rheingau. They inhabited the fort during the sittings of the "hundred wurt" which was held in the open air under the canopy of heaven, laying down in this feudal court the conditions of service &c as was customary in 1279. From this time all authentic records of the fort cease and if even now and again it was the residence of some steward, or was occupied by some protecting force defending the Villa Biburc de Moskebach, its low situation surrounded only by moats, walls and towers, must soon have convinced the stewards that in those troublous times the security afforded by the craggy, inaccessible, rocky fastnesses which surrounded the eyrie-like Rhenish castles was wanting, and here the reason of its being allowed to fall into decay may be sought.

Of a surety none of those who knew the Burg in its primitive state ever dreamed that one day out of its own materials it would be restored to its original size, nor yet of the far different use to which it was destined. Within its walls memorial tablets to the Princes of the house of Nassau, most of them from the Abbey at Eberbach were preserved; trophies of war-like days were found among the ruins; still less could it be foreseen that on its floors the sculptor would fashion of the fairest Carrara marble, the tomb of a beloved and deeply mourned Princess, whose cradle was rocked under the Imperial crown on the banks of the Neva—a Princess, a rose doomed to fade, Alas! too prematurely on the banks of the Rhine. Such reflections give rise to many thoughts and the question forces itself on the mind: What strange events have occurred on the spot we inhabit? And what events may happen when our dust has returned again to dust! They are questions admitting no answer. Questions however, which will arise in every thoughtful mind.

The original Biebrichs or Bibrichs, the place namely, evidently lay not far distant from "the soccage farm" but soon on account of the facilities for traffic extended to the river-banks, it formed together with Mosbach one "Heimgeride" (magisterial district) with which though divided it was in close juxtaposition. Only of late years has desire "to add house to house" and wealth enabling the inhabitants to do so, with the necessities of an increasing population, filled up the gap between them



so that now they form *one* little town: Biebrich-Mosbach—in the earliest days of their existence they were regarded and acknowledged as such.

As early as the ninth century reference is made to Biburc as a village. A Graf in the “kings hundred” (Königshundert) presented Biburc, its lands and vassals to the Monastery of Bleidenstadt. The same monastery was involved in a legal process concerning the illegal forfeiture of a farm belonging to it in Mosbach which by a verdict of Graf Drutwein I. was restored to it in the year 1208. This Graf Drutwein was unquestionably a Graf of Nassau. In the division of the land made by the Grafs Otto and Walram of Nassau, on the 17<sup>th</sup> of December 1255, Biebrich fell to the share of Graf Walram.

Formerly, and indeed as we before said, in 992, Otto III., as a proof of his special favour, presented the whole of the imperial property and “free lands” to the Monastery of Sels in Elsass, all land belonging to the Burg, namely the villa Biburch with Mossebach “and the whole of the villeins thereon.

Many gaps and riddles occur in the history, and to this uncertainty must be attributed the fact that Werner of Bolanden—who had been appointed to the stewardship by the Monastery, is said to have *sold* “the soccage farm of Biburc” with all “cottages and barns therein and land thereunto belonging” to the monastery of Eberbach in the year 1279, whereas this very acquisitive monastery had formerly purchased another estate from another member of the Bolanden family, Philip von Falkenstein. The monastery of Eberbach which now possessed a very considerable part, if not the whole of the monastery of Sels, appointed Marshall Philip von Frauenstein their Steward in Biebrich and Mosbach—and nevertheless the monastery of Sels resold all its possessions to King Adolph of Nassau, who endowed his new foundation Clarenthal near Wiesbaden, with the property thus acquired. He immediately abolished the Stewardship. To reconcile these contradictory statements would be difficult and it appears that the expressions even in the original document are inexact.

Other noble families however, must have had fiefs and held allodial lands in the immediate neighbourhood; for in 1260 the monastery of Eberbach had obtained a footing here by the purchase of an estate from Ritter Sifried of Frauenstein and his wife Gertrude, and in 1279 and 1314 increased its estates



by purchase, and by the gift of estates from Werner Schenk von Sterrenberg and his wife Paza.

In the year 1420 Biebrich was mortgaged to the See of Mainz. The mother of Graf John (of Nassau) redeemed it by paying off the mortgage. Such redemptions were never agreeable to those "spiritual gentlemen"; for the crozier was furnished with a hook, which possessed the faculty of retaining, as rightfully acquired, such mortgaged estates as under the domestic economy of those days could not be redeemed by the mortgager.

The rich and powerful Counts von Sponheim in the Nah valley owned estates in Biebrich, wherewith they infiefed the Chancellor of Worms (Dalberg), themselves inheriting the feudal tenure from Knight John of Hattenheim. Whether the Sponheims recovered them immediately from the Bolandens must, like a good many others of these days, remain open questions.

In the year 1005 a chapel with land and people "furnished" existed in Biburg, nor as a matter of course were the "tithes" wanting. Graf Dudo of Nassau's line, made it over to the monastery of Bleidenstadt. In Muschebach (Mosbach) also was a church which with its tithes, Archbishop Eberhard of Trier transferred to St. Simon's monastery there.

Archbishop Engelbert of Trier *dispossessed* the monastery of this gift and infiefed the Knight Berwich, therewith to such spoliation the monastery refused to submit and in 1085 reobtained possession. The incumbent of the church was one Dietrich, Vicar of Luxembourg and a Canon of Trier, proof that the benefice was no poor one. Whether the incumbent himself lived in Muschebach is doubtful, but we may suspect that he was generally represented by a curate, though he was compelled to reside a certain period annually (called *Präsenz*) in his parish. In 1188 this Dietrich was forced to resign the living in favour of St. Simeon's monastery, which in 1397 decreed that in future one third of the income of the Church should fall to the share of the officiating priest, "Plebanus," for his "sustenance". Rather late in the day (1308) this decree was confirmed by Pope Boniface. In the year 1472 the St. Simeon's monastery made over the church—not however the tithes—to the monastery of Eberbach. The wealthy foundation paid the sum of 3000 Florins as purchase money. A sum which shews the progress made in the village of Mosbach. This act of sale and presentation



was confirmed by Sixtus IV. and the highly favoured monastery obtained permission to have the duties performed by one of their own monks, a device by which they saved one part of the tithes. The monastery retained possession of the benefice until its own dissolution.

After these fragmentary and hence unedifying historical notices, let us return to the princely seat, and its history from its origin in 1699.

About this time the idea of building a palace on this rarely lovely spot appears to have ripened into a project; for a site was cleared and levelled and thenceforth up to 1721 building and improving steadily progressed. Not until then was the work complete and the palace inhabitable.

The site occupied by the palace—when the building was commenced—was covered with houses, barns, stables, gardens and orchards. All private property, and all to be purchased. Ready money was paid and the sellers allowed to carry away the old material in order that they might the more quickly provide themselves new homes. The ground, gardens and orchards were exchanged for private; the land in the vicinity, for Domain (State) property, so generously were exchanges made that neither murmurs nor discontent ushered in the new project—in accordance with the wishes of the princely builder. Such land as was not exchangeable was bought and indeed for those days at the unheard of price of 14—15 guldens a rood. Every fruit-tree was valued, and accounts still exist shewing that in one case 160 guldens were paid for 14 trees. Honour to the Prince who in those times dealt with so much honour!

In order not to oppress the people who had given up their dwelling places, the princely builder undertook to pull down and reerect their houses. The budget shows that this item alone amounted to 8000 guldens.

These works and preparations absorbed time so that the foundation of the new palace was not begun before the year 1701. The stone for the palace was all brought from Boden-heim.

Although a large body of artisans was employed the extent of the building prevented rapid progress being made. Prince George Augustus Samuel of Nassau Idstein—the founder of the Palace—came frequently to watch the advance of the works. He little thought that he would scarce survive their completion. Scarce-



ly half a year after the consecration of the chapel in 1721 by Superintendent-General Dr. Lange, the catafalk containing the Princes, body stood within its holy walls. Vaccination then undiscovered, could not exert its palliative influence to diminish the virulence of small-pox to which he fell a victim. May the memory of a Prince essentially just and noble live long.

As in obtaining possession of the site for the palace, consideration and mildness had predominated, so also when land was required for gardens and park a like course was pursued. An estate of 180 acres was wanted but not until 1708—1709 was full possession obtained—the erection of the boundary wall; the laying out and planting occupied a multitude of hands for more than a year. The soil is chiefly such as has been washed up by the Rhine the trees have flourished luxuriously in it. Many a patriarch among them has witnessed changes in those lovely, green, shady walks and groups; changes from the genuine French style. All around has changed, and the purer taste of our own days which copies nature's fairest scenes has eradicated all traces of stiff formality.

Whilst the hand of the gardener was planting and watering at home, many broad hands were restlessly engaged on work destined to find place in the palace. The marble columns in the circular hall were quarried in Schuppach. The black ones in Diez and Mutterhausen. During the building of the palace the Michelsbach iron foundry was almost exclusively employed on the necessary iron work.

The idea originating with the princely founder of erecting a glass-works, in the vicinity of Biebrich, to supply the glass required for 1500 rooms, conservatories &c. was certainly a happy one.

When the work was so far advanced as to permit the internal decorations to be begun the painter Albrecht came with his pupils from Mainz. The fresco ceiling of the circular hall is from the pencil of Colombo in Stuttgart.

That nothing may be omitted we may observe that the furniture of the rooms cost 30'000 florins and finally; palace garden, and park, inclusive of this sum, 228,418 florins. The circular flight of steps in front was not put up until the beginning of the present century.

The ruins of the old fort Biburc were restored by Duke Frederick Augustus. Not until 1744 did Prince Carl fix his re-



sidence in Biebrich—after the peace of 1816 it became the Ducal residence, but only (since the erection of the palace in Wiesbaden) for the summer months.

## INGELHEIM.

Almost opposite Johannisberg, a hill on the left bank of the Rhine, lies before us one little town; to the right of it almost hidden by vine-clad hills, its situation only revealed by its church tower, a second one. Both of great age, both of great historical interest, sister villages: Ober and Nieder Ingelheim.

One versed in history will be reminded of a grand hero the Emperor Charlemagne, to whose heart the civilization of his people was as dear as was the extension of his vast empire; mighty in battle as he was zealous in the encouragement of art and science he towered high above age. Whether he was born in Nieder Ingelheim or in Aachen, must remain an open question. Ingelheim needs not this additional honour to render her illustrious.

Frequent mention of the place is made in very early times under the names of "Englilonheim", "Hingilenheim", "Ingulunheim" but most frequently as "Ingilenheim". Charlemagne founded a settlement, attracted by the lovely situation; fertile land and the magnificent view of the river and mountains, built himself a world famed palace that he might live here, and hence guide the fortunes of his vast empire and carry out his ambitious plans.

A Chronicler of the reign of Ludwig the Pious who had seen the palace in all its glory left us a carefully written description of it. It was built of regular square blocks of hewn stone, was of immense extent and in the form of a quadrangle enclosing a court-yard. Halls and vestibules of extraordinary size and height, and numerous apartments were contained within its walls. Meetings of the Diet were held in its principal hall—two such sittings may be more particularly referred to—the one assembled by Charlemagne in 774 and the one in 826.

The roof was supported by a hundred columns of marble



and granite most of them presented by Pope Hadrian I. and came from the famous palace at Ravenna. The floor was of magnificent mosaic, and marble statues adorned the walls.

Ingelheim was the favourite residence of Charlemagne and thence he sallied forth on his hunting expeditions into the woods of the Taunus mountains; into the fastnesses of the Odenwald and into the almost impenetrable forests of the Spessart.

The palace was the scene of the oft sung song of Eginhard and the Emperor's daughter, at least of the opening scene—let us relate it as it has been handed down to us.

At times when it was the pleasure of the great Charlemagne to rest in his palace at Ingelheim from the cares of government; from the difficulties of his position; from his campaigns and from the councils of the Diet, he was wont to call for his Secretary Eginhard who would read to him out of his store of carefully collected heroic stories and histories. Assembled about him were his spouse and his blooming sons and daughters, whose ears hung eagerly upon the words as they were poured forth by the musical voice of the reader, who would now tell tales of fearful horror, and anon touch the heart by stories of truth, and gentleness, and of the wondrous works of God; tales too of war and victory; tales of love sorrows; all inspiring, all moving.

Eginhard in the flower of youth, gifted in mind, of cultivated taste in art and of great knowledge, was the most trusted Secretary of the Emperor; the Emperor's favourite, true as gold and devoted from the depths of his soul to his great master. The art of writing he possessed to such perfection that his peer was scarce to be found.

Was it matter for wonder that he was not alone the Emperor's favourite but of all the members male and female, of the Emperor's family? And may not the heart of an Emperor's daughter be the heart of a maiden all athirst for love? And may not the youthful and throbbing heart conceal in its innermost shrine the fair image of a man? And did love ere ask what the world in its artificial course declares must not be? The replies rooted in the soil of experience are decided.

Charlemagne's daughter bloomed the fairest and purest flower of the Imperial court. His child, his Emma, the child who had never caused him to shed one tear of sorrow, the one dearest to his heart, the youngest of his daughters.

The still childish heart of this maiden was one which held concealed in its most secret depths the image of Eginhard's manly face—haply almost unconsciously, she grasped it with the whole power of her love.

Could such love exist unknown to the youth as he read of the love which bendeth the human heart, and he thought of his own profound love for the Emperor's loveliest daughter; when his voice gave utterance to that passion which filled his soul, and his glance spake to the imperial maiden; Thee, thee, on thee alone do I think, for thee am I ready to lay down my life thee alone do I love.

And the spark fell and set afire the hearts and they met, each understood the other and during the secret caresses how complete the rapture, such love must grow and secrecy's magic charm furthered its growth.

They met and the unsuspecting maiden filled, consumed with the fire of her love forgot the laws of chastity, iron; but holy laws, and Eginhard forgot the abyss which divided the imperial maiden from the—servant; she forgot her father's rigour and the consuming power of his wrath, and Eginhard was blind enough to imagine he could foresee the assent of the imperial father far away though it might be—he foresaw it; for he hoped for it and longed for it.

And so in secret grew their love like to the perfumed violet in the shade and none knew of it, no eye observed it and no traitor tongue carried the tale to the father's ears.

Yet ere long it was to be disclosed to the Emperor!

As love waxed strong precaution waned, the holy awe with which the Franks regarded morality disappeared—that respect which forbade man's foot to pass the threshold of the beloved, unless when the parent eye or that safe-guard, society held watch over the loving pair was forgotten.

Each night, when night had cast her veil o'er the mountains and o'er the rushing river and had fallen upon the palace, whose inhabitants were hushed in refreshing slumbers, Eginhard stole his way to "the woman's house", whose door unless to father or brother, it was forbidden to pass under pain of death—and when day dawned he departed from his love. Long, very long had such coming and going passed unobserved, none but the two whose happiness it constituted knew it.

Now it happened that autumn fell early, the grapes on the



Ingelheim heights had ripened and been pressed; the leaves hung yellow on the twigs clustered together under the protecting screen of the walls and through the groaning branches the wind howled mournfully. Dark clouds like rolling mountains covered the heavens, forbidding the stars to shed their tender light over the earth which they brighten with their loving glances upon which they gaze so fondly, the clouds forgot not their loving care, but swathed the ground with soft, snow-white fleece, and thus preserved the germ of that life alive in her bosom, that life which in spring should clothe the earth with bright beauty.

No light was visible in the windows of the castle-court, even in Charles' apartments; who had communed long with his Chancellor the lights burned no more.

Only in the woman's house and in Eginhard's room did the eyes of love still keep watch—and the gate fell back—silently and still, and from the opposite side with equal silence and stillness, did the figure of a man wrapped in a mantle steal along under the wall, and a small snowy hand opened and close the door.

There was a stillness of death, the wind, hushed no longer whistled through the branches; but the clouds had lovingly shrouded the life hidden in the hard frozen ground with snowy, woollike protecting flakes, closer and closer she wrapped her mantle around her love whom in spring and summer she beneficently refreshes with dew and with rain drops.

In Ingelheim the cock crowed his greeting to the first streak of dawn appearing in the heavens.

On Charles' heart care lay heavy; for far away on the distant shores of the Elbe, a conquered people rose up nightly and bowed themselves down before the altars of their idols albeit from the Elbe they had been "baptised in the name of Jesus" with consecrated water, and chafed under the fetters with which the Emperor had bound them. War and bloodshed were again before his eyes, for the people turned a deaf ear to the words of peace he spake to them.

Long had he watched and holden council with his Chancellor before seeking the rest he found not. At length the hour, so long deferred came at which, after a troubled night, day broke—his eyes burn—the morning air cools them—he dresses and from the opened casement watches the struggle between

light and dark, seeing therein a vision of what happens in the far North. Will the light prevail then finally? A funeral pall bedecks the earth! Does it symbolise the corpse-strewn fields the fruit of a harvest reaped with the sword! Such are the Emperor's thoughts—they are neither cheering—nor refreshing! And the burden of pain and sorrow weighs heavy upon his soul.

But listen! Did not that slight creaking sound proceed from the gate of "the women's house."

Charles watches. He sees two figures, a graceful female and beside her that of a man, lovingly about the slight waist is the strong arm wound. More intently for that he is aroused the Emperor watches, but both figures are hidden by the shadow of the gate. He hears, as it appears, a suppressed whisper.—And then! What sees he? A graceful maiden bearing the form of the man she loves and setting it down at Eginhard's door; one more embrace, a single kiss, and light as a shadow the lissome form steals back and vanishes within the door of the "women's house."

Such a figure, such a mass of fair, flowing hair only one inhabitant of the palace possessed, only one moved with the easy grace with which that figure was endowed. Emma, the child, the maiden, scarcely yet maiden, the Emperor's daughter in guilty treasonable love—with thy—servant!

Wild raging anger possessed the Emperor. Seizing his sword he bethought himself to avenge the guilt of innocence destroyed, of purity sullied, by shedding the blood of both child and traitor! Already he was hurrying towards the spot where he would wreak his vengeance—an unseen hand seemed to restrain him. Emma! was the agonised cry which burst from his lips! Emma! thy beloved! the fair image of her beautiful mother! And Eginhard, the truest of thy faithful ones, the bravest of the brave! Eginhard who has served thee so well, Eginhard whom thou canst never replace!

He sinks back in the seat which had so often been his resting place in hours of sore trouble, in which many a fierce and many a harsh decision had been arrived at. Covering his eyes with his hands he—ere he moved them the bright sun was shining over the snow-mantled earth.

Unseen an angel of mercy touched his heart, softened it with the palm-branch of love. He will not pass sentence upon the guilty pair. His most secret council tried men all, men of



probity, of statecraft, men of law, by these shall the council be held.

At the bidding of Charles they assemble in the early morn of the day following. Petrified at the sight of the Emperor's pale, troubled face, at his earnestness and stern threatening glance. Eginhard the Secretary, is there too and a fearful irrepressible doubt, a shudder of soul and body passes through him.

With a hollow voice the Emperor spake: "Speak, ye my Councillors, faithful and true, ye guardians of our sacred laws of chastity, of right, what punishment must he suffer who has betrayed the unguarded heart of the Emperor's daughter?"

The venerable Councillors gaze in terrified wonder at the mighty Emperor, at the father who could bring an accusation so heavy against his own daughter and an unnamed offender. Dumbfounded they keep silence; but with the chill of death about his heart, with folded hands—he by whom the Emperor's words were alone understood sat in silence there.

Once again and now with intensified severity the Emperor repeats his words.

Overwhelmed by the magnitude of the charge—by the fact that they must pronounce a verdict upon the Emperor's child, the Councillors rose up and as it were one voice uttering the thoughts of all, the Chancellor spoke: "The Emperor, the Father alone, is the Judge."

Low the Emperor bowed down his head, long he remained bowed down, a fearful struggle within his heart.

Then he upraises his head and his piercing glance rests upon Eginhard.

Thou Eginhard, thou shalt pronounce judgment, what punishment shall befall the criminal!?

Eginhard with head sunk upon his breast arises, walks with reeling gait to the middle of the court, bows his knee to the ground and with hands folded across his scarce heaving breast slowly but audibly replies: "Death." On bended knee he awaits the confirmation, peradventure the fulfilment of the sentence.

The agitation which convulsed the breast of the Emperor was evident to all, his features soften—unmistakeable evidence of deep inner feeling steals over the face.—What is passing within that strong manly breast who shall know?

After a pause may be of a moment's duration, the Em-

peror dismissed his Council and addressing Eginhard spake: Follow me!

Emma conscious of her guilt and racked with agonising fear was early awake, she arose and hastening to the casement in trembling terror, her eager eyes sought the impression of her own tiny feet in the tell-tale snow. Fresh snow had fallen and concealed every trace, no sign was left. How did her heart leap! With folded hands she fell on her knees, filled with sorrow, filled with remorse, filled with gratitude she confessed her sin to heaven and vowed to do heavy penance.

Suddenly, answering to a heavy pressure her door flies open—pale as death trembling like an aspen leaf, she beholds the ashen-faced avenging father, and following him, bowed down by the weight of his guilt, the sorrowing Eginhard.

Instead of hurrying to greet him with the loving salute of old, she sinks down to the ground her fair head buried in her clasped hands; sinks to the ground with one sign of life—a terrible, heart-rending cry.

Heart-rending was her cry of anguish, her sob; heart-rending the single expression of her discovered guilt, her inability to meet the father's eye—not heart-rending to her alone; for bitter and poignant was the grief of the smitten parent.

Sorely did he wrestle and contend with the feelings which overpowered him—sore was the struggle ere words to utter his great concern were given to him. When at length they came; they fell smiting the guilty lovers as it were with hammers of iron; gradually indignation gave place to words filled with mournful affection and sorrow—he was conquered, a father's love prevailed—and the deep anguish of the guilty lovers did its work too.

And he spoke declaring that the punishment of the sword should be none of theirs—but that they might abide no longer in their Imperial home. He would provide them with all necessary means and this night must their union be consummated by his own Chaplain, in his own Chapel—that in that selfsame hour they must bid Adieu for ever to Ingelheim. Anywhere, far off they must seek for themselves a new home, he would remember them for aye, prayerfully would he think of them—see them more, never! —

He turned him about and left them.



An impenetrable cloud; a deep melancholy lay over the palace, a terrible calm—wherefore few or none knew.

Two steeds and two heavily laden bridle-mules in charge of Eginhard's servant, waited at twilight at the palace door.

In the Chapel t'was bright as day, two figures with streaming eyes staggered forth and mounted the horses, they were followed by a retainer who, taking the bridles of the pad-mules, set the funeral-like procession in motion and disappeared midst the fast gathering gloom of the night.

Travelling awhile against the stream, they at length crossed it, and followed the course of the Main until they arrived at a spot of rare beauty where the mighty forest stretched down to the banks of the river. Eginhard with the aid of his trusty retainer built a house of the felled trunks of trees, deep in the solitude of the forest he built it. Proof against cold and storm they built it and oblivion spread its all-concealing mantle over the penitent, the outcast pair; but many days past ere peace again reigned within their hearts.

In the Imperial palace all joyous festivities were hushed, happiness had fled from the Emperor's face. Event followed event, cares of government, preparations for war succeeded each other, and in the spring of the year Charles left for the banks of the Elbe where the torch of discord was burning furiously.

Bowed down he had left Ingelheim, to Aachen he returned, and though crowned with the laurels of victory, bowed down and broken.

His pearl, his Emma was lost to him. Neither her name nor the name of Eginhard was spoken more.

Years came and went. The Emperor's grief was chastened. No tidings of the pair had reached him. As dead, at least as dead to him he had mourned for them, and slowly he began once more to devote himself to the cares of state, now and again seeking recreation in the pleasures of the chase.

For many years he had not seen Ingelheim, fearing to reopen the scarce healed wounds by reminiscences of the past connected with the place.

At length attracted by the sunny banks of the Rhine he went thither, went once more to Ingelheim.

True, the sight of the place again roused the scarce quenched grief; but the aged Emperor found strength to submit to the inevitable in his fate.

Once more autumn returned—hill and valley glowed with the rich autumnal tints with which nature gladdens the human eye and heart before man is forced to take refuge within fire-warmed walls because the sun refuses to perform his office of love for all living things.

Bugles sounded, dogs bayed, steeds neighed, a party was starting to hunt in the forest of the Odenwald, there where it joins the Spessart.

Many many years had passed since the Emperor had followed the chase here, and there was rich promise of abundance of game and right regal sport.

Days and weeks passed, still the Emperor hunted the stag and the wild-boar, the party left the banks of the Neckar and hunted in the Main country. In eager chase of a snow-white stag the Emperor lost his way in the dense groves of the forest, ever further and further he pursued his noble quarry. What had become of his retinue he knew not. So he reached the Main whose rolling waves rush swiftly to the Rhine. Here he thought the stag must be his, the onward career of the strangely beautiful creature would be stayed by the river, not so, the hotly chased animal plunged into the seething flood and safely reached the opposite shore as the Imperial huntsman reached the near one; checking his foam-flaked horse, the Emperor beheld his prey disappear within the dark glades of the forest.

Impatiently he glowered round, on all sides the stillness of the forest unbroken except by the rush of the foaming river. No ring of his followers hunting-horns reached his ear, no cry; far and near no visible human habitation — and the sun declining fast to his rest. Turning his wearied horse he sought if haply he might find his retinue.

Riding through the forest he found none of them, listen as he may no sound breaks on his ear unless it be the hoarse note of a bird of prey returning to his rocky eyrie.

Again he turns towards the river hoping to discover some trace of a human habitation.

The moon was already risen over the boundless forest, and the Emperor familiarising himself with the conviction that he would be compelled to rest for the night beneath the almost leafless branches of some great tree, arrived at a small clearing in the vicinity of the river bank, and beheld a



group of roughly constructed buildings, and glimmering through a small casement a light greeted his eye.

He rode towards the cottage, as he did so the stately figure of a man approached and saluted him in the twilight whom he prayed for food and lodging for the night, gladly was the prayer granted and whilst the Emperor stood before the cottage door, watching the direction taken by his host as he led away the Imperial charger—the bright light of the moon revealed his figure to the host's young wife, who was following her duties, as housewife, within. With a cry of unspeakable joy she would have fallen had not her husband fortunately entered the house by a second door, and whispering a few words in her ear, hastened to lead his guest into the chamber illuminated by the moon's deceptive light. Here host and guest exchanged a few words, and it appeared to the Emperor that the tones which fell upon his ear were those of a voice well known to him, still however he was unable to arrive at any satisfactory explanation of his fancy.

Very soon a lovely child brings a light and decks the table for the coming meal. Involuntarily the Emperor's eye rests on the child; for it seems to him that from its features the fair face of his own Emma meets his gaze, and the rich fullness of the curling golden hair, only Emma, she alone had such hair!

Silently in a corner the host sits, where the light of the hanging lamp falls upon him, and the Emperor lapses into a state of dreamy thought.

The door opens and Emma enters in the perfection of womanly beauty, and places the venison on the table, scarce has she power to complete her errand. She sinks at her father's feet, and beside her kneel Eginhard and the fair child.

"Father"! "Emma"! was the cry which burst from their lips the beloved child rests on the bosom of the Emperor, on his shoulder leans Eginhard, and the blooming grand-child clasps his knee!

This was too much even for that strong man to bear—tears start to his eyes and pressing Emma to his heart, he exclaims:

"God shall ever bless the town  
Where the Emperor found his own!"

And adjacent to the spot where stood the humble dwelling he presented his children with great estates and founded the village of "Seligenstadt."

For many years the happy pair abode here, and the Emperor often sojourned with those who desired not to return again to the Imperial court. But when was earthly happiness full and unalloyed? The counterpart of its beautiful Mother, the little Emma faded away and the heart of the parent was broken. Where she was laid to her rest, Eginhard founded a cloister and built and consecrated to her memory the church within whose walls his own bones also lie. He soon followed his departed love and his body was laid between those of his Emma and their child.

The death of Emma and of her lovely daughter gnawed upon the very heart of the Emperor. He never saw Ingelheim again nor did he revisit the forest home in the midst of the Odenwald.

The Grafen- (Counts) of Erbach in the Odenwald trace their descent to one branch of Eginhard's family. Recently the Grand Duke of Hesse presented the coffin, enclosing the remains of Emma and Eginhard, which formerly stood in the vaults of the church at Seligenstadt, to the Count of Erbach, who possesses a valuable collection of historically accredited arms, armour and antiquities.

Eginhard endowed the monastery of Lorsch with the lordship of Michelbach in the Odenwald, the records kept in the monasteries of Lorsch and Seligenstadt relate the above facts in detail.

From his seat at Ingelheim Charlemagne directed the stream of civilisation which flowed so beneficently over his land.

The early flourishing condition of the grape culture in the Rhine Gau, the introduction of the cultivation of all kinds of fruit in the Rhine country, the improved agricultural system and the increase of trade on which the well being of the inhabitants depends, may all be attributed to him. The advance in agricultural science, the improved cultivation of the grape and of other fruits were encouraged on manors and soccage farms which he established at suitable places and provided with enlightened bailiffs. Important Imperial affairs were transacted here and are connected with the destroyed palace and court.

It was here that in 788 Duke Thassilo of Bavaria was degraded from his Ducal dignity, because he had insulted and scorned the Imperial Majesty. In all probability the assembly of the Diet at which this step was resolved on took place at Ingelheim.



During the rule of Charlemagne's successors mighty events occurred within the walls of the Imperial house. Here Ludwig der Fromme (the Pious) received Harald King of Denmark, in 826, together with his wife, family and four hundred noble Danes, when they fled before Göttrick's sons, and here he gave them protection and domicile. Harald caused himself to be baptized, and at St. Alban's Church near Mainz the Danes underwent the same sacred ceremony.

In the year 817 this Emperor received the magnificent embassy of the Byzantine Emperor Leo and subsequently the still more splendid one of the Emperor Theophilus of Constantiople.

If one reflects that most brilliant festivities were arranged in honour of these embassies, that they brought the richest presents but took equally valuable ones back with them, and that at the giving and taking of these presents grand ceremonials were gone through, we may picture to ourselves scenes of rare and glorious magnificence passing in the palace at Ingelheim.

The name and memory of Charlemagne were alike venerated and the spot on which he had lived and worked was for his successors up to the days of Ludwig IV. "the Child", a truly hallowed one. All of them made Ingelheim their favourite place of residence and not less importance did Ingelheim enjoy in the eyes of the Ottonen and of the Salic Emperors.

These halls were witnesses of the birth and growth of the empire's greatness. Once more a bright, peaceful light radiated through the palace, when Henry III. celebrated his marriage with the beautiful daughter of William of Poitou; then a deep, dark shadow fell upon and obscured it. — The disputes between Henry IV. and the Pope, his ban, the rising of his son Henry (V.) against him and all connected with him, combine to form an episode at once fearful and terrible. The son had assembled the Diet, in the last degree inimical to the Emperor who was betrayed on the banks of the Rhine at Bingen and taken prisoner to Klopp. The Markgraf Egbert burning with hate, hurried to the Emperor to persuade him to abdicate, and allowed himself to be betrayed into base and unwarrantable proceedings against his imperial Majesty. Thence the spiritual Electors hastened to Bingen and wrung from the Emperor the crown jewels; the symbols of his consecrated majesty.

Here the deed of deposition was signed, here the faithless son of the Emperor was elected. And when the bereft and insulted monarch appealed to the Bishop of Speyer for protection and food, an Emperor; a benefactor of this Bishop, was denied both! Let us turn aside from the details of horrors committed by debased hearts!

About the year 1154 the imperial palace was in such a condition as to render its restoration absolutely necessary; unless it should disappear from the earth.

Friedrich I. had too much reverence for a time-honoured place to suffer it to fall to decay. And it, the famous palace of many Emperors, the witness of great events, was restored and chosen by Friedrich I. as his favourite place of abode though now and again he exchanged it for Gelnhausen and Kaiserslautern.

In these days of sad memory, out of which echo the names of William of Holland and Richard Cornwallis, the time-honoured palace was taken and devastated, and it seemed as though fate would have it, spared the sight of the dark days coming.

Once again it was rebuilt—in 1354 by Carl IV.—but, as it appeared only that it might be mortgaged, together with Ober and Nieder Ingelheim to the Electors of Mainz. Ruprecht smarting under the indignity redeemed the mortgage.

Again it was the fate of the palace to be demolished—when Friedrich I. was at war with Archbishop Adolph of Mainz. During the Thirty Years War the French and Spaniards found but little left for them to destroy—The deserted walls were reduced to ashes, (a point of German honor was in question) by the French in 1689, by the French, whom the folk dubbed: “Pfalzgifter” (Palatinate poisoners) so that all that remained were some ruined walls and the base of a marble column, on which an inscription was chiselled, certifying it to be a remnant of the imperial palace. This too is gone and with it the last trace of the once glorious Ingelheim.

After relating such events as the above—can one descend to lower ground and tell of the wine culture of the little Hessian village—vines possibly planted by Charlemagne; or that both the Ingelheims bear the imperial eagle quartered on their shields; that the two together had one supreme court of justice and one chief Magistrate (Reichsschultheiss) or, and this is truly of greater



moment—that Sebastian Münster, the great and learned Professor of Hebrew in Heidelberg, the first Cosmograph, whose ponderous work is yet a chief authority and of great merit, was born here, or finally that Glöckle was born and died here, he who was once employed in the Vatican Library and assisted Wilken when after the Peace of Paris he collected and brought back — so far as he could find them — the treasures of the Heidelberg Library, stolen by Tilly and who Alas! substituted Ingelheimer “Red” (wine) for the Lachyma Christi, the Falernian and the Montefiasconer of Rome and drank too deeply thereof? Be this how it may, let it interest one or the other, after such events as we have described it will be of little weight, it will interest us as little as does the middle-age saddle exhibited in the Rathhaus of Oberingelheim as the one used by Charlemagne.

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## THE CASTLE OF SCHARFENSTEIN NEAR KIDRICH.

When one has left the lofty and beautiful heights of Johannisberg behind as we proceed slowly forwards in the steam-boat, or the locomotive with its long train of carriages hurries us past, the eye rests on the still romantic right bank of the river, upon the ruins of a castle, which is built tolerably far midst the hills upon an imposing height, and shews itself in clear relief against the dark background of the forest-covered hills.

It is a mighty “Frit” or principal tower, which attracts; as the walls which surround it are scarcely visible—yet the eye cannot but rest on the mighty, the extensive ruin.

If one enquires the name of the castle, to which the guide-book probably contains no reference beyond the statement that: “once upon a time it was a stately castle and is now in ruins,” we shall find that few know anything of it and yet this Mainz land defence was of yore very famous; a protection to the Rhine Gau; important to the Archbishop; of extraordinary strength and of great fame.

Its name is *Scharfenstein*.





Stillsch v. Carl Mayer's K.A. in Nürnberg

1. 1853

*Scharfstein.*

Verlag von Julius Niedner in Wiesbaden.





Setting out from *Hattenheim* or *Erbach* if the traveller wanders towards the calm retirement of *Kloster Eberbach* and there turns to the right, passing beneath the exquisitely situated but sadness invoking buildings of the public Lunatic Asylum; the *Eichberg*, he will reach after a comfortable walk the village of *Kidrich* which will well repay him for his exertions, and see at a small distance before him, on the rocky declivity of the forest, the ruins of Scharfenstein, which create a desire within his mind to enquire further into their history.

Entering the burial-ground attached to the village Church, and choosing a position between the parish church of St. Valentine on the left, and the beautiful and fair Chapel of St. Michel on the right, he will have the ruin immediately before him, but I think his glance will be withdrawn from it and he be enchained by the view of the ecclesiastical buildings on either site. It can hardly be otherwise; for both Church and Chapel are of such remarkable beauty that all must alike be attracted by them.

If I may judge others by myself and offer advice, the traveller should turn first to the right, namely towards the Chapel of *St. Michael*, which was probably intended originally for a "Mass-house" for it stood over the charnel-house of the burial-ground, as we find is the case not here alone, but in other places too.

Much is it to be regretted that in so many cases we are utterly unacquainted with the names of the architects, in this case completely so, who designed and built the glorious specimens of Gothic churches on the Rhine; and that the names of the founders are as equally lost in oblivion. We have one historical hint that *Kloster Erbach* in *Kidrich*, built a chapel; but it is very doubtful, and quite impossible to prove, whether this is the one referred to.

Yet if we think how frequently the Archbishops of Mainz resided in their fastness of Scharfenstein, where they knew they were in safety — and of the Archbishops, Sigfried the I. and II. of this name, of Gerhard I. and of Wernher—we have historical records that they did so—or still more often in the autumn during the hunting season, they abode here when the dark forest well stored with game invited them to the chase, or they were tempted by the attractions of a plentiful grape harvest, I think we shall even scarcely question their having built these beautiful Chapels to the glory of God. Was not a Chapel essential an part of



the house of a spiritual Prince, a Chapel adjoining his palace—a Chapel where he might perform his sacred duties? And leaving all higher motives aside was it not a point of honour for an Archbishop to possess a Chapel worthy of his office, and again was it not a point of honour and duty to build it in the most noble fashion?

The parish Church of St. Valentine is referred to in the year 1275 whilst we find no reference made to that of St. Michael before the year 1427, so that the probability is that it was not built long prior to this date.

If the latter is called: “a pearl of Gothic art and style”—the assertion is veritably a true one, in the Rhinegau not one to be compared to it can be found, and far and near another such may be sought.

How beautiful is its tower, how beautiful the porch! The form of the Chancel-nich is worthy of attention as it is remarkable to find one in architecture of this style. At the side, towards St. Valentine's, it has a covered gallery of very beautiful stone work, decorated with an old—non-restored fresco, the use of this gallery probably was that addresses to the faithful assembled below, might be held from it; perhaps too from it were preached the funeral sermons.

It has lately been restored perfectly in accordance with its original and primitive style, both exteriorly and interiorly—and he who has the credit of the work is an Englishman of the name of Sutton, who is said to have embraced the Romish faith here and devoted his fortune to the complete restoration of the parishchurch of St. Valentine. At present the interior restoration is in progress. It is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. More particularly does the Chancel make a most agreeable impression altho this—as little as the solemn clang of the bells appears, to have wrought soothingly on the minds of the wild Scharfensteiners,

However let us return to the village of Kidrich which we require as a fore ground for our picture of the castle, It is old, older than the castle, though since the erection of the latter they have been closely united, have shared joy and sorrow having truly obtained the lion's share of the sorrow.

If one follows up the history of most of the Rhenish villages their growth has almost invariably been one which commencing at the centre, or kernel, has developed externally, which indeed

may be said of other places also, and this centre or kernel was usually the seat of a Mainz bailiff, of a representative of the archiepiscopal see, or the residence of a free-man—in short a manorial estate. That here too as in other places the thousand and one reasons which actuate mankind, more especially the feeling of safety guaranteed by such proximity, have had their influence is self-understood; almost everywhere we meet with such “courts” and “castles” in the very village itself. This was the case in Kidrich. Here a (Ministeriale) bailiff Egilbert, had a court (Freihof), which in the year 1018 he let (?) to the Monastery of Bleidenstadt, and Archbishop Adalbert I. of Mainz in 1118 presented another Manor (Freihof) with all its inhabitants, naturally such as had been vassals of the former proprietor; the archiepiscopal Ministerial Wulferich. This place was the seat of the family of von Kidrich unless the small castle “Nuwenhus” was their residence, which as we shall presently see was not probable.

These facts shew that the village existed first in the 10<sup>th</sup> century, although it may be at the end of it.

With regard to the name of the place; it has shared the fate of all other middle-age names; for the orthography of the historians or the authors of the records, was not of the first order. Here the place is called *Ketercho*, there *Chetercho* and elsewhere *Chetericho*—and heaven knows what besides. It was in the tenth century a chapel of ease (Filiale) or daughter church of *Eltville* whence the cure of souls and the performance of the services was attended to—at times the *Eberbach* monastery, but only temporarily, undertook these duties.

It is quite certain that the Church of *Sz. Valentine* was not built at this period, but was only represented by a small wooden church or chapel, which was swallowed up by the new one, that is to say was included in the new building. This hypothesis too admits the assumption that the village consisted of very few houses. And has undoubtedly to thank circumstances for its reputation. One is of religious origin, namely the miracle which *St. Valentine* wrought on the decrepit and sick, and the pilgrimages made to the place on this account, at one time they were very numerous and even in our own days, when men's faith is diminishing and is trifled with, have not quite ceased. Such assemblies of people brought money, and it became necessary to increase the accom-



modation to meet the demands of the people, were it but to supply them with means of living. So called speculation was as sure to follow, as surely as on the other side the piety of the people to continue, when it was a question of fulfilling Samaritan offices for the living and the dead.

And so there arose an hospital for sick and ailing pilgrims, and a pious brotherhood who regarded it as a fulfillment of their oath to provide christian burial for those among these strangers who died here. The brothers dug the graves, provided coffins, regulated funeral processions and out of their funds caused the masses for the dead to be read. It is self-evident that such arrangements would attract many pilgrims, and thus further the increase in extent as well as the prosperity of the village. It is possible that the foundation of the chapel over the charnel-house may be attributed to this brotherhood and to the contributions of the pilgrims. The masses said over the bones of the departed had an edifying effect and were held to be of special efficacy—an idea probably derived from the services and baptisms held at the graves of martyrs.

The other "circumstance" was the delicious wine grown here. It is true that the nobles and the monasteries were in possession of the best vineyards; but there is little doubt that the "freemen" participated in the occupation a, trade in those days of double importance, from the fact of its being so rarely followed. With justice *Gräfenberg* is considered one of the choicest growths, the very lay of the vineyard recommends itself to the initiated eye—in very early days it was devoted to this use and keeps up its reputation to the present time.

As to the name: *Grafen* or *Gräfenberg* two views will be heard expressed. One party derives it from the *Rhine Grafen* who it is true, were part owners of the vineyard, others again derive it from the very large proprietors of vineyards the *Grafen von Nassau*. Perhaps and indeed very probably, both lines gave their names—in the mouth of "the folk"—to the hill (*Berg*)—as both had large possessions—and thus the name has been handed down to us.

As to the ownership of the vineyard by the *Grafen von Nassau* there can be no doubt. They had impropriated those of the Ritter (Knights) of *Dersdorf* of *Cube* (*Caub*) and of *Heppenheim* with theirs, which with the consent of *Graf Walram II. of Nassau* they made over to the monastery of *Eberbach*.

The monastery formerly possessed vineyards in this locality which had been presented by the *Ritter Ruprecht von Buches* and his wife *Guda* in 1357, for the founding of a new Altar in the Church. These and other estates in *Kidrich* which had to pay "Beede" (taxes) to the village, involved the monastery, which refused the duty, in a serious contest. It, namely the Monastery, was palpably in the wrong inasmuch as the burden lay on the estate when the Monks accepted it and no special exoneration or act of freeing had taken place. So it happened that the court of enquiry appointed decided against the monastery, and even the Archbishop was compelled to pronounce against the institution which had ever enjoyed his most distinguished favour.

So free from taxes and dues was the monastery, that their assumption of *entire freedom* was no very unreasonable one.

That the village belonged to the archiepiscopal See is evident from the fact that in the year 1200 the archbishop mortgaged it to the Rhine Grafs. Though this would not justify the conclusion that no "free folk" lived there.

From the position we have taken up on the wall of the churchyard, between the two ecclesiastical buildings of *Kidrich*, we obtain a good idea of the size and extent of the castle which lies closer to the mountains, and especially grand is the high tower—"the Frit"—which glorying in its proud past soars loftily above the very inconspicuous ruined walls. Now it happens that the original plan of the castle is scarcely to be found. Judging from the plan on which the greater number of these feudal abodes were built, we may take it for granted that the principal rooms were in close proximity to this tower, as in times of danger it was the last, fire-proof and easily defended, refuge of the inhabitants, hence the entrance to it was usually at a considerable height above the ground and was protected by a draw-bridge, which when up cut off all communication with the rest of the castle and afforded the besieged tolerable safety.

The infamous feuds of the brawling barons of the middle ages are well known, and occurred most frequently in those districts where the nobles had numerous seats and this was especially the case in the Rhine Gau. The inevitable consequence of these feuds was the destruction of the country and the plundering of the homes of the vassals and the freed men. In the Rhine Gau which was the abode of an unquiet and quar-



relsome people those feuds bred up a warlike and valiant race, who more than once turned their arms against their sovereign lord, precisely as they had done against their own internal and external enemies.

This fact was probably early recognised by the nobles, who were hence careful to go *with the folk*. Undeniably the Rhine Gau represents a vast natural fortress. On the one side the Rhine itself forms a defence which in those days was almost impregnable. Such further defence as was required was furnished by the valiant sons of the land equipped with bow and arrow, "morning-star" and club, sling and javelin. Another side of valour the bold Rhinegauer shewed when seated behind his bowl wherein pearled and bubbled the liquid gold of his own mountains. His success on both fields was highly commendable and history could tell us many a tale of deeds of valour performed on the field of battle, as of prowess displayed behind the great tun of *Eberbach*. The former, that is of valour on the field of blood—must however for the present occupy our attention.

As the Rhine on the west formed a great natural fortification, so did the hills on the east prove one far more difficult of defence, protect the shores of the river.

The northern boundary at Niederthal. The island opposite Bacharach was protected by nature with high mountains and deep valleys, only on the southern side were natural defences less complete. If we remember that according to military tactics of those days the "Berittenen" (cavalry) the "Ritter" (riders) had to do the chief work the importance of those natural defences will increase.

If even there natural defences did afford security to the land held, Rhine Gauers were not content to confide to these exclusively; but strengthened them by the construction of artificial defences — *Gebücke* — consisting of a barricade of trees, fifty paces in breadth, which extended in a broad crescent from *Niederwalluf*, over the mountain forest, down to *Lorch*.

Hermann Bär in his contributions to the history of Mainz gives the following account of the manner in which such a barricade was constructed: "The whole of the trees in a given district were cut down to various heights, and were then again allowed to shoot out, and the young pliable boughs were bent to the ground. These grew in the direction given to them,

wove themselves together and produced a thicket so dense and entangled as to be impenetrable for either man or horse. The superintendence and maintenance of this "Gebücker" was the charge of the village through whose forest it ran. A continual supply of young growth was kept to replace the old and to fill up any gaps which might occur."

Resembling these were the "Limes" which stretched from the mouth of the Moselle across the Rhenish mountains along the left bank of the river (which however were built by the Romans) with the difference that earth and stone works were thrown up inside the trees, and the more exposed positions defended by towers and watch-houses.

In this respect too the Rhinegauers exercised the requisite vigilance. Though necessary traffic demanded that certain passes should remain open, in order to prevent the ingress of the foe, earth-works were thrown up, towers built, intrenchments dug, in short all precautions taken to provide against inimical incursions.

In front of the "Gebücker" ran the so-called "Landgrab"—(moat, ditch) which in itself obstructed the approach to the "Gebücker"—and according to the supply attainable was either kept full of water or converted into a morass.

One of the principal defensive works was the so-named "Bachofen" (baking-oven) at Niederwalluf, which was constructed to maintain a considerable garrison in security, and possessed what in those days was an extraordinary fortification. In many of the Rhinegau feuds the practical importance of the "Gebücker" was frequently verified.

These "Landwehr" (land defences) were increased and strengthened wherever the danger of an inroad had manifested itself, and inasmuch as it was a national defence the citizens and tenants were compelled to perform socage service; the rich monastic institutions to contribute money, which for the sake of maintaining themselves in favour with the folk, they were wise enough to give without murmuring.

The fact that the Archbishops possessed several Landburgen (land castles) in the Rhinegau is worthy of special notice. At the first glance it is quite plain that these castles are most advantageously situated, Bautzberg, now Rheinstein, protected the left side of the frontier of the Rhinegau, and Klopp by Bingen assisted in the defence. On the right bank of the Rhine the



row of forts began with Ehrenfels and the Mouse-tower in the Rhine---was continued by the castle at Eltville—and closed with Scharfenstein. In order however that the lower Rhine might not remain unprotected the important castle, Rheinberg near Lorch, was erected.

Another thought intrudes itself obstinately, namely, that the Archbishop's policy was directed to some other object when these costly defences were being built.

More than once the Rhinegauers had taken an opportunity of shewing the Archbishops their teeth, and the bearing of the Bingers towards Cuno von Falkenstein was not such a solitary instance, as to prevent the Archbishops from suspecting it might once be necessary for them to assert their influence over the disorderly citizens. Cuno von Falkenstein had had experience of this at Klopp and Ehrenfels.

In the country nobility, whom they invested with certain hereditary rights to compensate them for the performance of defensive measures, they had more firm and faithful supporters, than in the free citizens who had now arrived at the conviction of their own strength.

So these "Burgen" served his objects, one of which, the political one, was wisely kept in the background.

Scharfenstein was one of the oldest of these Land-Burgen (land castles), though not *the* oldest; for this preeminence appertains unquestionably to the castle of Klopp near Bingen, which the Emperors found existing as a Roman earth-work, readily convertible into a mighty fort. Before the Rhinegau fell to the electoral chair of Mainz, it seems to have fallen to the city with the Rhinegau, without the Emperors having reserved any of their rights over it.

*Scharfenstein* (written also *Scarpenstein* and *Scharphenstein* stands free on its height. Ditches, and walls of extraordinary depth strength or thickness afforded security bordering upon impregnability.

The view from the heights is moderately extensive and beautiful; the one towards *Kidrich* possesses more of the idyllic, while that down the lateral valley and towards the rocky forests, has a strange wild beauty.

The castle was necessarily of extraordinary extent, when one reflects how numerous were the families of the knights who resided in the castle—that is to say the widely distributed

so-called: "Gauerbschaft" which included all the members of a family, the numerous branches and scions of the house being distinguished by some slight modification in the shield.

The family possessed many and wealthy feods and a considerable number of castles and buildings appertaining to them, such as manors and other freehold property.

The Archbishops of Mainz treated them with marked favour and accorded to the knights of Scharfenstein distinguished confidence. Not only do we find many of them holding high offices in the archiepiscopal see; among the canons (Domherrn); but also find them filling high secular positions in distant parts of the world. So long as the archbishop was in possession of the province of *Böckelnheim* (not so-called from the village of the same name; but from the Imperial castle in the valley of the *Nah*) to whom it had come through divisions in the family of the *Graf von Sponheim*, we find especially the *Crazze von Scharfenstein* holding large feifs in the *Nahthal*, a free manor in *Sobernheim*; as Burg Grafen in the vicinity of St. Mathias Church in this village, and of the town-wall of the old free city of *Burg, Blode* or *Bloch*, (having the same rights as *Frankfurt on the Main*). The last traces of the Burg were swept away by the railway-works. The family by virtue of their position claimed the right to sit as presidents in the councils of the knights and citizens of the town.

The services rendered by the *Scharfensteiners* to the archbishopric, and their faithful allegiance must have been severely tested in dark and heavy times. Proportionately however can we see the influence on the scale of the archiepiscopal decisions exercised by these knights, as otherwise they would not have met with the distinguished consideration which they did not invariably merit, at the hands of the Archbishops.

Their sudden appearance in connection with the castle of *Scharfenstein* would not easily be explained but for traces of events which carry it back to a certain origin.

In the year 1165 we meet with historical records of a certain knight: *Eckehardus the Ketercho* and his son Henricus, the family took its name from Kidrich. In the village there is no trace of a castle (Ritterburg), nor even in the folk lore a tradition of the existence of one. It must hence be assumed that this noble family either inhabited a *manor-house* near the village, or the castle in the neighbourhood of *Scharfenstein* - the so-called



"*Neuenhus*" *Neuenhaus*. This *Neuenhaus* was the property of the *Scharfensteiners*. Though the darkness is not entirely dispelled, still historical records allow some little light to dawn on us, and it appears that their castle lay between *Kidrich* and *Scharfenstein*.

The name of *Ketercho* disappears, and almost simultaneously the castle of *Scharfenstein* is built by the Archbishop of *Mainz*. Suddenly, residing in this *very* castle, we come upon the *Knights of Scharfenstein*, having and holding the especial property of the family of *de Ketercho*.

Consequently it can scarcely be doubted that the Archbishop granted feudal rights over this castle to the *Knights of Scharfenstein*, permitting them to adopt for themselves and their line the name of *von Scharfenstein*.

We find the system of assuming the names of castles committed to their charge occurring elsewhere, without any record of the adoption having been made. The practice of holding feudal tenures does not seem to have been carried on habitually in those days, and only to have attained importance subsequently.

In order to give historical proof of these facts it is only necessary to refer to the *old Gau Grafs of the Nah valley*, who for a period of time extending over a hundred years are known to us under their baptismal name only, as *Embricho* or *Emicho* the first, second, and so on. The seat of their common origin seems to have been either *Burg Alten-Bawmberg* in the *Alsënz valley*, or *Burg Sponheim*. As the familie ramified they appear as *Rhein-Grafen vom Steine*, (*Rheingrafenstein called so after the Battle of Sprenndlingen*, as *Rau Grafen zu Altenburg-Baumberg* and *Schmiedeburg* (in the valley of the *Hahnenbach* above *Kirn*), as *Wild-Grafen von Dhaun*, as *Grafen von Sponheim* and, however differently they may call themselves after their seats, it is nevertheless the same family divided.

The most ancient historical records of the *Knights of von Scharfenstein* extend to the thirteenth century, when they frequently appear as witnesses to documents concerning the archiepiscopal see of *Mainz*.

It is true that some older genealogists, as *Humbracht* and *Rüxner*, who in their book of genealogies ("*Turnier-Buch*") (which as far as I know is the only book in existence printed at *Simmern* on the *Hunsrück*), trace some of the *Scharfen-*

steiners to the tenth century; but it is very questionable whether many of the knights of this name (whom he records) will receive a verdict at the final judgment!

The line was famous as much for its valour as for its devotion to the archbishops, and was blessed with a numerous posterity.

Many of the castles and manors of the Rhinegau towns and villages were the property of the family, as is proved to have been the case with *Erbach*, *Hattenheim*, *Neudorf*, Mainz and other places. We have already said that the Newenhus belonged to it; and not only this but the little castle of Himmelberg and many others.

Like a tree firmly rooted the branches of the family spread themselves abroad. Intermarriages of the daughters with other families constantly increased it, and it became one of the most widely distributed holders of hereditary estates in the Rhinegau, all the sons and probably many of the sons-in-law, used or adopted the name of von Scharfenstein, forming new branches of the old trunk, and for the better distinguishing of the lines used certain devices, usually altering the tincture of the bend on the argent field of the shield, or made certain additions to it, as we shall see in the sequel. That dwellings in the castles were appropriated to them and that they were pledged to assist in their defence is self-understood. To the little castle of *Sonneck*, or *Soneck*, on the Rhine, where a very large family of hereditary holders was found, we shall learn that a feudal tenure on the: "Burgthor zu Soneck" was attached, and very frequently the holder of the tenure restricted to two miserable little rooms of the proportionately limited apartments of the castle, possessing however other rights and privileges which in days when the demands and requirements of "comfort" were more modest, were nevertheless of importance; besides which the close connexion with the family encouraged by this system, lent importance and security to the feoffee.

In the knightly line of *Scharfenstein* we meet with the *Grünen von Scharfenstein*, *die Schwarzen*, *die Braunen*, *die mit den Steinen*, *die Gennen*, *die Eselwecke*, *die Crazze von Scharfenstein* and besides all these the long succession of the original family calling themselves simply: von Scharfenstein.

The original line of *von Scharfenstein*, in which the line of *de Ketercho*, or *von Kidrich* seems to lose itself, arose really in



the year 1195, and the Knight *Walterns de Scarfenstein* was the founder of it.

Was he the last of the house of *de Ketercho*, and the first who as Bailiff of the archiepiscopal see resided in *Scharfenstein*, and who ignoring his own, assumed and bequeathed the name, or is this simply the *first record* in which one of the name figures as a witness? — Who shall raise the veil which covers the families who scarcely possess even a family name?

If we consider those bearing a common coat of arms as belonging to each other,—yet as various families — branches, — because the tinctures vary, or because one — or even two of the bars have different tinctures—then we meet with the:

Grünen von Scharfenstein, who are of another branch of the family because the bar in their *Scharfenstein shield* was green.

Bodmann is of opinion that these *Grünen von Scharfenstein* are descended from a Knight *Megingando von Scharfenstein*. In *his* shield we find the bar for the first time tintured green. This line of the family must have had numerous branches; for we find not a few of them among the *dignitaries* (Domherrn) of *Mainz*, and especially as holders of high offices in the Chapter. The line flourished up to the year 1517, and became extinct in that year whose signification in matters ecclesiastical was immeasurably great. One branch, perhaps only a twig—inhabited the *Burgsitz or Manor-house* of Hattenheim, and the last of the line, *Johann, the younger Grün von Scharfenstein*, found a last resting-place in the Church there.

The *Schwarzen von Scharfenstein*, in whose shield the bend is sable on a field argent, are first met with so far as is known, in the year 1268. This branch of the family too supplied the *Cathedral* (Dom) of *Mainz* with many *Domherrn* and *especial dignitaries*. It flourished longer than the line of the *Grün*, and became extinct a full century later.

The family *mit den Steinen von Scharfenstein* is unquestionably an offshoot of the *Schwarzen*; for the bend of their shield is sable, but the field above and below the bend is charged with chequers in relief, also tintured sable.

The line became extinct in those dark days when the Swedes wasted the Rhinegau, having possessed themselves of the archiepiscopal province. The supposition that this branch fell with the fall of the *Stammburg* is a not improbable one, and it was perhaps the last which bore the shield and found a

knightly death fighting for the dear, old, hereditary home—there are however no historical records that such was the case.

The *Gennen von Scharfenstein* belonged to another branch of the: *mit den Steinen*. It flourished and bloomed but a very short time; for it was extinct within a century. The last of this line sleeps the sleep of the just in the Abbey of Eberbach.

The *Braunen von Scharfenstein*, so-called from the tincture of the bar in the shield, appear to have sprung from the family of the: *von Schwarzen*.

One twig of the many-branched stem, without our being able to specify which, most assuredly inhabited the small castle belonging to the family upon the *Himmelberg*, between *Kidrich* and *Rauenthal*, destroyed in the 15<sup>th</sup> century, (without any record of the manner of its destruction being left) was known to the “folk” by the name of the *old castle*; so the *Braunen* or *Brunen von Scharfenstein* inhabited the castle lying somewhat lower than this one, between *Kidrich* and the castle of *Scharfenstein*, which was certainly the original seat of the *von Keterchos*. When this branch of the *Braunens* perished the castle went to the *Crazze von Scharfenstein* as heirs of the family, doubtless also a branch of the *Braunen* family, from these latter the property was subsequently inherited by the *von Solms*. The castle was sold by the *von Solms* and thus passed from the hands of its noble owners into those of a commoner. Under its new proprietors it fell to ruin, whether through a process of gradual dissolution, or whether it was razed to the ground in warlike days seems uncertain, the suspicion, however seems justifiable that when the *Swedes* took and destroyed the castle of *Scharfenstein*, they laid no gentle hands upon the manor-house belonging to it.

We have historial records of the *Crazze von Scharfstein* in the year 1390—they were then represented by *Heinrich Crazz von Scharfenstein*. The line is one of the most widely diffused, and richest in honorable fame. To this branch alone was accorded the honor of being raised to the rank of *Count of the Holy Roman Empire*, *German nationality*.

*Johann Philipp von Crazz, Graf von Scharfenstein* was a General in the imperial service. His son *Johann Anton* entered the service of the *Elector of Trier*. His grandson *Hugo Ernst*, was Electoral Privy Councillor, and chief Magistrate of *Boppard*. He left only a daughter who married in the year 1053 a *Graf von Solms-Rödelheim*. These *Crazze von Scharfen-*



*stein*, as already remarked, we find occupying important offices and holding large feudal tenures in the *Nah-Thal*. However about the end of the 15<sup>th</sup> century we lose sight of them in this country, and find the *Boose von Waldeck* holding their possessions as next of kin. The how of the heirship is unknown.

Of no less importance is another branch of the *von Scharfenstein's*, the *Eselwecke von Scharfenstein*. This very famous family was originally from the city of Mainz. Probably one of the *Eselwecke* married an heiress—a daughter of the House of Scharfenstein, taking from the property and the rights attaching to it, the name of *Scharfenstein* in addition to his own.

The numerous castles of the *Rhinegau* were either such as had been built by the *Archbishops* to protect the land, or such as had been built by the *Knights themselves*. In building some of them it was evidently the intention of the *Archbishops* to provide themselves with places of safety in "dark days, for this end *Scharfenstein* seemed admirably adapted. Before the invention of gunpowder caused a revolution in the science of war, *Scharfenstein* was immensely strong and was considered in those days impregnable, the more so as it had withstood several severe sieges without having been taken—in the face of the most powerful foes.

Within the precincts of her well-guarded walls which were further protected by a ditch, lay many buildings. Where otherwise would the numerous members of the family with their numerous followers, in whose hands was the defence of the castle, have found lodgings?

We find historical reference to the castle made for the first time in the year 1191. So that we are perfectly safe in declaring it to have been erected in the latter half of the 12<sup>th</sup> century, it belongs to the older if not the oldest castles of the *Rhinegau*. It was more extensive and stronger than *Ehrenfels*, and could in these respects have borne comparison with the *Landburg Klopp near Bingen* and had an inestimable advantage over it from the fact of lying nearer to Mainz; a matter of great importance to the *Archbishops* when in stormy times the point was to reach a place of refuge quickly.

It was at times a favourite residence of the *Archbishops*, at other times their sanctuary. We find the *Archbishops* Siegfried I. and Siegfried II. and others with their courts residing here and not merely temporarily. The chase; feasts followed each other

and collected the nobles of the Rhinegau together. In spite of the spiritual dignity there was mirth and gaiety within the walls and each man had the privilege of enjoying himself according to his taste at the cost of the Archbishop or the Elector. Neither of them felt the weight of the burden for the spiritual lords were rarely without means, and in addition the faithful contributed to or were forced to aid, the vast revenues derived from tithes &c.

The *knights* were true vassals of the *Archbishopric* and leal; though this did not prevent them from "screwing" *the rich and too wellfed monks*, and causing some of the superfluity possessed by them to overflow for the benefit of the *Knights*, whose ideas of domestic economy were, with the exception of the *Cistercians*, as vague as those of the monks themselves. This devotion to the archiepiscopal see was no hindrance to their undertaking raids against other knights and castles, nor against doing a little in the "stirrup" and upon high-ways, or plundering the *Lombards* of their merchandise, whence, they (the knights) derived their name of "*Schnapphähne*" (foot-pads.) This system of robbery lay in the spirit of the age and seemed to dishonour no knight, being considered a branch of the art of war.

And how did the *Scharfensteiners* comport themselves in these affairs? *Here and there they made a bold sally and captured many a fat sheep from the herds of the Eberbacher monks, and in the train of waggons which carried the wines of Steinberg and Grafenberg they occasionally made a gap.* They merely shewed the waggoners the way to *Scharfenstein*.

Now and again in time of need, they also shewed great magnanimity towards the monasteries, particularly when "a bold stroke" had to be atoned for—and then as a rule such sin offerings were simply loans; for if there happened to be a 'superfluity of want' in *Scharfenstein*, a return of the loan was applied for; whether it was voluntarily or involuntarily given mattered little, as little as whether the return made consisted of wine, cattle or grain. In this respect the knights were always generous and large hearted, invariably dispensing with the formality of treating with the monks beforehand. It was too a time in which "accomplished facts" were as much matters of importance as they are now, the science of "annexation" was too as well understood as it is in our own day, with the difference,



that that which was "annexed" did not consist of territory; but of moveable goods.

The most brilliant days for Sharfenstein were those in which King Wilhelm of Germany was the guest of the Archbishop. Then of a surety no privileged knight was missing from his seat at the board, they had a legal right to be there however long a face the Archbishop might have made, for they held their land in tenure, and besides this had a seeming right for which the Archbishops should have been grateful, namely, that they lent splendour and magnificence to the archiepiscopal court.

What was consumed at such feasts the cooks and butlers could tell best; for our knightly forefathers were gifted with heroic digestions and their throats had two peculiarities, namely that they were very wide and continually dry. We would here by no means reflect upon the clergy, or suggest that they were behindhand—the vanity of such a suggestion would be quite self-evident, even if daily practice had not had its effect in developing the innate talent, they were without exception of knightly name and lineage.

The merry ring and clamour of such convivialities alternated with more serious sounds, namely, the rattle of warlike weapons. Valiant as they were when seated behind dainty dishes and goblets flowing with the liquid gold of the Rhinegau, they were equally valiant in the field when it was a question of repelling the storming party sword in hand, or warding off the stone bullets thrown by the catapult. And indeed there was no lack of opportunity for the exhibition of such valour.

It was in the year 1301 that *Albrecht of Austria*, who saw more and quicker with his one eye than most of his contemporaries saw with their two, yet failed to see to what lengths a scornful treatment and an unjust withholding of legitimate rights will lead embittered and high mettled young men, — laid siege to the castle.

The *Scharfensteiners in the castle* trembled not; for they knew the strength of the walls which surrounded them and the keenness of the swords their mighty hands wielded—but all the greater was the terror of the inhabitants of the monasteries of Eberbach and Johannisberg; of the farms of Eberbach, and of the peasantry. The "Buben" (Boys) of the Emperor, as the foot-soldiers were called to distinguish them from the Ritter, (riders) had a reputation which preceded them, one calculated to induce fear

and trembling. They were valiant in fight, but when it came to sacking and plundering, to rioting in strange lands, to drinking and gormandising, then they were without equals. If time had not failed the Emperór they would have waved "the wand of woe" over the blessed land so effectually, that many years of peace and plenty would have rolled by, ere it had recovered—and the monks would have been "an hungered."

Storming party after storming party assailed the castle; but the besieged repelled them heroically. The very moat was filled with the Emperor's men, and yet there was no prospect of the castle falling.

Through three days storm followed storm, until the corpses of his soldiers convinced the Emperor that he was in dangerous quarters.

With anger at his heart—he withdrew his forces seeing that time and men were being vainly sacrificed. Filled with the joy of the victorious the Scharfensteiners sang songs of triumph; a time was coming however when the wrath of the Emperor would be poured out upon them, even if only as upon betrayed, not upon conquered men:

Archbishop Gerhard, who beholding how his land was desolated was convinced that it was more politic to appease than, by prolonged resistance, to irritate the enemy; this however was by no means easy to accomplish. Many a strong castle must he surrender to the Emperor and as it were thus deliver himself completely into his hands. The time, "*when the Emperor sprang out of the pockets of the Archbishops,*" was no more.

The *Scharfensteiners* made sour faces enough, but they were compelled to submit to the Emperor taking possession of the keeps of their castles and keeping them garrisoned for many a long year.

It is not to be supposed that the Scharfensteiners "spun much silk" in those days; for there was many a fast-day in their calendar not marked with red letters and not ordained by the Church. —

On the occasion of the siege which though it lasted but three days was unusually hot, the castle suffered very considerably. It was far removed from the Emperor's intention to have his conquest repaired and so the tooth of time, and his companions wind and weather, gnawed at and did their work so well, that its condition soon became very shaky; when at



length it was restored to the archiepiscopal see, and the Scharfensteiners who had prudently retired to their other castles, halls and manor-houses returned, it was evident that it was high time to restore the castle before it should be too late.

That cost money, and the Archbishop does not appear to have possessed a supply of the coin of the realm adequate to the cost about to be incurred. An incident befel which gives rise to the suspicion that the Scharfensteiners themselves hesitated in order to secure possession of the castle.

This incident was one of a most peculiar nature.

When the agents who had occupied the castle in the name of the Emperor retired from it upon imperial command, marvellous to say other claimants appeared asserting their rights to it, haply because they thought: twas good to fish in troubled water.

These claimants were the *Kinghts of Kindhausen* who took the castle, and maintained that Archbishop Gerhard II. had made it over to them in fief. They were prepared to defend their claim with the sword if need be.

The questions: Where was the valiant house of Scharfenstein in these days? Was it not a question of their ancestral halls? Were not their fiefs more ancient than those of the *Kindhausens*, even taking it for granted that the latter possessed any at all?

History vouchsafes us no reply to these queries; but we find that a special court (Austragsgericht) was assembled by the Archbishop at Eltville for the purpose of unravelling this entanglement. Whether the von Kindhausens submitted because they were unable to produce documents to prove their title is a point not cleared up.

The verdict given by the court of Eltville was a declaration to the effect that the castle was indisputably the property of the archiepiscopal see, and we have no evidence of the Scharfensteiner again inhabiting their ancestral seat.

The archbishop had to bleed, the Scharfensteiners too made considerable advances, in order with the castle to secure certain rights, probably the foundation upon which their claim to the proprietorship of the Burg was built.

The rebuilding or restoration of the castle must have proceeded with extraordinary rapidity and energy; for in the year 1813 we again find it in "defensive" condition.

This year brought anew the storms of war over the castle. The *Emperor Ludwig* and his allies invaded the archiepiscopal territories and approached the castle fully equipped with warlike weapons.

Among Ludwig's allies "*the lion of Luxemburg, Archbishop Balduin of Trier,*" of whom in those days it was said: "rather smiteth he with the sword than blesseth he with the cross"; —and again: "whoso will withstand him must have iron walls."

These were gloomy prospects for Scharfenstein.

Balduin hesitated at nothing. During the "Dhanner War, in order to reduce the castle of Sponheim, he caused the timber on all the hills round the castle to be felled and collecting the peasants in a circuit of eight or ten miles, caused the wood to be piled up around the castle at night and had it set alight for the purpose of roasting alive its defenders whom he could not subdue. Though the heat was so intense as to "vitrify" the walls of the Burg, he did not attain his end; for the brave Sponheimers took refuge in the vast cellars cut in the rocks. The same reason that prevented them from defending the walls insured them against the danger of assault from Balduin, and nothing was left for him but to retire grinding his teeth in impotent rage.

Such an enemy as this before the walls might well have alarmed the brave little garrison, — we do not hear however that the Scharfensteiners were reduced to "seeking" their hearts in their boots!"

The origin and reason of the attack upon Mainz was simply that the Archbishop Peter when need was — supported Austria — who disputed his crown with Ludwig.

Balduin, who led the siege of Scharfenstein, left no effort untried to subdue the famous Burg which had so valiantly resisted Albrecht; but the garrison probably well knew into whose hands they would fall in case of surrender; and had a conviction that not one stone would be left upon another in Scharfenstein, and so with the courage of desperation they resisted and repelled the fierce attacks made upon their walls. Every effort of the besiegers was frustrated; for the besieged were upon their guard day and night, and repelled the besiegers as they had done Albrecht's "Lothringen boys" formerly. So



nothing remained to him but to follow the Emperor Albrecht's example, — to gnash his teeth and raise the siege.

Balduin's vassals had grown completely unmanageable, they deserted from the army and returned to their homes.

*Two Emperor's before the castle and it still held out!* That was a crown of laurels for Scharfenstein and her knights, one of which another could scarcely boast.

When the boldest and most martial Prince of the age, whom men called: "*The lion of Luxemburg or Trier*," and the armies of *two Emperor's* had been equally unsuccessful in their efforts to reduce the castle, it was not to be wondered at that twice when the fury of war swept over the land devastating cloisters, cities, towns and villages Scharfenstein's "virginity" was in no great danger, two fierce storms we say, namely the destructive campaign under *Albrecht of Brandenburg*, and the "Bauernkrieg", (peasant's war) which consumed the very vitals of the land on which they preyed.

*Albrecht the Brandenburger* soon raised the siege which he had hardly commenced, and the Rhinegau representatives of the "Bundschuh" scarcely ventured to shew a bold face to the mighty fortress, so great was their faith in its invulnerability.

Kidrich fared worst of all in these storms and battles. So long as Brandenburg's hireling soldiers lay before the castle, Kidrich was the sufferer by the tax laid upon the inhabitants for supplies of provisions, when this place was "emptied" and the inhabitants had fled to the woods, then Eberbach was laid under contribution.

How things went when they had simply defenceless monks to deal with may readily be guessed. We know of the Bauern (peasants) that when their camp was on the *Wachholder* farm that they emptied *the great tun*, containing the choicest Steinberger, whose measure may give an idea of the drinking powers of the Rhinegauers. That the stores of provisions in the cloister fared no better may be assumed without danger of exceeding probability.

How loftily the Scharfensteiners carried their heads may be imagined. Was the connection with the archiepiscopal see rendered less close? Perchance; for we find the Scharfensteiners more and more engaged in pursuing an independent course. If at the restoration of the castle, after Albrecht's blockade they obtained considerable rights, it was because the archiepiscopal

see had not the means wherewith to restore it; like circumstances produced like effects after the sieges laid to it by the Emperor Ludwig, and Balduin von Trier.

As formerly the devastation of the Rhinegau had caused a cessation of the tithes, as well as rendered it impossible for the inhabitants to pay other taxes; so not only the archiepiscopal see; but the Archbishop too, were entirely without means and found themselves compelled to grant the Scharfensteiners new rights, on condition of their maintaining the castle in a defensive condition, and it is probable there was little wanting to render the proprietorship of the castle completely theirs—and if the archbishop laid claim to it, means of establishing his rights entirely failed. Indeed he had cause of congratulation that the castle remained “open” to him, in other words was an asylum or place of refuge in time of need. The independence of the Scharfensteiners may be concluded. They no longer troubled themselves about their “feudal lord,” opposing him boldly and impudently as we shall presently discover.

The castle was put into a defensive condition in the meantime by the “Gemeinherrn”, or, as the word which seems to have superseded the word: “Gauerben” was now written: “Gemeinern”—, but not made proof against gunpowder, whose introduction had essentially altered the science of the art of war in most respects; but more particularly with regard to castles. They were no longer what is implied by the word: “Veste” (fastness) in whose place we use now the word: “Festung” (fortification) though in a widely different sense. They were unable to withstand the balls of the “Feuerschlangen” (fire snakes) and their incapacity for defence soon lost them their importance.

This was signally proved by the fate of *Scharfenstein* during *The Thirty Years’ War*.

Scarcely had the Swedish bombardment commenced ere the walls fell, paralysed by fear the garrison after parley with their besiegers surrendered the fortress.

Scharfenstein was however not completely razed. The Scharfensteiners deserted it as long as it was in the possession of the Swedes; but when the enemy retired from the archiepiscopal see, which he had “valiantly” plundered and left a desert behind him, the completeness of its desolation was perfected by the plague which floating like an avenging angel over the Tenne Asafna consumed the people. Then the Schar-



fensteiners returned and as if oppressed by the consciousness that her day was past, put it into barely habitable condition.

True they inhabited the castle, more particularly the family of Crazze von Scharfenstein resided there; until from the West an enemy approached who "created" ruins in the Rhine country and when he departed left them behind him.

The Orleanistic war broke out, and hordes of cut-throats and incendiaries under the command of Melac, Montal, and la Goupillière marched Rhinewards.

The sorely stricken Palatinate sent up flames of fire to heaven; To the Germans on the Rhine no defensible spot was to be left, so that when France's most Christian King should desire to render the Palatinate as happy as the rest of Germany he might meet with no obstacle. As a first step all the castles were to be burned, blown up, or destroyed so effectually as to render restoration equivalent to rebuilding—in short—impossible.

When the French retired from the towns on the banks of the Rhine, leaving them in ashes, and turning their steps inland beheld the stately walls of Scharfenstein from afar, Melac despatched a company of men, who probably had little work on hand, over the river. So they crossed and soon the walls fell; the flames consumed the halls and the horrors of the conflagration were proclaimed by streams of fire rushing from the windows; still too much of the castle resisted the fire, mines were dug and gunpowder shook the walls from their very foundation so that they trembled and fell. Only the "Frit" (tower) defied them and the force of the powder. In order "to save powder" they desisted from their endeavours and wandered on, leaving the Scharfensteiners to gaze with sorrowful eyes upon the ruins of their ancestral halls—on whose resurrection it was now vain to think—those halls which famous in history and crowned with laurels, had stood for a long five centuries.

Of the many-branched stem only the Crazze von Scharfenstein remained, to them the castle belonged and served now and again as a residence; but when the last representatives of the family were gathered to their fathers in the year 1721, the family of Bassenheim inherited the property which soon fell into its present state. When we muse upon her fate, upon the rise and fall of those owning her, or rather of those independent of the Scharfensteins and her lines of knights, who inhabited her, a feeling of sadness comes over us, a shudder agitates

the soul as we persuade ourselves that a cry issues from the mortal remains at rest in the family vaults at Eberbach, or heaven knows where else, as well as from the ruins of the "Newenhous"! Memo more.

But wherefore do these words come to us especially from the ruins of the Newenhus? Are *they* not the only words which the Carthusian Monks were permitted to utter? Behold the wherefore! and answer dear reader. What wilt thou say when thou hearest that in this castle, behind Scharfenstein, the Archbishop Peter founded an order of Carthusian Friars?

Did the Archbishop intend to give the wild, uncultivated Scharfensteiners, who were certainly no advocates of civilised manners a warning, when he set down amongst them the icy, freezing, votaries of the strictest axioms of moderation, to be a standing reproof to them amidst their licentious lives? Were they to be a symbol of mortality—in order to lend effect to the "silent sermon", supposed to have more influence than the most telling penitential discourse? Who shall say? Enough, I have wandered aside from history and must return to my subject.

Nuwenhus, Neuhaus—the very name tells us is of more recent date than Scharfenstein; a little castle lying behind Scharfenstein and an appanage of the see—seems to have been built by Archbishop Sifrid II. Such small castles, which were called *Vorburgen* (Fore-castles) or *Nebenburgen* (auxiliary castles) were in modern days of immense importance, as they served to occupy one division of the besiegers, and covered sallies of the besieged, which were dreaded as they helped to paralyse the attacking forces.

The family of Scharfenstein were inhabitants of the Newenhus, as of the chief house also, de Ketercho vor Scharfenstein resided in the little fortress. Perhaps—and not improbably—branches of the main stem inhabited these *Vorburgen*.

It is not easy to determine the date of the erection of the Newenhus, and impossible to prove that it was built by the Archbishop Sifrid II. In the year 1299 it is referred to as a "*vestes Hus*" (fortified house).

For certain unknown reasons Archbishop Peter came to the determination in the year 1320 to convert the castle into a "*Mönchsklaus*", (monastery) and to establish there an order of monks of the strictest vows—Carthusians.

That he was enabled to do so without let or hindrance  
*Horn, The Rhine.*



gives rise to the supposition that the tenure had fallen in at the death of the last Scharfensteiner.

Whether the melancholy neighbours were pleasing to the merry Scharfensteiners, and whether they were content with the foundation is much to be doubted, as the violent contrast afforded by their own lives to the lives of their neighbours was probably too violent; this assumption rather confirms the supposition that no deeds of gift had been made conferring the estate upon the order—and, the seal is placed upon the presumption, by the records of the incessant annoyance, torturing and vexing to which the Monks were exposed by the Knights of Scharfenstein.

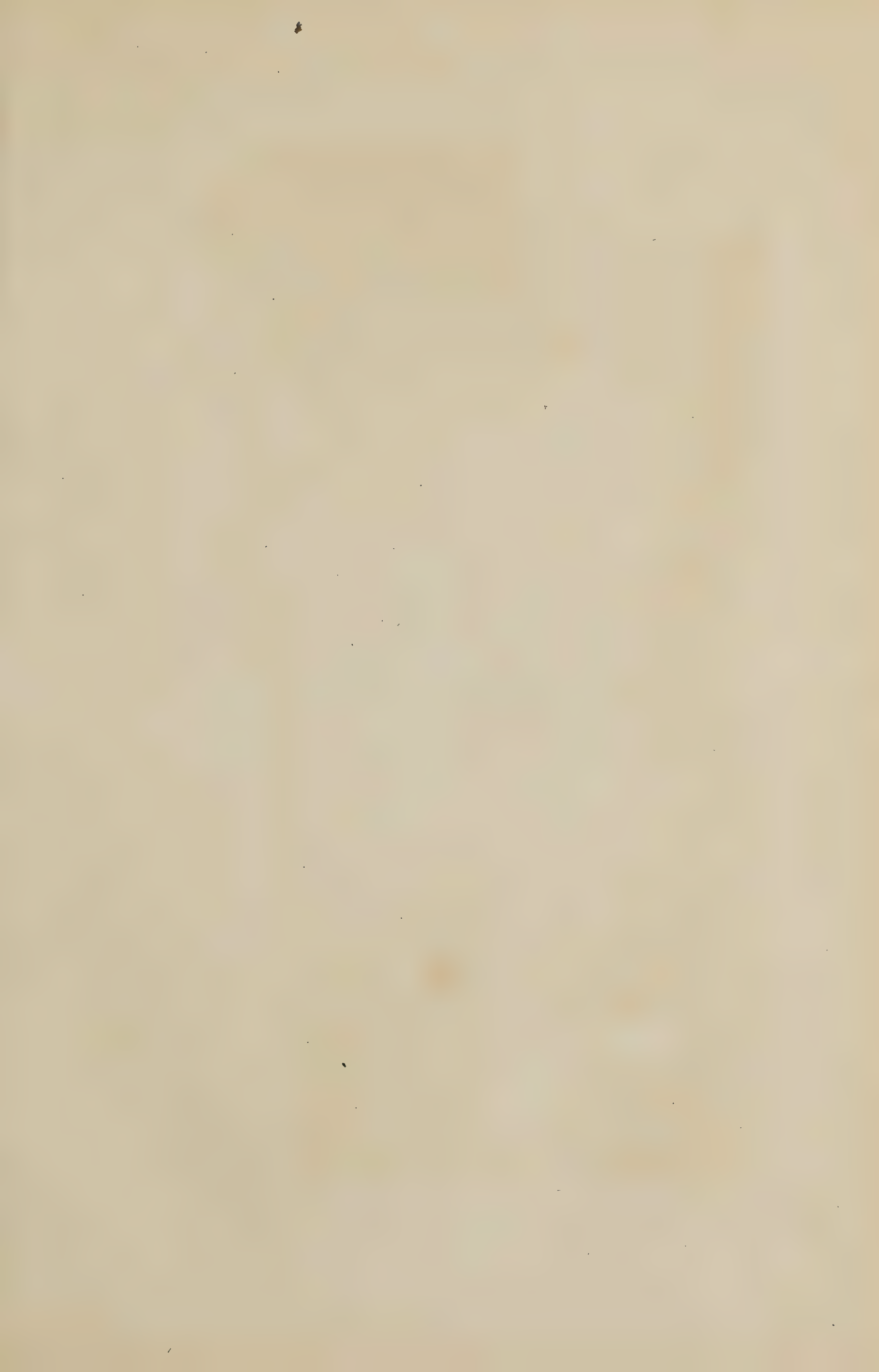
The Archbishop bestowed his own baptismal name upon his new monastery calling it: Petersthal, from which we may conclude that topographically the land lay lower than Scharfenstein.

It appears as if the Knights had resolved to keep up a system of unceasing vexing, teasing, harassing and annoying disturbance of their devotions &c. until the monks unable to bear it longer should grow weary and retire from the field.

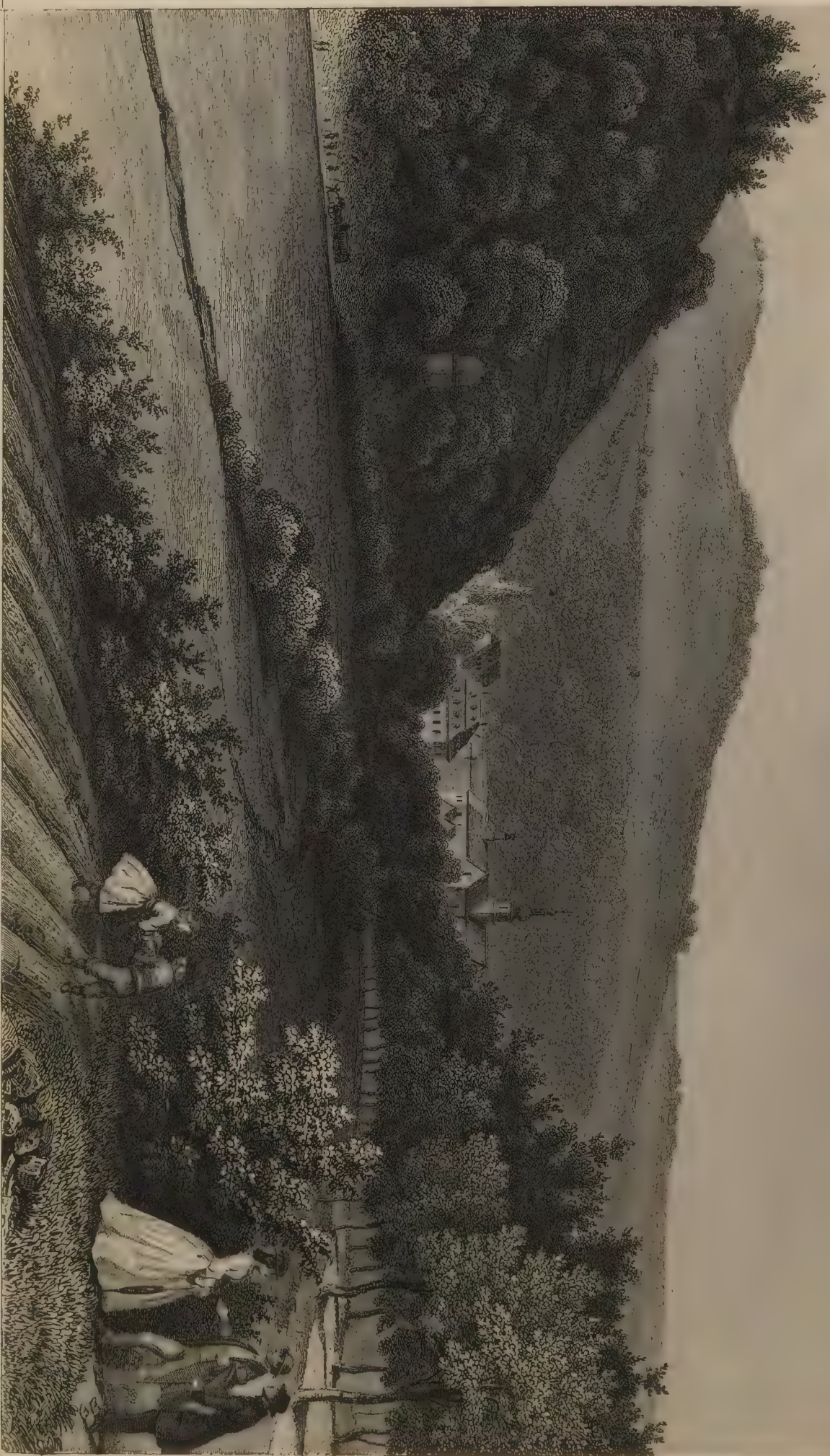
This strangely conceived campaign was carried out decisively and effectively against the monks, who repeatedly lodged complaints against their persecutors. When the Archbishop solemnly reproved, or earnestly exhorted them they laughed in their sleeve and declared: that they had taken no vows as Carthusians, nor did they thirst for the oaths of the order, and the old state of things prevailed or grew, if possible, worse. At length the persecution had reached its culminating point, and the Archbishop had no choice left but to transfer the Monks to the St. Michaelsberg near Mainz.

Lustily laughed the Knights at the success of their scheme, cunningly devised and merrily carried out—the Newenhus Petersthal—fell to ruin; the Knights lent a hand in the destruction in order to escape the risk of being further troubled with such neighbours.

But, we would again enquire: When we stand amid the ruins of Scharfenstein, does not a voice come to us from the bare stones of Petersthal and whisper in our ears: *Memento mori*?







*St. Paul's.*



## THE ABBEY OF EBERBACH.

About a mile by road from Erbach, in a lateral valley of the Rhine, lies the old and famous Abbey of Eberbach, a daughter of the world famed Clairvaux, where St. Bernard found a field for his blessed labours.

Surrounded by forest-clad heights' and only open to the quarter whence comes the warm cheery sunshine it lies peacefully hidden midst fresh green meadows. Older and newer buildings; among them the fair church, consecrated in 1186, its monumental figures and gravestones, the common resting-place of "the grey friars", give evidence of the former importance of this "place of pious peace"; of the blessings and of the civilisation carried into neighbouring districts, whence they extended into far distant lands.

Over this revered spot time has sat in judgment with pitiless severity. At present hidden in her cellars is the pearl of Nassau wines, and within her walls a Reformatory for condemned criminals. Formerly (and not long since) it was the asylum for the the unhappiest of the land—for lunatics—for whom, on account of want of space, an institution has been lately founded on the Eichberg—whence may be seen one of the loveliest panoramas which this earthly Paradise can shew.

The Abbey derives its water-supply from the little river Eber—whence its name Eberbach. It rises high up in the mountains at the so-called "Petersbörnchen", is fed by other springs in the district, mixes its crystal waters with those of the green Alpine streamlets and with them kisses the banks of the Rhine at Erbach.

Tradition gives the name another origin. When Archbishop Adalbert I. accompanied his friend, the blessed Abbot Bernhard of Clairvaux hither for the purpose of choosing a site on which to erect a monastery, as they wandered through the dense forest shades, St. Bernard stood still contemplating the retired beauty of the valley. A voice within him said: Here shall it be! But ere he had time to communicate his resolution to the Archbishop, a wonderful and strange sight met their eyes. From the depths of the forest rushed a gigantic wild-boar (Eber) snorting wildly—a monster, such as their eyes had never beheld.

The men of peace retired startled, but without noticing their



presence the hideous animal tore headlong forward through the stream to the opposite side, and began furrowing up the ground with his tusks in a line, as straight as if it had been turned up by a plough-share. Forward and forward in his course until turning round the animal again crossed the brook, describing a complete circle, and returned to the spot where stood the two dignitaries of the Church. And then, the circle completed, he disappeared within the forest.

Filled with fear and overcome by surprise at what they had beholden, the pious men preserved a long silence, broken at length by the voice of the blessed Saint, who sinking on his knees cried: "Lord, thy holy name be praised, for thou hast revealed to us the place where men shall praise thee and declare forth thine honour. Here be the temple devoted to thy service."

With beaming face the Saint arose, and pointing to the furrow: "Behold", said he, "the finger of the Lord hath directed the course of the boar, hath given site and size of the building! Here shall arise monastery and church, and its name shall be called: "*Eberbach*", for that twice hath the Eber crossed through the water-flood, and hath appointed unto us the place of the Cloister!"

As tradition stretches out a hand to account for the name of the Abbey; so also she comes to our aid and offers a legend attached to the Abbey-Church. The first intention was to erect it—so says tradition—on the little hill called the "*Büchel*". Thither the inhabitants had already conveyed large quantities of stone for the purpose of building the church, and the Monks were about to dig the foundations and to commence building the disorderly mass of stones into a temple holy to the Lord; but the very night preceding, an unmistakeable evidence of the will of heaven was vouchsafed, betokening that this was not the site on which God's house should stand, but there on the banks of the stream. On the night in question the angels of God appeared on the spot where lay the stones, and again the gigantic boar burst from his forest refuge and was obedient to them. They pointed out to him the spot to which they would have the mighty stones conveyed; the boar obeyed the mandates of the heavenly messengers and rolled down the large blocks, which were like unto rocks, to the banks of the stream, and with their own holy hands the angels conveyed the smaller stones and

formed them into a parallelogram on which should rest the walls of the church.

Wearied with their labours the Monks slept peacefully, for no sound disturbed the ear but such as is unavoidable when work of this nature is performed by human hands.

Great was the wonder of the Monks when on awaking the next morning, they discovered the stones which had lain the night before on the "Büchel", now lying piled up in order, forming an extended square, and enclosing such space as seemed necessary for a church of the contemplated dimensions.

In songs of thanks and praise they again recognised the hand of the Lord and forthwith began to dig the foundations, and when these were complete, the erection of the Church began. The rapidity with which the walls rose was marvellous, and not without a shudder of holy awe did the brethren remark that the walls grew in the night, and praising God, divined that the hands which had borne the stones hither, worked upon the sacred edifice. And so "folks lore" sheds a strange glory over the spot regarded with love by the people, and as a source of blessing to the land.

Let us withdraw from circles where the poetry of the people has shed a glow of heavenly light upon the growth of Eberbach, to one in which simple truth and facts (historically certified) are found. We see that tradition hurries over long periods of time, and in direct opposition to historical investigations, attributes the foundation of Eberbach to days when the blessed St. Bernard took counsel with Archbishop Adalbert I. as to the occupation of the long existing, though unused, Cloister.

*Adalbert* or *Adelbert I.* Chancellor to the Emperor *Heinrich V.* who carried the Crozier of Mainz since 1111 A. D. founded Eberbach after the long persecutions and severe sufferings, which he underwent for serving the Church more devotedly than the Emperor.

From very early times he cherished an intense desire to establish this foundation, and it would almost appear as if he sought to atone thereby for some former measures he had adopted in favour of the Emperor, not in harmony with his position as a Father of the Church.

The earliest foundation is of a surety to be attributed to the year 1116, when the Cloister, (true in a very modest way,) was completed, "regulirte Chorherrn" (monks who had taken the vows) of the order of St. Augustine were summoned. There were



probably very few; for on the one side the accommodation was too scanty, and on the other the endowment at the disposal of the Cloister was insufficient.

The pious founder was not, Alas! destined to behold the blessed results of a scheme which he had planned. Negligent in the fulfillment of their vows, debauched in their habits and manners; inaccessible to all exhortations touching a more faithful discharge of their duties and the leading of a God-fearing life, which were by no means wanting on the part of their founder and patron—nothing was left him but to expel them from the monastery, which under their administration, far from having been a blessing, had been a blot upon the church and the land.

Adalbert underwent bitter experiences with his protégées. No wonder that he sought brethren of a stricter order as their successors. The finding of such was easy; for on the brow of the mountain of Johannisberg dwelt brethren of the Order of Benedict, noted for their pious lives; for their religious fervour; for their zealous strivings; for their successful workings and their profound learning.

In order however, to extinguish the last ray of hope that they would be permitted to return in the minds of the "Chorherrn", Adalbert personally took active steps to obtain for them an asylum in the Cloister of Gottesthal, where however, their stay was not of long duration. He gave up the idea of organising an independent establishment by transferring the Abbey of Eberbach to the Benedictines of Johannisberg, resigning to them the right of appointing the brothers and the Prior in all future times.

The buildings themselves do not seem to have been of the best description, and the very modest endowment does not appear to have caused the Abbey of Johannisberg to hasten the appointment of brothers; it even appears doubtful whether the Johannisberg brothers did more than provide for the celebration of the Eberbach services. It was probably this fact which induced Adalbert to devote Eberbach to some other object, a thought which obtained strength and vigour after an official visit to the model Cloister of Clairvaux in the South of France.

From whichever point of view they may be considered, there was no brotherhood which in its organisation and successful workings, equalled the order of St. Bernard of Clairvaux.

Inspired by all he had seen there, Adalbert's soul was

absorbed by the desire to transplant a branch of this order to his own diocese, yea, he took an oath before God, perhaps too before St. Bernhard himself, to found at some future an order of Cistercians upon his "own earth and ground."

However much the duties of his holy calling, and the condition of the Empire at the time, may have occupied the attention of the Archbishop after his return to Mainz, the idea of his foundation never deserted him; to whichever side his eye turned in search of a suitable, retired, spot—removed from the turmoil of the world—his thoughts continually recurred to the site of his first foundation mid the woody glades of Eberbach's calm valley. At length his decision was made. There already existed a home for the monks, there already stood a Church, if but a small one, and the insufficiency of accommodation offered no difficulties, inasmuch as it was a first principle of the Cistercian order, (following the example of our Lord and His Apostles,) not to send more than 12 brethren with their Prior and Abbot to found new settlements.

To repurchase his gift from the Abbey of Johannisberg and to secure new endowments to Eberbach, was a condition as to which the Archbishop had silently made up his mind. One question was yet to be answered. Would the site meet with St. Bernard's approbation? Without this Adalbert's scheme was void.

In order to render the matter certain he was induced to invite the saintly Abbot of Clairvaux to come in person, and inspect the field, on which his disciples were to commence their blessed labours.

St. Bernard came to Mainz, and Adalbert hastening to conduct him to the desolate little Cloister mid meadows and forests, had the satisfaction of learning that the scheme met with the full approval of the holy man, and that he would encourage it.

Probably both debated and weighed well all contingencies which might further or retard the welfare of Eberbach, and the Abbot's experienced eye would not fail to examine the rich soil and to test its capabilities ere he sent his disciples.

So the Archbishop did not hesitate long about commencing negotiations for the repurchase of the estate, and when he had paid the 50 lbs of silver demanded, his soul rejoiced in the Lord, for his vow was fulfilled; he could "endow and organise a Cistercian Cloister upon his "own ground and earth."

The zeal displayed by both Adalbert and Bernhard is



evidenced by the fact that before the end of the year 1131, the twelve Cistercians of Clairvaux with their Abbot Ruthard, had taken possession of the deserted Cloister and begun their work of civilisation.

Archbishop Adalbert himself introduced them to their new home; added a large farm to the endowment, and raised Eberbach to the rank of an independent Abbey of the Cistercian Order, subject only to the mother Cloister of Clairvaux.

With this last transformation a cheering ray of warmth; promise of a glorious day, enlivened the peaceful valley of Eberbach. This promise deceived none, neither the sorely tried founder nor even "the grey friars" themselves, who arrived with modest hopes and demands; with the fixed determination to observe the rule of their Order: "Pray and work", and to put their trust in the proverb: "God is ever at hand."

The brothers found sorry accommodation upon the left bank of the streamlet. The little church close by was dedicated to Saint Thomas. Quite sufficient for their object did the brothers find the narrow cells appointed for them, both now and for a considerable time hence, though they forthwith began to place the whole in a state of complete repair.

The eyes of high and low were directed to the Monks of the grey cowl. They were entire strangers to the people; but ere long monks and people grew acquainted. With joy and deep reverence the people regarded the strictness of morals: the obliviousness of all worldliness; the moderation; the faithful fulfillment of religious duties and the unceasing, unwearying diligence of the brethren. With the recognition of their merits and with the love they gained, the endowments and wealth of the monks were increased by bequests and gifts. In another way too the favourable opinions formed of the Order was evidenced, namely, by the frequent desire manifested to become either members or lay brothers of the Order. The latter, who were called in the Order "Conversen", participated in all the duties and obligations of the Monks and submitted to the severe rules of discipline and abstinence, without having taken the vows, and therefore without being bound by the rules of the Order.

And so it came to pass that ere long it became necessary to extend the accommodation afforded by the Cloister, especially as it was a rule of the order that if possible all brothers, Monks as well as Conversen, should sleep under one roof, in the so-called Dormitorium, or common sleeping room, in which all fared alike in the matter of light and sanitary comforts,

The proverb: "God helps those who help themselves" was a primary maxim of the Cistercians, to which was added another equally proverbial: "Do thyself what thou wouldst have well done"; for it was not the duty of the Conversen alone to labour; every Monk must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, as his "field too bore thorns and thistles."

It is a pervading characteristic of humanity to assist and aid those who are seen struggling, zealously and earnestly, and precisely in proportion as we require aid or have experienced it, and are consequently enabled to estimate it at its true value, is the readiness with which we accord assistance to others. This is the reason why the countryman is so ready to aid, and this explains why, when the Eberbachers began to quarry stone, the neighbouring "folk" flocked to their assistance, aided in conveying the materials to the spot indicated, and in carrying out the building operations. Those who were unable to render manual assistance furthered the work of the monks not less effectually by presents and valuable gifts.

Was it not a humane and happy thought to convert the buildings which had hitherto served as their dwelling into an hospital; into an asylum for the poor, the old, the suffering? Must such a boon to the decrepit, not have harvested a new store of love for the beloved Monks? And so love in giving, love in accepting, grew to be the bond which united the inhabitants of the Cloister with Eberbach's inhabitants in whose ranks they had humbly enrolled themselves.

The Samaritan-like love of the Monks, as manifested in the foundation of the hospital (not exclusively devoted to the sick) could not fail to endear them to the people, even unaccompanied by qualities which distinguished "the grey friars" from all other Orders, namely piety, strict and simple manners of life, consistent, unwearying, industry, and loving, unforced, sympathy with the open-hearted Rhinegauers.

Besides all this, the people were quite conscious of the benefit they had derived from the improved system of agriculture introduced by the Monks; knew how readily advice and assistance were rendered by them, and how much "housekeeping" they could still be taught. Even the Knights, who understood just as little of the science as the majority of members of the so-called higher classes of the present day, and who after a period of licentious life were compelled; to adopt a common ex-



pression of the age, "to lay themselves crooked"—sought help and consolation from the Cistercians, and many "a grey friar" dwelt like a good genius in the castle ordering with care, with uprightness and with disinterestedness "the ship-wrecked household". Sad that there are nowadays no grey friars for whom many would yearn and sigh with deep drawn sighs! That their assistance in days of domestic tribulation did not confine itself to figures; to ordering and regulating; but added to example, precept; pronouncing sentence of punishment for past acts, and words of exhortation for future guidance and improvement,—is self-understood. Whether the exhortations were followed is matter of doubt; the monks had done their duty according to their light and conscience!—In the domestic economy of the folk they formed an important element; in the domestic economy of the Cloister one not less important. Where the endowments of a Cloister were in a disorderly condition and the stewardship bad, Bishops and Archbishops removed the Priors and replaced them by Cistercians, who regulated the internal economy of the house. Of this fact the Cloister of Desibodenberg in the Nahthal, is a striking instance. Here too they stretched forth a helping hand—and indeed, it was the Eberbachers who restored the exhausted condition of this Cloister and saved it from dissolution.

The ever increasing agricultural activity of the Monks and "Conversen" of Eberbach evidenced itself most prominently in the laying out of farms and manors, which they united and increased, and whose productive power they sought to raise by "model farming" In addition came considerable money bequests made by people of fortune, which proves, that the Monks acquired the greater portion of their landed property by purchase and exchange. No advantageous opportunity was permitted to escape, and ere long the Cloister possessed a considerable number of farms, on the far as well as on the near bank of the Rhine, which served not only as models for improving the system of agriculture among the people, but added materially to the revenues of the Cloister itself. In these days of youthful and refreshing development not the slightest deviation from the strict conventual rules of Clairvaux, whose connection with Eberbach was maintained, was ever permitted to creep in.

How strict was the discipline observed is shewn by the sympathy which the folk had with the brothers, who abstained from the use of meat whilst undergoing severe toil, contenting them-

selves with vegetarian diet, and even this in moderation. The wealthy made free gifts and left bequests for the express purpose of improving the food of the brothers. These gifts and bequests increased, and though made with the best intentions laid the foundation for the luxurious lives, to which in subsequent days it was found impossible to close the gates of Eberbach. Fish-ponds were dug and carefully tended, and the Rhine, more particularly from the property of the Cloister Reichardshausen, furnished the table of the brothers with many a delicacy.

In the years immediately preceding the dissolution the infraction of conventual rules was carried to extremes, in order to heighten the pleasures of the table. A proof of this will be found in the following statement.

An old man of eighty, one of Eberbach's last novices, who, when the Cloister was dissolved retired from the Order, devoted himself to the study of law and became a Judge in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, relates how each Thursday evening, he and the Monkish "Chef" tied hams, chawls, bacon, legs of mutton, and haunches of venison to ropes and sank them in the fish-ponds, only, however, to withdraw them early on Friday morning—as fish—in which shape with eager appetites and merry humour they were consumed at the brothers' table. Both the character and the veracity of the justly esteemed narrator bear testimony to the truth of the assertion.

Here too one may see how great consequences follow small beginnings!

Under the patronage of the Papal chair, and of their founder and patron at Mainz, the Cloister flourished in the earlier days of its existence—the patronage which was continued by the founder's successors and by many of the nobility.

The affairs and doings of the Monks, which were before all eyes contributed not a little to secure to them the love of the folk. In the following sketch, from the pen of a reliable historian, of the Abbey of Clairvaux we have an exact reflection of Eberbach. "It was," he says "a solitary spot in the midst of gloomy forests, shut in by hills; any one coming from the mountains was conscious that in the valley, full of men, where none might be idle, each performed his allotted work in the middle of the day or in the calm of the night, midst stillness broken only by the murmur of the labourers or the sound of the Lord's praise being sung." The contrast between the licen-



tious lives of the former inhabitants of the Cloister—namely of the Chorherrn—and these pious and benevolent brothers was so evident, that it was recognised by all classes of the community and not only recognised, but respected.

A very clear and pronounced verdict was the one which induced the Archbishop to establish new brotherhoods as branches of the house in Eberbach, when the number of Monks reached the number permitted by the rules of the Order—such branches were founded. On each bank of the Rhine either new Cloisters were built, or already existing ones devoted to their proper use; united with Eberbach by bonds not less close than those which connected Eberbach with Clairvaux.

The rapid increase in the number of Monks and “Conversen” demanded betimes the extension of their Cloister; nor was the erection of a new, larger and more worthy church within the walls forgotten, “as the boar had ploughed up the outline with his tusks.”

The strict and systematic economy of the house had rendered it wealthy, so that the funds required were raised without difficulty; but it lay in the spirit of the age that people and nobles, according to their means, should piously contribute to the erection of a Church worthy of its God—wherein not only those of the household; but pious suppliants from without might bend the knee in prayer. The Cloister nevertheless consistently opposed the suggestion, and the temptation to encourage pilgrimages, directed to the shrine of St. Valentine in the adjacent village of Kidrich.

The numerous applications for admission to the order, and the still more numerous aspirants to the privilege of becoming its „Conversen” or lay-brothers, increased so rapidly that it was necessary to check them; a disagreeable circumstance forced the conventual superiors to rid themselves of the superfluous “Conversen.” This circumstance caused a rising among the lay-brothers against the Abbot and authorities of the Monastery.

The cause of this extraordinary phenomenon is not quite clear. In addition to the reason assigned—having reference to covering for the feet we may probably search deeper for the more pregnant reason, and find it in the fact that the numerous gifts and bequests made for the purpose of improving the diet, were expended rather for the benefit of the brothers than of the Conversen. Envy and discontent were the natural results

of such preference, inasmuch as both performed the like severe corporeal labour. The secretly organised plot, long brewing, at length burst forth. The "Conversen", an overwhelming majority, elected an Abbot and took a decided position, yes, even rose in positive rebellion against their antagonists the Monks. These events threatened the very existence of the Monastery, and not without considerable trouble and much exertion of the archiepiscopal power was the storm averted.

The rebellious spirits were banned and this cleansing of the Cloister, with the equally essential reduction in the number of "Conversen", reestablished the balance in both divisions of the monastic community. Order within was restored, and calm peace regained her sway in the halls which had suffered so much disturbance of late.

In the course of the history of the Cloister we have already had occasion to observe, and have documentary evidence to prove, that the wealthy and numerous farms and estates of the Cloister were by no means all patrons' gifts. Advantageous exchange and purchases had increased them considerably, and not only did improved agriculture and the cultivation of fruit tend to further the prosperity of the population, but — and this chiefly — careful culture of the grape added materially to it.

The Monastery had long been in possession of extensive vineyards at Kidrich and other favoured localities in the Rhinegau. A considerable quantity of delicious Marcobrunner was cellared in the vaults of the Cloister.

It was impossible that the excellent aspect of the hills opposite their own "Neuhofe" should escape the experienced eye and enterprising spirit of the Monks, and here accordingly they planted the vines which now produce the famous Steinberger.

Vieing with Johannisberg in the attempt to produce the choicest of wine, this favourably situated piece of waste land was not to be lost sight of, so ere long the necessary plans and preparations were made.

Not less cleverly and cunningly than decidedly and energetically, did they succeed in carrying out their views, so that in the year 1232 the Monks were the sole proprietors of the Steinberg vineyard.

The careful planting of the vines, the clearing away of the thorns and brushwood with which the entire hill-side was densely



overgrown was the work of the brothers and Conversen exclusively. The glorious wine of this vineyard surpassed even that produced on the Gräfenberg at Kidrich, and strove for the palm with the vintages of Marcobrunn and Johannisberg, whilst the quantity produced not only filled the far famed "great tun of Eberbach" but others beside—although the great tun was capable of containing more than four hundred Ohms (Ama) or 74 "Zulaste" (Carata).

The large quantity of wine produced induced the Stewards of the Monastery to establish a "Wine Market" which in the year 1248 was in a flourishing condition, and brought in what in those days was regarded as a considerable addition to the revenues.

The Cloister refusing to submit to the regulations of the Wine Market in Bacharach, and to the risks incurred in passing the narrow channel of the Rhine known as the Bingerloch — established a market of their own, attracting buyers not only with the rich and delicious juice; but also by the friendly and hospitable reception extended to those who came not only to buy, but to taste and to drink. Whatever may have been the reason, the Monks speculation does not appear to have had the success which they had promised themselves, for we find them, in spite of the dangers of the Bingerloch, again sending their wines to the market at Bacharach and to their establishment the property of the Cloister in Cöln. The industry and commercial enterprise of the grey friars were so striking as to justify the hypothesis, that they had served their apprenticeship among the "Lombards", or among those who constituted the most formidable body of rivals—among the Jews.

Times change and the changes are of moment—in our own day Eberbach still holds wine-markets, even if in another form. Who does not know that in the cellars of the Cloister, especially in the "Cabinets" of the Royal domains are stored the costliest 'pearls of wine', before all others the "drop" of Steinberg, which is the enviable possession of the Prince of the land?

In those days as in our own, many came rather to taste than to buy the costly juice, offered to epicurean palates in golden tinted goblets—in "Humpen" of such capacity as to permit a draught of far greater depth than is permitted by the "Römer" (glasses) of the present day. "There is nothing new under the sun" one is tempted to exclaim with the philosopher of old.

For the export of "Eberbach's cellar's blessing" the Cloister possessed an excellent wharf at Reichardshausen, where also were the vaults and warehouse for wine and fruits produced on their foreign estates.

The vast growth in the wealth of the Cloister which was daily increased by judicious investment of capital had the inevitable result of conjuring up inimical spirits, among whom the discontent and envy of the "folk" which had superseded the love, the gratitude, and the generosity of earlier days, were prominent. Now the people would rather have shared in a brotherly, or unbrotherly, spirit, with the inhabitants of the cloistered halls,

The times had changed. Now and again the Cloisters were seen playing the part of the leech of human society and sucking out the very wealth of the land; murmurs were heard, it was averred that whatsoever came within the icy grasp of "the dead hand" (*in mortua manû*) was firmly held and the grasp never loosed; it was averred too that the peasant and the citizen no longer profited by the valuable estates of the land—and no opportunity was lost for applying the tourniquet to the arteries of the Abbeys, monasteries and cloisters.

Herein is doubtless to be sought the ground for the Rhinegauers' denial of the right claimed by the Cloister to fell wood in the district, and the attempt made to deprive them of it. So complete was the revulsion of feeling within the course of a century. The very same Rhinegauers who had given the site, and subsequently increased the gift when the Cistercians established themselves within the walls, who had conferred extended privileges upon them, were now those who opposed the monks most furiously! Eberbach had the same rights in matters of field and forest which every other parish possessed; so that in this respect the Rhinegauers were defeated, and as the forests were allotted to the different parishes (Eberbach belonged to Hattenheim which parish disputed its rights with Eberbach) the question was referred for arbitration to the Archbishop, who decided in favour of Eberbach—a decision the cunning Monks lost no time in getting legally confirmed.

Such violent ruptures of the hitherto existing friendship were not likely to be healed soon.

The quiet of the retired nook was also disturbed by the



noise of war and sad were its results. We must not omit to relate the tale of one event which brought forth evil fruit.

At the beginning of the 14<sup>th</sup> century when the Emperor Albrecht overran the Rhinegau with his hordes of soldiers, the most barbarous among them and those at whose hands the inhabitants met with the harshest treatment, were the Elsassers (Alsations) and the Lothringers; so intractable were they that in the attempt to crush them the Imperial power was impotent.

Scharfenstein was one of the archiepiscopal castles besieged by Albrecht. Though the siege was but of short duration, sufficient time was afforded for the unbridled soldiers to break into the Cloister, and indulge too freely in the superb wine. Then casting discipline aside they regarded themselves as masters of the Cloister. The Monks were forced to fly to the neighbouring woods, and what was not stolen was wasted and destroyed. Many a cask of the finest wine ran out and the floors of the cellars imbibed it.

When the Monks returned all the horrors of desolation met their gaze, and a long and careful administration was required ere the loss was repaired.

The Cloister suffered too from the effects of other archiepiscopal quarrels, and although the wounds made were not so deep or so difficult to heal, there was no denying that the days of prosperity were past when compared with days present.

More especially in 1525 during the Bauernkrieg (peasant war) was it that the waves of discontent poured over the Rhinegau and made many heads as unruly as any to be found in the Palatinate.

The end of the struggle among the Rhinegauers was as glowing as the result of that raised by its originators, but as long as the disturbances lasted Cloisters, and Abbey fared badly enough, and Eberbach, famous for its wealth, could not hope to fare better, the glorious vintage, the floods of molten gold filling the mighty casks, were temptations the ever thirsty throats of the Rhinegauers were unable to resist, even if they strove to do so which may justly be doubted.

Among the mighty casks in those cellars was one alone worthy to rival the produce of the Steinberg vines—inasmuch as this giant among Eberbach's tuns contained the juice of the hundred acres enclosed by the walls. It held seventy-four

“Zuläste” (Carata), and according to the measure of those days a “Zulast“ (Carate) contained four hundred Rhenish Ohms (Ama.)

This cask was designed and commenced by Abbot Johannes of Eberbach—of the line of Bode von Boppard. It was however only finished under his successors; was set up in the cellar and filled for the first time with wine in the year of the jubilee—1500.

The Rhinegauers probably knew from experience the truth of the proverb: “the bigger the bottle the better the wine”, and so they lusted after the golden contents of “the little cask”, and as they were unable to bear it from its resting place bodily, they emptied it into smaller casks and so it was full of emptiness.

When the hand of the law was stretched out and had seized the rebels, the truth of another proverb was exemplified: “Whoso hath suffered the damage does not pay for the joke”. One of the songs of the day is a satire upon this great drinking-bout, at which the last tear was drawn from the great tun of Eberbach. In the coarse language of the day we are told:

“Als man auf dem Wachholder sass,  
Da trank man aus dem grossen Fass.  
Wie bekam uns das?  
Wie dem Hunde das Gras!  
Der Teufel rieth und gesegnet uns das!”

Contemporary records tell us that the tun remained empty for nineteen years after this purging—was repaired, cleansed, and filled by Abbot Andreas in the year 1543.

The loss sustained by this waste of old Steinberger was very considerable; but the Bauern (peasants) were not content with simply plundering; they so desolated the Cloister itself that it was on the verge of destruction, and nothing but the strictest economy and the brothers' industry saved it from complete ruin.

It soon appeared however that the old wounds were to be torn open; for under Albrecht von Brandenburg the unhappy Cloister experienced the trials and tribulations of war, when he made a descent upon the Rhinegau in the year 1552. This evil fate again threw the Cloister back; renewed and great exertions were required to heal the wounds received.

Still heavier lay the hand of fate upon it during the Thirty Years War. Swedes and Hessians exercised their malice upon the Cloister, and in order to escape this horrible “Swedish inundation”, the Monks fled to Cöln, leaving their



beloved Eberbach to the tender mercies of these soldier hordes, Although Oxenstierna appointed a special commission to administer the affairs of the Abbey, it was impossible to prevent damages and injuries, which were all the greater as each man did what seemed good to him. Incalculable is the loss of the Library which contained many a treasure; for Eberbach's Conventualen enjoyed the reputation of great learning, and not without good ground for though all were not learned, there were many incapable of bodily work who devoted themselves to copying manuscripts and studying books.

How intense must have been the grief of the Monks on their return from Cöln, in the year 1635, to find the Cloister waste and desolate—the more so as their reputation for hospitality, and their benevolence to the poor and needy were suspended. Although the Archbishops of Mainz were ever favourable to Eberbach, and did not close their coffers when called upon, their own position was one incapacitating them from making great sacrifices, however well disposed they might have been.

And so nothing remained to the brothers but to recommence their work with honest and stout hearts and a self abnegating spirit. Help in the shape of gifts and bequests they could not hope for. The days' of "first love" were dead though not buried, the days when benevolence was shewn by generosity to pious institutions. Whence should the gifts have come? The land was drained dry and misery had reached a fearful height, disease, one of the consequences of war stalked abroad, oppressing and weighing down the courage of the people on all sides.

Incessant and untiring were the Monks' efforts. So they dragged on, too strong to die, too weak to pursue a healthy, vigourous existence, within no befitting harmony of purpose, without maintaining a slowly ebbing life until its dissolution in 1803, when the lands belonging to the Monastery became state property—the pearl among them being undeniably the vineyards of Steinberg.

Since this date the buildings appertaining to the Cloister have been converted to other uses. For many years the Lunatic Asylum and a Convalescent Hospital, for those whose condition justifies hope, and a House of Correction of the Duchy of Nassau, were established here. The buildings were however not sufficiently spacious to accommodate all who were brought hither. So on the Eichberg, whence may be had one of the loveliest







*Wharfedale, Yorkshire.*



and most extended views, a large building was erected for curable and incurable patients. The Reformatory and House of Correction remaining at Eberbach; the Cloister Church has been restored, and Divine Service for the occupants of the various establishments is held in it.

For the purposes of the vintage a large press-house (Kelter-haus) has been erected in the vicinity by Government, and in the cellars lie the noblest wines of the province, whose quality cannot be surpassed even by Johannisberger itself.

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## JOHANNISBERG.

Benedict's sons, they love, they love the sunny heights," says the verse of a Latin poet whilst singing in characteristic lines the types and traits of the monastic orders.

When an older, or a newer, cloister-like edifice, commanding extensive views, and standing on a sunny height surrounded by fertile land meets the eye, we are sure to find upon enquiry that it either is or has been, a Benedictine monastery. Refined taste and deep seated love of the beautiful, taught the learned order, to which science and civilisation are so incalculably indebted, to select such spots, and it appears to be an inheritance of the Order from its foundation to our own days—from Monte Cassino to the gloriously situated Abbey of Mülk on the Danube, whose wealth alone could restore Austria's financial weakness; from the beautiful and flourishing Mülk to the very worldly Johannisberg, where, of the primitive monastery the old Church alone is left. Against it is built the modern castle—telling of past times and of former uses—modestly standing and humbly, in proximity to vain-glorious worldliness.

One doubt comes over us whilst surveying the glorious situation of the Cloister—whether it was more conducive to deep, earnest study, or to cheerful conviviality?—And when the eye rests on the vineyards rising in terraces from the foot to the summit of the mountain, and is there reminded of the liquid gold; of the aromatic bouquet of the wine, now consecrated to royal palates, then,—yea then, one must suppose every monk to have been or become a poet; that black care could not have struck root; here and the secret craving desire for the world must have been



frighted away; for the world which in sunny, flourishing glorification lay without and beyond. Yet these are ideas which must not be allowed to occupy the mind. Standing near the castle on the heights—we exclaim with Göthe's shepherd: "Vorüber, ihr Schafe, vorüber!"

If thou hast been so happy as to stand upon the terrace, and resting thyself against the balustrades, hast allowed thy eye to sweep over the far extended view from "the golden Mainz" on the left, to the far stretching, dark-forested spurs of the Vosges, to the Donnersberg, and far away across the mountainous and wooded landscape, from amidst which the Wildenburg greets thee from its summit elevated a thousand feet thrice told, and away into the distance where the outlines of the Eifel pyramids are dimly discernible, then guided by the Idar allow the eye to rest upon Koppenstein, and following the chain of the Soon, turn off to the right and again approach the nearer circle where lies Bingen, where in the midst of the seething waters the Mouse tower rises, where on the heights Ehrenfels keeps watch, where on the solitary, desolate heights the Rochus Capelle stands,—if thou, I, say wilt follow the silvery course of the river studded with emerald islands—called in the full primitive language of other days: "Auen," and wilt gaze upon the paradise like land where grows the golden grape, where life flows cheerily on, where towns and villages lie cheerfully on the green banks, and then wilt thoughtfully pursue the line until the eye rests upon Ingelheim, where Charlemagne abode and watched; thou wilt fain confess, that in God's wide and lovely world, it would be hard to find aught lovelier than this pearl of all Germany,

And if at length thou wilt tear thyself from the influence of the magic circle within which thou hast been bewitched, and wilt first contemplate the spot on which thy foot rests (knowing but the history and fate of this small patch of ground) thou wilt confess to thyself that irrespective of the liquid gold, which guarded by rings of iron lies in the vaults of the castle, that it has an importance of its own; an importance which in later years has increased and extended beyond any it formerly possessed. Here, here upon the crown of this mountain the fate of lands and of nations has been weighed—perhaps decided—or at any rate, their ultimate fate been hurried on.

I presume dear reader that thou art of those favoured ones

who have climbed these heights, and therefore beg thee to seat thyself at my side and give ear whilst I tell thee briefly of events which have occurred here, or which, through many centuries have been connected with or affected Johannisberg.

Let us pause at the name; for at the commencement of life baptism is an event of paramount importance. Alas, that the whence and wherefore of the name Johannisberg is not quite clear.

When I reflect that Charlemagne dwelt in his palace of Ingelheim and that the sun, from his rising to his setting, shone on the hill behind the wooded heights of the western boundary of the horizon, when I reflect that the great Emperor encouraged the cultivation of the rarest grapes, I seem to hear his voice order his chief bailiff: "Plant unto me vines upon the heights; for that the sun declareth unto the mountains, together we will produce of the choicest juice of the grape! Such rich promise is rarely given on this side of the Alps!"

Yea I say, the sound of the Emperor's voice uttering these words is in my ear, the Emperor in whose heart the civilisation of his people and the cultivation of their land was uppermost; when I reflect on the vineyards of Ingelheim whose aspect is far less favourable, it seems to me that it must have been so. But imaginary pictures are no parchment records," and I must admit the truth of the remark!

That in early days; very early days, earlier than in any other district of the Rhinegau, vines throve, flourished and bore fruit here is quite certain; but whether upon the heights of Johannisberg, as upon the gently sloping hills about Ingelheim, "Franconian" or "Hermine" grapes ripened who can tell? Who shall gainsay it?

The name of the mountain (which we first find called the "Bischofsberg", it retained until its rebaptism—without however coming into contact with the "Anabaptists") seems to gain significance when we consider, that the hill was reclaimed and was planted with vines!

During the *first* Christian period, the period when the Rhine country was under Roman rule, wine was required in the celebration of the most sacred, the most significant, and the most holy of all Christian rites. If it were not procurable on the Rhine it had to be brought from afar—haply from Gaul or from beyond the Alps!



Wine and chestnuts under Roman domination, soon became indigenous growths; wherever the Romans settled, chestnuts and wine became Roman records.

Is it not probable that here too in the sunny, almost Elysian fields of the Rhinegau, where the favourable situation irresistibly invited their cultivation, where security from the incursions of the barbarous Germans was almost guaranteed by the vicinity of the great wall; that the planting and cultivation of the vine would justify any hopes entertained for future harvests?

The question arises: Did the Archbishop Hrabanus on his translation from Fulda—when he assumed the crozier at Mainz—find the vine already flourishing here, or—did he introduce it? Some records allow us to assume that the mountain belonged to him even whilst he was Archbishop of Fulda. If during his Fulda archiepiscopate he either planted or harvested,—so much is certain—so much clear, that subsequent to his translation he caused considerably more care and attention to be bestowed on the vine, and the name: "*Bischofs Borg*" signifies "*Bishops vineyard*". I lay special emphasis on the assertion: *ecclesiastical* ritual needs gave importance, significance and force to such introduction.

The pious and christian temperament of Hrabanus soon impressed a sacred, ecclesiastical seal on his mountain. As he adorned the hills about Fulda with chapels and prepared holy places for pious, suffering, human hearts, where raised above the grovelling life of the earth they could lay bare the stormy breast and seek heavenly joy and peace; so too this mountain should proclaim aloud that: not alone for the pleasures of life should the vine flourish on its feet and on its breast, but that the sacred needs of the Church, and—of the human heart should be supplied, and these cravings were stilled by the erection of a little church, a chapel, upon its very brow. The Archbishop builded it, and henceforth we find mountain and chapel taking their place as valuable property of the See.

The See having once obtained the gift from Hrabanus, nursed and tended the vine with the utmost care.

Under the supremacy of Hrabanus the mountain bore the name of "*Bischofsberg*" and the chapel was dedicated to St. Nicholas. Hence probably it happened that subsequent to its rebaptism, the monks of the newly founded Cloister were called: "*Brethren of St. Nicholas*."

The second, or rebaptism, of the mountain about the year 1130 now claims our attention, and calls on us to take a glance at the surrounding territory; this may appear at first sight irrelevant to the subject, but guided by the finger of history will bring us safely back to the mountain upon which our attention is fixed, and which has obtained for itself a share of our interest.

In the course of our history of the Rhenish provinces one of the most extraordinary phenomena which meets us—and one to which research should be specially devoted—is the very early appearance of large numbers of Jews; we find them as settlers, building synagogues, and establishing communities.

The Jewish colony at Worms traces its descent to a period immediately subsequent to the Roman destruction of Jerusalem, reliable evidence of the age of the community exists in the form of the very ancient “book of the law.”

The “Rabbi of Tudela”, whose travels in later days have been recognised as a valuable source of historical and geographical information, enumerates a considerable list of Rhenish towns in which large Jewish colonies resided; the derivations of the Hebrew names which he attributes to them, offer difficulties to the Christian enquirer, and afford even to the Rabbinical investigator almost insuperable obstacles. Their historical accuracy cannot be denied. He describes these Jewish colonies as “primeval” (*uralt*), and during his own sojourn on the banks of the Rhine, as flourishing and increasing.

Scarcely in the world, “so far as German sounds are heard”, shall we find a district whose dialect is richer in Hebrew or Hebraicised words, than that spoken in the Rhenish provinces; probably throughout Germany there is scarcely a district in which Jewish customs have exercised so decided an influence upon the manners and customs of the people, as here in the fertile districts on the Rhenish shores. We might adduce many facts in proof of our assertion.

Suggested by the above, we might enquire whether Rome—heathen Rome—did not assign to the emigrant and imigrant Jews, the uttermost parts on the frontiers of her dominions! Thus securing to herself a friendly population, who at the same time would exert a civilising influence on the barbarian tribes that dwelt on the banks of the river. Progressing with the time, we meet with the numerous imperial castles of the “Salic



earth" upon Rhenish hills; imperial palaces and estates in the cities, united with the "Präsenz" of the Emperor, celebrated throughout the middle ages in one or other of the episcopal sees of the Rhenish provinces. It is evident—even the Ottonic donations prove it—that the Rhenish provinces belonged to the imperial dotation, hence the numerous Jewish colonies are accounted for? They owed their dues to the Emperor; to him alone; they were "Imperial vassals!"

Neither the name nor the position was always sufficient to secure peace and safety to the unfortunate wanderers from the Holy Land. The undoubted but hidden wealth of the Jews, was not concealed from the rapacious eyes of those who wanted and sought it, the costly pledges were very frequently left either voluntarily, or of necessity, in their possession, inasmuch as the lawful proprietors did not or could not redeem them—in short the possession of those pledges to which the force of imagination attributed a value far exceeding the actual one,—encouraged "the gentlemen", both spiritual and temporal, to lust after the wealth of the diligent and careful folk—after their inheritance, an inseparable condition of which was the previous death of the proprietor! Hence the bloody persecutions of the middle ages or, to give it its correct and actual designation; the massacre and common slaughter of the much to be pitied Jews. Only after this sort could the plaintiffs be reduced to silence; only thus was the inheritance secure; for presuming that the Emperor *could* punish, and demand the cession of the stolen property, who *would* denounce the murderers and the amount of their unholy gains?

When the fanatic Palatine Monk, Gottschalk began, like Peter of Amiens, to preach the Crusades throughout Elsass and the upper Rhenish provinces, his sermons were followed by most astounding results. Men of all ranks, of all ages, allowed the red cross to be fixed on their left arm, and on all ways and roads were to be found numbers of men, armed in the most incongruous style, hastening towards the place of meeting. They were men wild, excited, fanatic, all bent on hastening forth to cool their courage in the blood of the Saracens. At the head of the band was Emicho, Graf von Leiningen, an offshoot of the Gaugrafen of the Nahgau, one of those whom we frequently meet with in the long list of their line, under the name of Emichonen.

In their journey Rhine downwards they approached the towns chiefly inhabited by wealthy Jews where but a single spark was required to set the flame of religious bigotry ablaze, against those to whom clung the indelible guilt of being descended from those who had crucified our Lord, and yet mocked at His holy name.

Whence the spark came; whether from Gotschalk is difficult to decide, but it was struck and blazed forth, and the devouring element seized upon the unhappy people,

With a wild fury, panting for blood and gold, the barbarous and disorderly hordes fell upon the Jews, blood flowed in streams wherever their persecutors appeared. For the leaders there was but one choice; — to attempt to stem the tide would have been vain; even dangerous, supposing the disposition to do so had existed, and this choice was either to accept no share in the costly plunder, or to take the lion's portion. They chose the latter course; it was the most profitable. And so like a mighty avalanche, the blood-stained hordes neared Mainz. The Jews here were especially hated, on account of their usurious customs, and famous for their wealth. How could the Crusaders hesitate?

Archbishop Ruthard and Rhine Graf Richolf of Lorch were brothers-in-law, and united by ties of blood with Emicho of Leiningen, the leader of the army of Crusaders; the wealth which Emicho had already amassed haply exerted its attracting power—or haply, Emicho urged them to make like acquisitions; the Archbishop, the Rhine-Graf, and Emicho von Leiningen formed the "Dreimännerbund" (three men's union) for the purpose of pursuing the massacre of the Jews, within the See and the Rhine province, made vast profits out of the slaughter, and poured enormous wealth into their coffers.

Who can say whether they salved their consciences by laying the entire weight of the crime upon the lawless, irrepressible hordes of the Crusaders?, or whether they regarded the Emperor as powerless to punish? One thing is certain, their sins did not go long unpunished.

The punishment for the sins of Emicho and his hordes was in the hands of one who declared: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." The facts are well known; the circumstances of the destruction, fearful and terrible.

Emicho escaped the wrath of the Emperor; Ruthard and



Richolf were less fortunate. The whole weight of the Imperial wrath descended, fell, upon their heads, their guilt was proved, admitted by all. One fact is not however very clear, whether they fled and took refuge in the monastery in the Thuringian forests, or whether they were banished thither by the Emperor. They disappeared, and seven years overshadow their movements. They did not return from their exile till an abandoned son had betrayed and deposed his father at Klopp near Bingen (not at Reichsburg Böckelnheim in the Nah valley), Broken-hearted, Heinrich IV., had fled down the Rhine to end his strangely chequered life, yet not to find a Christian's grave; and now, when the profligate son sought supporters, and "a little Jew massacre" was matter of no import, both were recalled, and none protested against their reassumption of their old dignities.

Whether in their solitude—for a monastery in Thuringia was probably their scene of retreat or exile—remorse for their deeds of horror had found place in their hearts, who can tell? Let us hope so!

Now to expiate or atone for their sins they had taken vows, (whether the new Emperor required it of them appears doubtful) and to fulfil these vows was their first care.

Wherein did they consist? In vows to build and endow churches and monasteries; for in those days such endowments and gifts constituted works of piety, whose performance effaced and eradicated the stain of sin. Truly we are reminded of the blessed St. Crispin. — We presently meet with Archbishop Ruthard in the Nah valley, there where on the sunniest heights, at whose foot the Nah and the Glaw unite, lies the Benedictine Monastery of Disibodenberg, founded by the pious Bishop Disibod, who resigned his See in Ireland to go forth and preach the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ, to the heathen in Gaul, Aquitania and Germany—through these lands he wandered and found a place of rest in the valley of the Nah.

High up mid the sunny hills the world is alive with industrious men; they are employed in digging deep foundations for a mighty Dom (Cathedral) which Ruthard is about to build; there the stone-masons are busy with chisel and mallet, fashioning those strange spiral columns, and the masons are employed in rearing the massy walls of stone, which pious hands have conveyed thither. And aided by many hundred hands a temple to God rises, a temple whose beauty none far and near can

approach; a temple which when completed was consecrated by the blessed Disibod, whose remains, enclosed in a silver shrine, were buried within the High Altar.

And this is the Church of atonement, whose ruins are still visible above the ground, and the glory of whose stone-works still excites admiration. The admiring and loving care of a Protestant brother, now departed, lately had them freed from their earthy veil.

About the same time we find Rhine-Graf Richolf and Archbishop Ruthard, engaged in building a monastery of moderate extent on the Bischofsberg, in the Rhinegau—destined for a Cloister for Benedictine monks—and indeed a work dictated by gratitude, and dedicated to the Order who afforded protection during exile—the one from his See, the other from baronial estates. They dedicated it to St. John the Baptist on the 24<sup>th</sup> of June, the anniversary of the massacre of the Jews in Mainz, and baptised the Cloister: “Johannisberg”, that was the rebaptism and the origin of the name of the mountain.

Did such foundations and endowments indeed atone for the sins committed? We will not grudge them the peace attained thereby—if indeed they did attain it!

My readers may enquire—and by what work did Richolf atone? He shared in the guilt! History tells us that he took a very important part in the foundation upon the Bischofsberg, and that he also of his own wealth, added a second foundation on the western side of the hill—a Nunnery, and a Church dedicated to St. George. The nunnery was founded to the end that maidens of noble birth should receive therein a pious, godly and virtuous training. He endowed this nunnery richly; but his work was not complete; for he built and endowed an hospital also, and at the foot of the mountain richly endowed a Church dedicated to St. Bartholemew. It stood at Klingelmünde, near to Winkel.

We are told, in addition to the above facts, that his lovely daughter took the veil in this nunnery, and that his son became a monk in the monastery of Johannisberg. This occurred not at the period of which we speak but subsequently. Richolf and his wife Dankmund, assumed cowl or veil in their old age; the former at Johannisberg; the latter in the convent founded by her husband. As his son in the meantime took the vows, the shield of the house was broken at his grave,—a sign that with him the line was extinct.



The Cloister and the Convent flourished side by side; but a time came when this dangerous proximity (precisely as on the Disibodenberg and elsewhere) had to be abolished, and the Convent removed to satisfy the demands of morality.

Archbishop Ruthard far from dreaming of retiring to a Monastery retained his seat on the archiepiscopal throne, his conscience was salved over—was at rest. Let others go their own way!

The Monastery of Johannisberg he placed under the Provostship of the Abbot of St Albans, and believed he had done well for the child of his adoption.

To all these endowments conferred by Ruthard, another privilege was added, whose worth, as far as the Cloister was concerned, might be called doubtful; though at first it bore promise of great fruit. It enacted that the Merchants of Mainz and other places should, on St. John's day, the anniversary of the Jews massacre, hold a fair about and around the Cloister and Church of Johannisberg. The dues paid by the merchants for the privilege of attending the fair flowed into the coffers of the Cloister.

Ruthard might leave the future prosperity of his foundation to the natural laws of development. He not only had it immediately under his own eye; but had appointed the Abbot of St. Albans guardian over it.

There was however another factor which under like circumstances would also have held good any where. I refer to the youthful freshness of the foundation, the period of its eager enthusiasm, its creative power. As yet careless, ease produced by consciousness of internal prosperity, had found no place within its walls; as yet that love of luxury; the fruit of wealth and superfluity, shewn by all the rich monasteries of those days, had not manifested itself. At present there was a striving and a struggling for existence, invigorating and refreshing to the powers and resources, both internal and external. And the warm breath of a godly life—this universal call for ceaseless and blessed activity they displayed. Especially in the field of science they obtained for the Cloister general love and respect. It lay in the spirit of the age to assist such foundations by contributions from the superfluous wealth of the rich aristocracy. If on the one hand a true spirit of piety directed the donors in the distribution of their charities, we cannot fail to recognise

the fact that, on the other hand, the conviction of a multitude of sins being covered by such gifts, induced them as it had done Ruthard, to lavish their charity upon Churches and Cloisters. Again, a provision was thus made for their posterity, who more readily elevated the shield and arms to the dignity of Abbot, than to any position obtained by actual service and genuine merit.

However the case may be, rich endowments and large donations fell to the share of the Cloister.

Another institution aided in encouraging the preference shewn for the Cloister, namely the Hospital, infirmary, or house of refuge for the sorely afflicted. It was one of the first existing in Germany, and one which attracted attention and sympathy, as the Crusades had introduced an eastern disease into the homes of the Germans, namely leprosy. It was a fearful, extraordinarily contagious disease, ending with a long delayed and painful death for there was no hope either of curing or eradicating the evil.

The Bible introduces us in the very earliest ages to this incurable pest of the Jewish tribes. Simply because it was contagious and utterly incurable, we are taught by the precepts inculcated in the Scriptures, that the sole means of preventing the spread of the disease, is exclusion from contact with the human race. In the 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> centuries the number of lepers in Germany, and especially in the Rhenish provinces was very large. If the barbarity of the age is considered it will be clear that scanty provision was made for these unfortunates. What must of necessity have been their condition in the wintry season, exposed to the inclemency of our severe climate!

The conception of an Hospital (Siechenhaus) in those days, was exclusive devotion to the requirements and needs of lepers; for to them specially was the appellation: Sick (Siechen) applied. Such an institution as this must have been an incalculable benefit. To the Order which devoted itself to the care and amelioration of the lot of the "Siechen", the hearts of all charitable souls must be opened, and this very foundation tended more than all else, to direct the flow of great donations for the support of the institution, which was connected with the Cloister, into their coffers.

If in reference to the establishment by Ruthard of a fair at Johannisberg, I named it a questionable benefit, sufficient ground



for my doing so, is afforded by records which have descended to us, of the roughness and barbarity of the days of folks-freedom; for the fairs were usually held during pilgrimages to certain Churches, for instance, the great pilgrimages to the Convent of Karwendel in the Bavarian Alps; to the Waldüren, offer us a picture even in our own days, of scenes such as must efface all religious impressions.

Nevertheless these fairs were a source of wealth to the Cloister, probably the sole object which Ruthard wished to attain in their establishment. The fair began with a High Mass. The multitude of human beings who streamed to it were encouraged to contribute, and such festivals were not celebrated without giving of large alms; besides which the licence or privilege to trade had to be dearly purchased.

No wonder then, when all worked together to increase the wealth of Johannisberg, that its importance likewise increased.

Soon however, this wealth and the dependence upon St. Albans Abbey, proved a contradiction, than which a greater could not exist even in those days. Very soon the desire for freedom from the bonds of allegiance made itself felt, and Adalbert I. was by far too great a friend to such ecclesiastical institutions, to turn a deaf ear to the wishes of the Monks and their desire for independence. When Adalbert endowed Johannisberg with the unlucky Eberbach Cloister, he appears as a special patron of Johannisberg; for he it was who severed the bond uniting this Cloister with St. Albans. The task was however not easy—the exaltation of Johannisberg to an independent Abbacy of the Order of St. Benedict was accomplished, though not lightly. And now they were proudly free—now they could elect their own Abbot, manage their own affairs, and enjoy a thousand privileges for which they formerly required the sanction of the Abbot of St. Albans. In other respects too surveillance was burdensome.

There was great joy throughout the monkish community; for the surveillance exercised by the Abbacy of St. Albans was stricter than was agreeable to the brethren—their enormously increasing wealth being taken into consideration Adalbert consented to grant the Cloister the right to baptise and to bury—the priestly functions to be performed in the village tacitly fell to them; then they felt secure and safe, upon their fair and sunny height. Their—that is to say—the monks' gratitude to

Archbishop Adalbert was manifested by their sale of Eberbach (which he had presented to them) to him for a sum far in excess of the value of the ruinous place.

If Adalbert now bestowed his whole love upon Eberbach, we see no reason for asking: Why? or Wherefore? The rich Abbey upon its proud heights looked down with scornful eyes upon the laborious Grey-friars in the valley below, and at times appeared to ignore their presence, although their assistance in restoring the waning prosperity would have been most acceptable.

The luxurious life prevailing in the Cloister was probably never surpassed anywhere, and the bounds set by the rules of the Order must have been ruthlessly broken, ere such enormous wealth could have been so rapidly dissipated. If the proud Abbey had deigned to cast an enquiring glance upon "the modest, and humbly-serving maid" in the woody and meadowy valley below, she might have learned something of greater healing virtue, than a trick learned from "the finding of the holy spear" which, even in the Rhinegau, was a deception too transparent.

The Emperor Conrad III. had especially patronised the Monks of Johannisberg, had given them the right of fishing in the Rhine and of hunting in the forests, had endowed them richly with freedoms and privileges, and then set an example and cleared a road for others to follow, until the mitre conferred on the Abbot formed the crown of all dignities. Must not Johannisberg perforce look proudly down upon the modest, laborious Eberbach, where the grey cowl concealed the figures of masons, vine-dressers, peasants, carpenters, architects, speculative merchants, where indeed, men of all kinds were monks one with another. In contrast to this—on the heights—a mitred Abbot—learning—and lavish eating and drinking; in the valley—at least at this time—work—and bread, and slender meals, earned by the sweat of the brow! Such contrasts were too violent, too irreconcilable.

Both nevertheless grew rich; Johannisberg sunning itself in the light of exalted patronage, Eberbach labouring with eager zeal; here "lazy bellies," there, diligent labourers. To which would popular favour turn?

But the science of domestic economy was wofully neglected within the walls of the Cloister. Table and cellar were alike of the costliest description; visitors of highest rank sought and



obtained entertainment, and the Monks lavished profuse hospitality. Gifts and donations at the same time ceased to flow in, and the hour was approaching when Abbot and brothers would be compelled to admit with terror, that unless the tide turned, the ruin of the Cloister was advancing with gigantic strides.

Instead of imitating the example set them by the brethren of Eberbach; an example of frugality and self-denial, an example of abstinence from indulgence in the good things of this life, they had recourse to other measures which elsewhere might have availed; which had been frequently proved; but whose efficacy was here doubtful, and which especially in the Rhinegau; hardly promised good results. The monks anticipated more from the Archbishop Peter's efforts to liquidate the debts in an honest and straight-forward manner. In those days of increasing need and decreasing charity—to whom will not occur the story of the "invention" of the holy spear?—an old monk opportunely found "a very ancient chest." This discovery was made—and to say the least of it, this was strange—in a corner of the Sacristy, a room constantly in use and by no means large. The finder suspected a miracle, and hastened to the Abbot Hermann with news of the discovery. With beating heart the Abbot hurries to the Sacristy, and behold in the corner stands the chest. The entire body of the brethren pour in, and marvel at the strange discovery. The chest is opened, no gold was found therein, but a large number of relics of unknown Saints. If the speculation succeeded, the capital would pay good interest. The overjoyed Monks bear the priceless treasure into the Church, and place the chest upon the Altar; burn tapers around and about it, and adoring monks keep watch and ward over it.

Like wild fire the news of the discovery spread through the Rhinegau and soon reached Mainz. The Archbishop lost no time in investigating the story, and having convinced himself of the genuine character of the tale, he distributed indulgences to all who bestowed gifts upon the sacred relics; and a share in the rewards obtained for good works, done by the brothers of Johannisberg.

The latter point may have raised the suspicions of the astute Rhinegauers, as they had frequent and all sufficient opportunities, of observing these good works, and appreciated them at their true value. All had seen and could account for the decay

of one of the wealthiest Cloisters. True there still remained some easy of belief, who wandered to Johannisberg and left gifts behind them; but the number was not large, and their alms did no more than tide the brethren over the quicksands—and the time of alms-giving did not endure long. The Cloister relapsed to the state it was in before “the invention” of the miraculous chest, which had helped them in their hour of need.

The Monks beheld with terror the approach of seven years of famine; but the example of frugality of life and of strict economy set by the Monks of Eberbach found no followers. In the year 1383 Johannisberg was in the position of a merchant who speaks of “suspension of payment”, whilst his creditors and others speak of “bankruptcy.”

Now were the dangers and difficulties great! When the bad administration of their financial affairs by the Benedictines on the Disibodenberg in the Nahthal, had reduced them to the condition in which the brethren of Johannisberg now were, the Archbishop of Mainz appealed to the Grey friars of Eberbach for aid to withdraw them from their “Slough of Despond, and to restore their previous prosperity. Why was not recourse had to the help so near at hand, whence without exciting the attention of the world help might have come?

Who is prepared to assert that the proud Johannisbergers would not condescend to ask counsel from the “peasant brothers” as they whilom were called? From the very foundation and establishment of the two Cloisters they had been separated by a wall of partition, how now raze it to the ground—now when the circumstances under which it must happen were of a nature so humiliating! Even if, as is probable, the solution of the difficulty suggested itself to Archbishop Adolph I., there can be no doubt that his scheme was obstinately opposed by the Johannisbergers. No other choice remained, provided he would save the Cloister from destruction, than to assume the administration of affairs himself—or rather to invest Ulrich von Cronberg with the requisite powers, appointing as his fellow councillor and assistant, the famous Hermann Hebel.

In the meantime, as the folk declared: “there would be hard nuts to crack” and many a fierce attack from the Monks, who would not patiently submit to the reduction of their richly supplied table, nor peacefully agree to swallow flagons of wine less luscious than their pampered palates were used to. The chief



difficulty to be contended with was however, the immorality and unchastity of the inhabitants of the adjacent nunnery.

The "Vicedomus" and his assistant succeeded but poorly, and apparently lost courage. In the mean while Adolph I. no longer sat in the archiepiscopal chair, and measures of still greater severity were put in force.

Archbishop Dietrich intrusted the settlement of the difficulties to the Domdechante of Worms, Rudolph of Rudesheim, and to the Prior of St. Jacob in Mainz, whose searching investigation brought the cause of the evil to light.

And now the law interfered to suppress the depravity of the Cloister and the impurity of the Nunnery. The incensed Archbishop appointed a Commission, consisting of the Abbot Lubert of St. Jacobsberg, the Dean (Domdechante) of Worms, Rudolph of Rudesheim, the Scholaster of the Convent of our loved sisters" ("Unsrer lieben Frauen") of Mainz, Hermann of Rosenberg and of the Sigillifer Menzer of Dorla—and to these men he gave the right to abolish the Nunnery, and power to appropriate the endowment for the benefit of the Cloister, once and thoroughly to purge and cleanse the Cloister, to dismiss the brethren constituting the Order, and to replace them by twelve brothers chosen from the Monastery of St. Jacob, and to place the reorganised Cloister under the supervision of the Bursfelder Reformers. In order however to ensure the permanence and stability of the new regulations, he placed the Cloister under the absolute supervision of the Abbot, for the time being, of St. Jacobsberg.

There was no necessity for expelling the Monks. After due consideration of the changes, which by no means harmonised with their previous customs, they retired voluntarily from the scene of their labours and took shelter wherever they found it, a minority of them grew refractory, with these summary proceedings were forthwith taken. A few of the old Order were permitted to remain—these few taking hypocritical vows of future penances. Too much confidence was placed in them by those who introduced the new code, and thus the foundation was laid of much dissension, subsequently of discord and disharmony, between the representatives of the old Order and the new brothers from St. Jacobsberg.

The year 1525, in the course of which the Cloister of Eberbach suffered so severely from the effects of "the peasant war",

(Bauern-Krieg) did not pass over Johannisberg without inflicting deep wounds. Was it likely that the Rhinegauers, who had drunk so royally of the Steinberger in the "Wachholder Hofe", would rest satisfied without proving the contents of larder and cellar in Johannisberg? Granted that the Cloister was bankrupt, a burning and sacking of it would still produce a better harvest than a razed baronial castle. The inducement was too strong, and the plundering of the Abbey was as profitable to the insurrectionists as it was perilous to the Cloister. After this most unwelcome visitation, which thoroughly excited the peasants and fed fat their desire to attack Eberbach, the only salvation was the sale of considerable portions of property.

What wonderful changes time and circumstances had brought about! How must the bright Nimbus which formerly adorned "the halls of piety; of holy life and contemplation", have grown dim? And on whom lay the burden of the guilt of having reduced it to this condition?

The period during which the Cloister had grown in wealth and honour was past—the reverse of the shield was now exposed—and nothing could check the downward progress of the brotherhood. Had salvation been possible, twenty-seven years were allowed for recovery from the devastation caused by the peasant war—and then a new storm gathered. Albrecht von Brandenburg approached the Cloister at the head of his barbarous horde. Soldier and Monk—the contrast was too strong to admit of their meeting without violent outbursts. The "fat bellies" (in those days the wonted name of the Monks) might the soldier thought, give of their superfluity, and the "lust after the flesh-pots of Egypt" was too great—stilled one way or the other it must be, even though better discipline had prevailed amongst them than is usually met with amidst mercenaries. So firstly the Monks were driven forth with ribald mockings and ill treatment, and then the pillage, the debauchery, the rioting, was commenced by a horde, for whom the holiest had no holiness. Had it but stopped here! But the buildings were set on fire, and when the columns of flame rose up to heaven, proclaiming far and wide the atrocity of the crime, the band marched forth in triumph, and Johannisberg's passing bell tolled out the tale far away over the fertile fields of the Gau.

Even had the inhabitants of the little village of Johannisberg, who had not suffered less severely, or the people from



the surrounding hamlets used every effort to extinguish the flames, or had they been permitted to do so by the wild hordes, all would have been in vain; for there was no water on the top of the mountain. A sudden change of wind saved the church and one part of the buildings from destruction, and so the monks returned to vacant halls, to a plundered and desecrated Church.

The Cloister never recovered from this sore visitation; still, much might have been done with the remnant of the funds appertaining to the Cloister—after the sale of lands which had taken place 27 years previously—had the Abbot been a man of enterprise and discernment. Unfortunately Valentine Horn, a Swiss, who had formerly filled offices of dignity in St Jacob's Abbey, was indolent, careless, and weak minded. Our successors thought he, must look after themselves, and neither he, nor of a surety any of the brethren, denied themselves either luxury or comfort. In order however to secure these, he sold and mortgaged whenever he had an opportunity of doing so.

Rumours of this unthriftiness must probably have spread; for not only did the Abbot of St. Jacob's in Mainz, who in virtue of his office was entitled to interfere; but the Abbot of Laach too, enter protests, and spared neither warning nor exhortation; neither one nor the other availed with the easy going Pfälzers, and the descent was constant.

The Benedictine Abbots assembled in conference at Werthen, now saw the unavoidable necessity of taking some very decided step—and that resolved on, was no other than the degradation of the Abbot who so recklessly neglected the already decaying Order. Such a decision Valentine probably did not anticipate; for he was debating means of averting the threatening storm; but the reins were grasped by a firm hand—they were held by Archbishop Daniel of Mainz. The Abbot Valentine was condemned to return as a simple brother to the Cloister of St. Jacob, where he had formerly been Prior. This happened in the year 1555, and from this time forth he was so gnawed by the agonies of remorse, that in little more than two years he succumbed, passing away unmourned, and no tablet marks the spot where his bones rest.

The Monks, who now foresaw the approach of a time, when in place of the luxurious life under Abbot Valentine, they would be condemned to strict rule and abstinence, determined to

escape the constant succession of prolonged fasts—and fled, one hither, another thither. And so the Order was reduced to a few old and gouty brothers. Since the conflagration, the Cloister had never been much more than a heap of half-consumed buildings, and offered but a miserable residence. The belief gained ground in the Rhinegau that it was to be allowed to fall to ruin—to this however Archbishop Daniel would be no party. He appointed a bailiff, and provided for careful administration of the funds; the only means of saving the last remnant of the once vast endowment. Alas, the expenses of administration so nearly consumed the scanty revenues remaining, that only the Swedes were wanting to put a complete end to the existence of the Cloister. They came, and for four years ran riot in the land, the Cloisters especially suffered so severely, as to necessitate the utmost frugality and economy in order to maintain their miserable condition. What was to be done with a heap of ruins—whose certain future was ruin still more complete!

And so it was suggested that the Cloister and the scanty property remaining should be mortgaged, and search was made for a man who, in these days of sore poverty and distress, would consent to accept the terms proposed.

Hubert von Bleymann, “Reches-Ober-Pfännigmeister”, at length consented to the conditions; they were made as easy as possible. For the sum of thirty-thousand guldens once told, the archiepiscopal See made over to him on mortgage, the entire property and revenues of the Cloister, to hold and to farm for his own profit and benefit, independent of external control. The “Inventarium” includes a fair number of acres of arable and other land, together with 40 acres of vineyard, the rents too and the interest on divers moneys were considerable, and although insufficient to maintain an order of monks, proved the value of the investment made.

Bleymann’s speculation was by no means a bad one. Nevertheless at his decease his heirs complained that it had inflicted heavy losses upon them, and gave notice of their intention to call in the mortgage. This notice, on two grounds, was unacceptable to the Hessian powers, firstly, there was a deficiency of current coin of the realm in the Exchequer, and secondly, the highly unpalatable question arose: What was to be done with the Cloister and all belonging to it?



Search were made on all sides, but no one appeared disposed to invest in the unfortunate property. When, at length, the Abbey of Fulda, in remembrance of the spiritual bond which had once united them with Johannisberg, opened negotiations with the Hofkammer (Court of Exchequer) of Mainz, and relieved them of the heavy burden of the mortgage, to pay off which they would have been unable to raise funds. Right gladly did the Hofkammer agree to the proposed terms, namely: That Fulda after paying off the mortgage and a trifling sum in addition should become sole proprietors for ever, of the Cloister, its lands and tenements.

This bargain was concluded in the year 1716.

Notwithstanding the fact of its having again become the property of a spiritual order, the Cloister underwent no resurrection i. e. as Cloister, but out of its ruins arose a castle, built by the princes of Walderdorff.

And so disappeared a Cloister—one of the wealthiest in Germany. The Rhinegau put on no mourning garment when she beheld the fall of the last of the buildings—removed to make way for the modern castle. No great civilising influences had ever emanated from it, as had been the case with Cloister Eberbach. Although the Monks were Benedictines, the cultivation of scientific knowledge was not after their hearts—at least history gives no record of it. It would appear that “a merry life on the sunny Rhine”, left them no time to devote to such pursuits.

The change of owners was in the last degree beneficial as far as the vineyards were in question; for now they became what they might have been before, and the commencement was made of what they now are.

Johannisberg remained in the possession of the Abbey of Fulda up to the year 1802, and then passed into the hands of the Oranien Fuldas, with whom it remained until the year 1805. Then it pleased Napoleon Bonaparte to appropriate, and subsequently to bestow it upon Marshal Kellermann, Duc de Valmy, who retained it until the year 1813. When the French Duke had no further standing on the Rhine it fell to Nassau. In 1815 Austria took it, and in the year 1816 the Emperor Francis entailed it upon Prince Metternich and his heirs male.

It is related that on one occasion the conversation of the three allied monarchs turned upon Johannisberg, when the Em-

peror Alexander remarked: "I would suggest we bestow the fair estate upon our faithful Stein"—the honest Baron cried out violently: "Sire I covet it not, we have a German proverb which runs: the receiver is as bad as the thief."

The estate consists of 55 acres of magnificent vineyard, 40 acres of pasture, 450 acres of arable land, and 400 acres of forest—it is an entail of the princely house of Metternich. The deceased Prince Metternich, Austrian Chancellor of Exchequer, built the existing castle which crowns the summit of the mountain. Especially remarkable are the cellars wherein lie the immense wine-casks containing the noblest wines of Germany, and this wine ripens on the mountain around the castle, which attracts the eye of all travellers, and commands a view of the magnificent prospect before described.

## BURG VOLLRATHS

NEAR OESTRICH IN THE RHINEGAU.

The name of this castle—which is probably far older than is usually supposed—occurs with a number of orthographical variations: von Volratz, von Folrats, or Volrades, or Volrads, or Volraids; but we find it most frequently written, as at present: Vollraths. The derivation is obscure. The site of the castle is said to have belonged as allodial land, to a family at Winkel bearing the name of Vollrad, a name very often met with in the Rhinegau during the middle ages, as a baptismal name, whence its probable origin as a surname. In the year 1218 we meet in records with one Volradus de Winkela; "Miles", another in 1242 under the same name, and again one Conradus Volrades, "armiger", in 1268 and in 1298 one Henricus, "Miles", of the same line. These Volrade appear in very early days to have been connected by marriage with the noble line of Greifencla and Greifenclau, whose estates were at Winkel, and who were undoubtedly people of great importance—the Volrade would appear to have been in some way absorbed by them, and indeed about the year 1341; for we find documentary evidence with seal attached, of the Ritter Friedrich zum Volrade proving himself a Greifenclau. Beyond the first half of the 14<sup>th</sup> century the



members of this family appear in family, and other documents, under the style and title of Greifencla or Greifenclau zum Volrades. We meet with them too as “von Volrats”; but again as “zum Volraids”: “called Gryffenclau”. The very old family of “de Winkela” appears for the rest—documentary evidence is but scanty and confused—to have merged in the “von Greifenclaus” although the above given designation: “Volradus de Winkela” justifies the assumption of a connection with the “Volraden”, inasmuch as the predicate “de Winkela” can scarcely be supposed to refer to the name of the village. It is matter for wonder and surprise that the old baronial fastness so far withstood the storms of the middle-ages, as up to the present time partially to present to view its old aspect. The line of “Greiffenclau von Vollraths” belongs too to the very few remaining old families of the Rhinegau, who rich in honour and dignity, and rich in honorable and dignified men, have weathered the storms of time and circumstances and flourished within the past few years. The old castle, increased by modern additions, belongs now by inheritance to the Gräfin Matuschka.

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## THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF THE RHINEGAU, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE RHINE, BETWEEN BIEBRICH AND RÜDESHEIM.

### I. *Schierstein.*

In order to obtain a bird's eye view of one of the fairest and richest landscapes of Germany—extending from the ducal palace at Biebrich, to the grey old ruins of Rüdesheim—a more favourable spot cannot be chosen than that selected as his favourite place of abode by Charlemagne,—the Heights of Ingelheim—Charmed, entranced, the gaze rests upon the “fairest pearl of the Palatinate”—upon the Rhinegau proper. If we take in succession the lovely villages on the right bank of the river, which succeed one another like beads on a string, representing a great whole once enclosed; united and defended by the: “Verhawe”, the “Gebücker”—or great wall, formed of mighty trees, whose branches were so interwoven and interlaced as to form an im-

penetrable barrier. So intimately were the villages united that they more resembled one great city of castles and manor-houses, inhabited by wealthy proprietors, and surrounded by magnificent gardens, rich vineyards and fields—reflected in the clear mirror of the Rhine, in whose midst verdant islands lie, upon whom stately Cloisters and mighty fortresses gaze down from wooded heights, suggestive of piety and safety. Inhabited by a bold and genial race cherishing within their bosoms the conviction: "Rhinegau air doth freedom give" it is unquestionably one of the happiest and most blessed provinces of Germany. The cultivation of the grape, whose price bears rich interest, has flourished here from the earliest days, and the vine crowns every height warmed by the sun's rays. The trade with the production of the vineyards brings life and wealth to the people, and the forest-covered hills shield them from the cutting blasts of icy winds.

If we pass these villages on the river's banks before us, the questions naturally arise: what is the history of their origin—what do chronicles and historical records tell us of their story, and of their fate?

The places chosen for their settlements by various colonies require some notice, so that we will take in succession those lying between Biebrich and Rüdesheim, give of each a short sketch of its importance in present or former days—and commence with Schierstein, as being the village nearest to Biëbrich.

Schierstein resembles all other villages in the Rhinegau in one particular—its age. It began—like many others—with one, or several, farms being established, and from this small beginning gradually increased. The farm, (or farms) which, though not in our sense of the word, was up to the 11<sup>th</sup> century still an Imperial Villa, was presented by the Emperor Heinrich II. in the year 1015 to St. Michaels in Bamberg. Heinrich III. confirmed the gift in 1040. A certain Graf Ulrich—perhaps he of Kostheim,—must however have had some claim to the property of Screstein as it was called, (also Scerbistein); for we find him denying the legality of the act of presentation, on the plea that it was an unwarrantable encroachment upon his rights. This gave rise to a long suit, as Graf Ulrich was not minded to bear such interference calmly—and it came to pass, probably because the Graf sought to make good his claim by force of arms, that he was placed under the ban of the empire. In order to escape



this severe punishment he was forced to sign a deed setting forth his consent to the gift; for—"the Church surrenders no sacrifice once offered". And there were no means of escape for the Graf. Once more he resorted to arms to protect his property and was again overpowered, and, "for that he had razed Schierstein to the ground", he was condemned to pay its three-fold value in hard cash to the Cloister! That both Villa and village recovered from the destruction, is clear from the fact, that at the end of the 12<sup>th</sup> century, reference is made to a noble family calling themselves von Schierstein, upon whom the Vogtei (prefecture) of the village had been conferred. About the year 1200 we find that Schierstein was mortgaged to the Gaugraf Wolfram, a branch of the line of vom Steine near Münster, beyond Kreuznach, who now and again settled in the castle at Stromberg. It was by him conferred in feudal tenure upon the knight Bodo of Wiesbaden. Wolfram was Graf of the Rhinegau.

How the property of St. Michael's Cloister in Bamberg fell to the various branches—as the von Riesen, the von Bitze—of the divided family of vom Steine, is not clear; but most likely by purchase; for the Cloister was far off, and the probability is that the coffers of the Vogt (Prefect) profited more by the Schierstein revenues than did those of the Cloister—and that the "current" revenues found their way down the thirsty throats of the same honest stewards.

Notwithstanding all these unfavourable circumstances the village seems to have grown apace; for in 1275, besides the prefects, we find a Court (Vogteigerichte) a Centgericht (a Hundred's Court) also.

In the year 1275 the village possessed a Chapel or Church of its own; as we find reference made at this time to one: Gerhard of Schierstein, a secular priest. Philipp Marschall of Frauenstein, whose castle lay near Schierstein, and his wife Benigna, presented an allodial estate at Schierstein to the Cloister of Eberbach, and in 1315 a Beguine (Nun) doubtless related to him, named Metza von Pomerio presented the whole of her estates, manors, castles &c. to the same Cloister. The name: Pomerio occurs among the Lombards in Mainz, Bingen, and other places.

The land in Schierstein must have belonged exclusively to the nobility and to the Cloisters. The von Scharfensteins held an estate which subsequently came into possession of the Baron

von Allendorf, in whose family it remained until after the middle of the sixteenth century. The other Staffels too claimed tithes, and the Cloister of Bleidenstadt, in whom the patronage of the Church was vested, claimed tithes up to the year 1705, when they fell to Nassau. From the maze of complicated and obscure legal rights only one thing shines out clearly—namely—that the “sick man”, as the “folk” loved to call itself, fared very badly. No wonder that when the Bauers attacked the Cloister of Eberbach and displayed their manliness on the great tun, that the Schiersteiners emulated them and assisted in the campaign. In the wars, whose fury spent itself on the castles and Cloisters of the Rhinegau, Schierstein suffered considerably. And now? How grateful should the people be, when they compare their present condition with the fate to which they were delivered over in former days! Formerly Schierstein did not belong to the Rhinegau proper, which probably accounts for the sufferings to which they were exposed; for “Rhinegau air is the breath of freedom” and in those days the Schiersteiners seem to have known but little of it. The Rhinegau proper began at:

2. *Walluf*,  
or *Nieder-Walluf*, to distinguish it from *Ober-Walluf*.

The village owes its name to the brook Waldaffa which runs past it. In earlier days Walluf lay on the other side of the stream around the ruins of St. John's Church, in whose parish were both Walluf and Neudorf. The Church stood upon Lindau ground and was the parish-church; but it appears that the disputes with the Lindau family, who were the patrons of the living, induced the inhabitants of both villages to erect churches—and to desecrate the parish-church, for which in 1506 the patrons took proceedings against them. From this time forward it was almost disused, finally became a ruin, and still stands as such amidst the fields of Walluf.

The Abbey of Corneli-Münster near Inden, in the neighbourhood of Aix-la-Chapelle, which possessed large estates in the northern districts of the Rhinegau, (on the other side of the Rhine) owned lands in Walluf with a Vogtei, (Prefecture) which rendered them independent of the Gaugericht (Gau Courts of law). The estates were extensive—and were mortgaged by the Abbey to the Rhine-Graf Wolfram vom Steine, and when in



the 14<sup>th</sup> century, perhaps earlier, the Burgmänner of the castles Heimbach, Soneck and Reichenstein caused them so much loss and danger by wholesale robbery and pillage, they sold their estates to Mainz, and it appears that by Mainz they were sold or let to the family of von Wiesbaden, through whom they came into the possession of the von Lindaus. Whether Walluf was included in these estates remains doubtful. Reference is first made to Walluf in 770, in a deed of gift, conveying an estate to the Cloister of Lorsch.

In the years 835 and 840 we meet with it again—still a small village, presented by the Emperor Ludwig to the “Ministerialian” Adalbert, who added considerably to his estate. Then we find the place held by the Abbey of Fulda. The transference to Adalbert was made in the form of a feudal tenure; for when it fell to Fulda it was still Imperial property, probably lapsed feudal estate.

The Abbey of Bleidenstadt also possessed an estate in Walluf, which subsequently fell to the family of von Bickenbach and to a Baron Cuno von Falkenstein, (not to be confounded with the famous Dompropst [Dean]), the lapsed tenure was escheated by Kurmainz, in whose possession it remained until it fell to Nassau.

Notwithstanding the storms of war in which but little mercy was shewn to certain villages, Walluf, favoured by its position and blessed with energetic inhabitants, soon recovered—the cultivation of the grape acting as a powerful lever in restoring the balance of prosperity, and the freedom granted to and enjoyed by all new-comers, soon again raised the population to their former numbers, which had been diminished during the wars, and by the perpetual feuds between rival powers, feuds in which the Rheingauers invariably and faithfully espoused the cause of their Archbishop.

### 3. *Eltville.*

In whose name the ancient designation *Alta Villa* still echoes, shews by its lofty towers, its primitive Church and the extent of the village, that once upon a time it must have been a place of unusual importance.

Whether the Roman ring of the name justifies us in ascribing a Roman origin to it; whether Drusus built one of his Cas-

tells here, are questions which unless the stones themselves speak, must remain unanswered. And the stones will not speak. No traces of the Romans having had a settlement are to be found, and if in the "anonymous" letters of a Prussian officer, reference is made to a Roman stone, (whether a mile-stone or a grave-stone is not stated) it exists only in the imagination of the good man himself; for in the village no one knows anything about it!

One of the most careful investigators and one most intimately acquainted with national history, (Bodmann) derives the name from "Alter Weiler", and according to his interpretation this designation was the result of a misapprehension of the word "alta", which was confounded with "Alt", whilst "Villa" became "Weiler". He will maintain his right until contradicted by the evidence of some Roman remains, to be dug from the depths at some future day. That Drusus would have chosen a situation of greater strategic importance in which to erect a Castell there is little question. No explanation can be found of the name "Altwick", which appears to have been one purely local, we meet with it in other places; so much is certain, that in the middle-ages many German names were Latinised, more particularly in Latin deeds.

Let the derivation of the name be what it may, so much is indisputably established; Eltville is an exceedingly ancient village, though its claim to being of Roman origin must be resigned.

Far back in the dark days of the middle-ages we meet with references to the place. Unimportant as it may have been, proofs are discoverable of its existence before the days of Frankish dominion; for even then and certainly during the sojourn of Charlemagne at Ingelheim, Eltville had an "Oberhof"—(magistrates Court) whose jurisdiction extended over a wide circuit.

The Emperor Otto I. presented Eltville and the whole upper Rhinegau to the Dom at Mainz. In the first instance this change did not detract from the importance of the place. It remained in the possession of its Saal or Ding Hof, (Court of Justice) and gained importance from becoming the principal town of the Mainz Rhinegau, the favourite residence of the spiritual lords, by whom it was fortified with a castle, walls and towers. This attracted a large number of settlers, securing to them the safety of their



lives and property, and naturally increasing the trade and prosperity of the place.

In the seat of justice, the Oberhof, the legal business of a very considerable district was transacted; the erection of the church brought with it a Rhenish High Priest, and when the castle was built, and the Archbishops displayed marked preference for the place, and frequently made it their abode, the village flourished and Ludwig IV. conferred Landstadtrecht (city-privileges) upon it.

Among the privileges granted was the right to defend itself against foreign foes. The fierce and warlike Balduin von Luxembourg, who too soon fell out with the liberty loving citizens of Mainz, early recognised the worth of such a position as Eltville's in case it should be necessary to cut the inimical Mainzers off from the lower Rhinegau. By him the castle was built in 1330 and the village was strongly fortified, in order to serve the warlike Bishop as a "Trutz Mainz", (stronghold). Through his influence the Emperor Ludwig was induced in 1332 to grant the citizens the right to surround the town with a castellated wall, and to exercise the same privileges as were enjoyed by the citizens of Frankfurt.

These were gigantic strides. They were followed by the license to coin money, and by many others which encouraged the rapid development of the town; but more than anything else did the frequent and long-continued presence of the Archbishops, who when Mainz was in a disturbed state hastened hither, tend to further the prosperity. The citizens of Mainz were unquiet spirits, who very frequently shewed a bold front to their spiritual rulers, and cared not to conceal their wrath. Many a wealthy patrician who did not care to expose his own skin; but was minded nevertheless to defend his own, followed the great Lords to Eltville, and rejoiced if the consequences of an essentially selfish step, productive of personal advantages, were counted to him for attachment.

The unhappy Günther von Schwarzberg, suffering from the effects of poison administered to him, made peace in 1349 with his adversary Karl IV., very shortly before making his final peace with the whole world.

With the residence of the Archbishops and their constant care for it, Eltville rose rapidly, the plague which raged in 1519 drove the entire ecclesiastical body, and many aristocratic citi-

zens of Mainz—who even in the “golden air” feared the infection—to take refuge here, where the soft breezes of the Wisper blew, sweeping before them all impurities, and where the Archbishop with his Court were safe from the murderous outrages of the Mainzers. Many built themselves houses, glad of the opportunity to escape from the inhospitable city.

When the patrons and labourers in the sphere of the noblest of all arts—the art of printing—were compelled to interrupt their peaceful and blessed labours, and to withdraw from Mainz, they conferred additional lustre upon Eltville by removing thither. The fact that the art of printing was encouraged in, and spread abroad from Eltville, was not attributable alone to her position—which she shared with Mainz—on the great river, but to another circumstance, which not only exercised a marked influence upon the mental development, but on the material prosperity of the place too.

Miraculous pictures and relics were to be found everywhere and attracted large numbers of pilgrims, even the Rhinegau was not without them; but “a miraculous Host” was still wanting. Archbishop John II. in the year 1402, ordered the one which hitherto had been preserved at Gladbach, to be transferred to the Church at Eltville. This removal was not accomplished without great pomp and display; the sacred relic once safe in Eltville, a large and increasing number of “penitent sinners” came thither, the “processions” were occasionally so numerous that the town was unable to entertain them, and they had to seek shelter in the neighbouring villages.

Anyone acquainted with the “penitent sinners” of those days,—of whom the pilgrims of our own are but faint types, and anyone who has seen the pilgrimages to Treves, Cöln, Aachen, Kevelaar, and Waldthüren at the time of the display of the relics, will understand how great was the mass of those who went to Eltville, and will also comprehend how, not only that the Church containing the relic reaped a rich harvest, but that it was participated in by town and country, that art and trade were extended, and that new sources of profit were opened up, whose influence was felt on all sides.

It would perhaps hence appear that not necessity alone induced the patrician Heinrich Bechtermünze (written also Bechtel-münze and Bechtermunsse) to remove his business (printer) to Eltville. Although a scholar, and an apprentice of “Henchin



Gensfleichs"—called Gudenberg, he was not the sole director of the office; but was assisted in his labours by his brother Nicholas Bechtermünze, and Wigand Spiess, who were associated with him. The Bechtermünzes were relatives of the "Gudenbergs". This printing-office was established during the lifetime of the inventor, with his sanction, and probably with his cooperation; for Bechtermünze used both "Gudenbergs" tools and types. At the death of Heinrich Bechtermünze, his brother Nicholas carried on the business with the aid of Wigand Spiess. Many important works issued from their press. A descendant Hans Bechtermünze subsequently reestablished his ancestor's office. At his death, his heirs sold the tools and types of the office to the "Kogelherren" in Marienthal, who however were not successful in their attempts, and ere long gave up the business, which they sold to Friedrich Haumann of Norembergk, "the printer in the Kirschgarten of Mainz". It is doubtful whether the office flourished under his auspices; in the lapse of time, midst the storms of the period, we entirely lose sight of it.

The circumstances and events above detailed, contributed to raise Eltville to the proud position of chief town of the Rhine-gau, which proud and honourable rank she maintained for many years.

Eltville and her castle played a dark part in the Bauernkrieg (peasants-war).

Upon the "Wachholder", a meadow near the Abbey of Eberbach, the Bauern (peasants) of the Rhinegau had formed their camp and pitched their leafy tents, which were clumsily fortified, and defended by a few guns. They encamped there in large bodies for four weeks, the Cloister of Eberbach and others in the vicinity, in short wherever provisions were to be had, served as their commissariat stores. Here they laid down their 29 Articles. The aspect of affairs was threatening enough, and the Chapter of the Cathedral (Domcapitel) of Mainz, promised to redress their grievances, besides granting a Charter of privileges. The insurrectionists seemed to have it all their own way. Suddenly the tide turned. On other sides the "Bauern" were forced to submit. In Pfeddersheim they passed through a bloody bath, and the "Schwäbische Bund" seriously endangered the Rhinegauer safety.

At Walluf they made warlike preparations, but their courage was broken, and a wish for peace having been once uttered, rapidly gained ground. Sacrificing their privileges, they sur-

rendered at discretion, delivered up their ammunition and renewed their oath of allegiance to the Kurfürst (Elector).—The Charters which had been granted were withdrawn, and declared null and void, on the ground that they had been given under compulsion, and not obtained by equitable means, and the end of it was, that they quietly permitted their ringleaders to be taken prisoners, and confined in the castle at Eltville, where on the 14<sup>th</sup> of July 1525, the nine principal ones were beheaded. As a thank-offering for this “gracious punishment”, the Rhinegau was compelled to pay 15000 guildens. Many had taken flight, others were expatriated, and their estates confiscated.

And that was the end of the villainy!—That, the reward, for loyalty often exhibited; the payment for their blood shed in the Elector’s cause.—Condemned to water the grave of their own freedom—that it should become fair and green to look on!

In the year 1527 the Elector Albrecht granted them a new Constitution, the very opposite of their old one, one by which the minutest details of family life were interfered with, and the basest servitude demanded—the motto, pregnant with meaning “who breathes Rhinegau air breathes liberty”, had become an empty sound, a dead letter.

But the troubles did not end here; troubles perchance arising less from the Lords of the Land, than from the course of events.

Though their old rights were trampled in the mire, their liberty enthralled; though the heavy foot of the soldier may have desolated the land; the inexhaustible wealth of her soil, the golden stream of her wines, healed the wounds, and made the heavy heart light.

Eltville witnessed the fall of her crown, she saw her towers and her walls crumbling to ruin, and the flourishing provincial town has consoled herself, for that she is no more the Rhinegau’s chief town.

#### 4. *Erbach*

*comes next—Rhine downwards—to Eltville, with which it is joined by a row of picturesquely situated country-houses.*

It is a strange predilection, entertained by old chroniclers of local history—that desire to trace the origin of the place de-



scribed, to the remotest possible age. As a rule however, their assertions lack historical proof.

Just as efforts were made to ascribe a Roman origin to Eltville, on the ground of its being designated: "alta villa" by early historians, whilst not even an elevated lay of the village can be urged to justify the interpretation: "alta"; so attempts were made to assign a Merovingian origin to Erbach, formerly Eberbach", as no possible ground was discoverable for pronouncing it Roman.

It is said that as early as the year 954 it formed a part of the parish of Eltville, although ere long it boasted a Church of its own, as to the foundation of which no reliable information is obtainable.

In the year 1173, in a deed of conveyance transferring some forest to the Eberbach Cloister, the parish speaks of itself as "old", and makes use of its earlier appellation: Eberbach. In the year 995 Divine service was regularly celebrated in the parish church.

As in all other villages in the Rhinegau, we find a large number of conventual estates, so also in Erbach, and it would possibly be no injustice were we to ascribe this to the quality of the wine!

Steinberg and Marcobrunn, two names whose echo, clear as silver, is heard in the far distance are indivisibly united with that of Erbach. The vine was cultivated here in very early days. The astute and industrious monks of the Eberbach Cloister, devoted themselves to its improvement and increase. With their own hands they reclaimed the Steinberg, whose noble growth may be reckoned among the noblest and choicest of the Rhinegau. As owning vineyards in Erbach, we find mentioned the Cloisters of St. Victor, of St. Moritz, of "Unsrer lieben Frauen", the Propstei of Ilmstadt, the Archbishopric of Hildesheim, the Abbey of Bleidenstadt, and before all others, the Abbey of Eberbach. A knightly line of von Eberbach flourished and became extinct here. It was succeeded by that of von Allendorf, probably the heirs of that line which died out in the year 1275.

The von Allendorfs held a castle or manor in Erbach, and were buried within the walls of the parish Church. They died out in 1568.

The patronage of the Church was in the gift of the Arch-

bishop of Mainz, but he surrendered this right, with its not trifling duties, (though not without valuable rights) to the St. Peter's Church.

The Islands, or according to old German authorities, the Auen, as these Rhine Islands are called, which protect the village on the Rhine side, are the property of the Grafen von Westphalen, to whom also belongs a fine country seat in the village. Both have lately changed hands.

Above the village, and forming a part of it, lies the castle of Reinhardshausen, the charming residence of the Princess Marianne of Prussia. The cultivated artistic taste of the royal lady, has assembled within its walls a rich collection of art treasures, new and old, more especially of antique bronzes of rare beauty, sculpture of the most famous masters and a valuable numismatic collection; but beyond all these a gallery of pictures, veritable pearls of the Italian, Dutch and German schools. Pearls, of such beauty and such value are seldom found united. The royal lady throws her halls and galleries open with rare liberality to all lovers of art on certain days. As another proof of the noble-mindedness of the august Princess, we may add that she purchased a site, and built thereon an exquisite Gothic Church for the Lutheran community, together with a parsonage, schools, and masters dwellings, surrounded with gardens; and a cemetery. Both church and school are liberally endowed by the same generous hand.

### 5. *Hattenheim.*

also met with under the name: Hatherheim, is referred to in the year 954 as: Villula: "little town", forming a part of the parish of Eltville, to which it belonged up to the year 1069. The name is derived from one "Hatto", not however one of the Archbishops of Mainz, whom we frequently meet with. The Ritter (knights) of Hattenheim possessed a castle in the place, called Kapelhof, doubtless so named from the fact of its surrounding the Chapel, dedicated to St. Nicholas, whose services were provided by the Clergy of Eltville. The line became extinct in the 13<sup>th</sup> century, at the death of Sifrid von Hattenheim, who died unmarried and childless. The estates were inherited by Gisbert of Rüdesheim, and his spouse Elisabeth, doubtless a



sister, or blood relation, of this Sifrid. In the year 1292 they presented the "Kapelhof" to the Eberbach Cloister.

This Chapel ere long was transformed into the parish Church, and was served by a "Leutpriester" (parish priest), by a deacon and choristers. The noble family of Langwerthe von Simmern, who held large estates in the Rhinegau, were great benefactors of the Church, which was originally a wooden structure; the Langwerthe caused the nave of the Church to be built of stone in the year 1239. In return for this munificence, the patronage or right of presentation to the living, was given to them.

Here too, in the very birth-place of the Marcobrunn, we find noble families and Cloisters, holding vineyards. We find reference, especially in 1104, to the Marcobrunner, evidence that the pearl of the Rhinegau wines was fully appreciated. In these days "art" was not so frequently called in to assist nature, as at present, and the Guild of wine-merchants less experienced in the science of "doctoring."

Deep inland; but exquisitely situated and surrounded by charming walks, lies

### *Reichartshausen,*

now a solitary building, the property of the Grafen von Schönborn. In the years 1123—1152 it was a small village consisting of a few scattered huts. Lying as it did between two already flourishing villages, it had no future to look forward to.

Two brothers, both brethren of Eberbach's Abbey, had presented their landed property, a plot of thirty acres, to the Cloister upon taking monastic vows. They belonged to the village of Reichartshausen, within whose boundaries lay the little estate.

The property was too small to build upon. The cunning monks, who displayed extraordinary "annexing" capacity, did not lose sight of the spot; for the situation of Reichartshausen was an eligible position for the establishment of a warehouse and docks, for the wine and grain destined for the Lower Rhine, where, in Bacharach, the chief wine-trade was carried on, and for Cöln, where they possessed a house and, thanks to the Arch, bishop and town-council, a port on the river.

In order to attain their end they bought an estate in Winkel or--which was much more to their taste, exchanged other land

for it. One Ritter Dudo, a Ministeriale of Mainz, held an estate of a Hube (30 acres) in extent, on feudal-tenure from Mainz, in Reichartshausen.

The Abbot Ruthard was distinguished for his remarkable powers as a diplomatist. Well calculating how mighty is the influence of material advantage in the scales of selfishness, he took the matter in hand, and having first procured the assent of the Mainz lords, proposed to Ritter Dudo an exchange of estates; the Winkel property being of greater extent than the estate at Reichartshausen, the exchange was successfully negotiated. The Cloister possessed an estate of 60 acres, with the prospect of increasing it little by little.

By the year 1162 the Brethren of Eberbach had erected a handsome building; whose cellars hid a considerable number of casks of the noblest Steinbergers, Gräfenbergers and Marco-brunners; whose barns and warehouses might be useful to the Cloister.

All they built was substantial, and all they did, they did well. All happened as the careful economists and cunning merchants of the cowl had foreseen. The village disappeared, and by degrees the Abbey, either by exchange or purchase, obtained the whole of the land, and the fair place prospered by careful management, and by having become the landing and store place, for the products of the more distant Transrhenish and other estates, and the unincumbered mart for the sale of their wine.

The property of the Cloister, surrounding the Reichartshäuser farm, was immensely extended by an exchange made with the Schultheiss (Magistrate) Sibold of Winkel, from whom was obtained the fertile Aue, or Island, opposite Hattenheim, and by the purchase of an estate from the Edelknecht (Squire) Markolf von Nesen. By the year 1388 the Cloister owned a magnificent estate lying in a ring-fence, whose value had been doubled by the speculative spirit of the Brethren, a value which the careful and experienced management bestowed upon it continually increased. Up to the time of dissolution the Cloister owned the estate, and not until then did it pass into other hands.

Graf Schönborn had made a collection of works of art, especially of paintings and sculpture, by the best modern masters, as valuable as it was magnificent, which from time to time was thrown open to the public. A learned doctor of Mainz made alas a most indiscreet use of the generosity of the Graf, who



enraged at such ingratitude, thenceforth closed the collection to the public.

This valuable and rich collection has lately been brought to the hammer, scattered like so many other treasures of art formerly found in Rhenish homes. It was purchased by English agents for about the sum of 180,000*L*.

### 7. *Oestrich.*

Old Winkel stretched itself out to a length not attained by any other Rhenish settlement, Langen, (long) Winkel the "folk" named it. Formerly Oestrich and Mittelheim were included in its ecclesiastical, spiritual and municipal boundaries. We should be much mistaken if we supposed that these far extending rows of houses formerly stood so close to each other, later, whether better(?) times, rendered this necessary.

Neither the population nor the number of houses rendered such a protection desirable. Each hut (we are not justified in using the word house in its present acceptation) lay in the midst of its own plot of land, and so the village stretched itself out—Rhine upwards—to an immense length, whose breadth by no means corresponded to it—the rights of the vine must not be encroached upon.

The primitive Church was situated in that part of the village now belonging to Oestrich. It is said that Archbishop Willigis von Mainz gave the patronage to the St. Peter's Cloister.

The period at which the village was divided into three is not easy to determine, as no documentary evidence is discoverable; there is however little doubt that it took place at the close of the 12<sup>th</sup> century, without however, the traditional bond of union being at once severed—a proceeding whose necessity did not appear expedient.

The old parish Church of Oestrich, which as before stated, was common to the three villages under the name of Winkel, is the oldest in the Gau, the Mother-Church, from whom all the daughters are descended, was probably, (like many others on Transrhenish shores, on the Feldberg near Sponheim) simply a baptismal Chapel subsequently included in the larger Church. In order to be a parish Church it was not essential that it should be of great size; though in early days Oestrich must have pos-

sessed a large Church; for the two "Archpriests" of the Rhinegau regarded it as a „provincial Cathedral."

Of the three, once independent, villages Oestrich became the most important; from being nearest to the "Lützelaue" the "Haupt-Malstätte" (place of assembly, also of execution) which bore too the name "of Grafenaue", the Gaugraf holding his courts here. As the name implies it was of inconsiderable extent, and does not appear to have been founded on a rock. The blocking of ice and an inundation, so completely swept away all trace of the historically famous little island, that it is impossible to determine its situation. It lay however very near the shore. After the destruction of this scene of these ancient „folks-councils", they were held between Oestrich, and the village of Klingelmünde—which now no longer exists—within the Oestrich boundaries. This too was the scene of the ceremonies attending the doing of homage to the newly-elected Archbishops of Mainz, who surrounded with all the pomp and paraphernalia of high office, and in all the glory of spiritual and temporal Princes, came hither to receive it. After homage done, the Archbishop proceeded under the free canopy of God's heaven, to confirm the rights and privileges of the people.

"Prelate and Knight and peasant all  
Surround their Lord like an iron wall."

In the 17<sup>th</sup> century sittings of the Diet were still held here, when the weal or woe of the land required, when differences were to be adjusted, and the militia had to be called out for the defence of Mainz, or of the Gau itself.

That such privileges were of vast importance to the village is manifest, and that its being the seat of the rural deanery (Ruralcapitel) of the Rhenish province, throughout the eventful years of the middle ages, necessarily contributed not a little to render its condition flourishing.

A brilliant future seemed to be in prospect—perhaps even Eltville's fame might be eclipsed; but it is a strange anomaly, that the day and the evening frequently betray the bright promise of the early morn. Rüdesheim, Eltville and Lorch rose, and Oestrich's scale fell, never again to attain the fair height presaged for her.

About the beginning of the 11<sup>th</sup> century the place was called Hostrich, in documents by which a small estate was conveyed



to the St. Alban's Cloister in Mainz, and even in 1123, when Meingoz the son of Embricho, Chamberlain of Mainz, presented the whole of his estates "in Hostriche and Richartushusen to the Cloister of Altenmünster in Mainz", on his joining the Crusaders—these estates presently came, by purchase, into the hands of the brethren of Eberbach. Other Cloisters and Monasteries too held estates here, and even Frankfurt patrician families (as for instance the noble line of von Jungen), built themselves a castle on their own ground, with Chapel attached, both of which finally fell to the Chapter of Mainz.

More than any other place in the Rhinegau, none of which could boast of gentle or considerate treatment, did Oestrich suffer in the devastating wars fought on the blooming meadows of the Rhinegau under Karl IV.; during the murderous and predatory march of the Markgraf Albrecht of Brandenburg; in the Thirty Years War, from the Swedes, who mercilessly converted it into a heap of ruins and ashes. And though cultivation soon restored the land to its former condition, the peasants' war again saw it devastated, and in 1688 a fiery brand thrown by the French, again did work of destruction. The blessing conferred by the vine worked its spell and was the source of a new birth, of renewed prosperity—and the blessings of a long peace have made themselves felt in the village, which has of late considerably increased—that it was once united with and long formed a part of:

### 8. *Mittelheim*

a hasty glance is sufficient to shew. It was hardly possible that it should be otherwise, even when politically separated (up to the end of the 12<sup>th</sup> century) Mittelheim and Oestrich were included when "Winkel" was referred to. An official separation is invariably much easier to accomplish than a conventional one, when custom has for ages past made its might felt. Even the "Feldmark" (boundary stones) up to the year 1386, were not definitely set.

Though the boundaries between Mittelheim and Oestrich were determined this year, the legal band uniting them was not severed, and even existed, in the year 1396.

Many explanations of the name have been attempted. The historian Pater Bär, traces the names Oestrich and Mittelheim

to their connection with Winkel i. e. "Ost (East), Mittel (Middle) and Nieder (Lower) Winkel", without however furnishing any proof beyond his own—astuteness. Others derive the name from the old word: "Metil"—signifying like "Lützel", (unimportant) averring that it is the smallest of the three villages.

Bodmann thinks that we may trace the origin of the name to the custom of calling villages after any brook or stream running near them; the little river that falls into the Rhine at Mittelheim was called "Mittilatza", ("middle water"—between the Elzbach by Oestrich, and the nameless Winkle brook) which is at any rate, a probable derivation, and one in harmony with primitive custom.

Archbishop Adolph completed the formal separation of Oestrich and Mittelheim on All Saints Day, 1386. in the castle at Eltville.

Here too, as in all other places in the Rhinegau, the various Monasteries and Convents held estates. Among them mention is made of St. John the Baptist's, and the Chapter of Ravengiersburg, near Simmern, who exchanged estates with some of the Rhinegrafs, receiving for them estates at Boppard. This exchange was made under the Propste (Dean) Stephan, and the Rhinegraf Sifrid. Qualitatively the Dean's bargain was a bad one; but the difference was probably adjusted in current coin of the realm.

In the days of trouble and war Mittelheim fared no better than the sister village of Oestrich, and the same power which raised her from her ashes, contributed to reinstate Mittellheim in her prosperity.

### 9. *Winkel.*

Although the name Winkel is essentially German—signifying in Low-German—a shop—some learned historians of ancient and modern days describe it as Roman, stating that the village was originally called "Vinicella", (wine-cellar, wine-vault). Neither the situation nor the condition of the long stretching village, justifies the name, according to the ordinary acceptation of the word.

"Stones speak not here", tho "Bacchus loveth the heights" whereby not much—perhaps nothing at all, is proved!

Local names, and names of certain meadow districts, echo:



“Heiden” (heathen) but whether this refers to the Romans is an open question. I have no desire to rob the place of the honour,—if honour it be—but where all evidence is wanting, and only theories and names speak decisively, the case must remain doubtful.

True it is that the burning hate of the Teutonic tribes, induced them to exercise a barbarous spirit of destruction, in razing to the ground and demolishing defensive works—this however only above the surface, and then not so effectually as to prevent their being found; but no trace, no stone either in the earth, or above it, is discoverable—so that we must perforce leave it to individual judgment to decide, whether Winkel is of Roman origin or not.

The learned and esteemed Archbishop Hrabanus Maurus *is said* to have reestablished the Roman wine-vaults in the ninth century. If only that: “*is said*” could be dispensed with! That the distinguished prelate frequently resided here, and built a Chapel near his house is indubitably true; that he built himself a wine-cellar is equally so; but that he established *vaults*—depôts for wine—as he is said to have done, is too rash an assertion,—Hrabanus was verily no wine-merchant! His residence doubtless increased the prosperity, encouraged the growth of the village, and exercised a beneficial influence on the inhabitants; but why go back 800 years to join one end of a fable’s thread, to a more than doubtful narrative, for which every proof is wanting—and this simply; to establish a Roman origin for an imaginary name?

Winkel is proud, and justly so, that the most famous of the Archbishops of Mainz long resided, and is said to have wrought miracles there. The earth from the foundation of one building, effectually banished rats and mice if strewed in their haunts. With reference to this wonder-working power, and the tradition of the Mouse-tower at Bingen, Bodmann observes: “Hatto certainly made a mistake in omitting to take a quantity of the earth with him to the Mouse-Tower!”

Life in Winkel must in those days have been animated and gay; for many noble families lived there, in their castles and “Freihöfen” (Manor-houses).

We find a branch of one of the oldest of the Rhinegraf families, describing themselves after their estate, as de Winkela; and among others we meet with a baronial house

from whom the von Greifenclaus were descended, bearing the name of de Winkela, a line highly honored in the Rhinegau, and subsequently proprietors of the Castle of Vollraths.

Willigis, whom we may justly call "the pious founder" of Churches, built a parish church here in the 11<sup>th</sup> century—vesting the patronage in St. Victor's Cloister, whence large contributions had been received. The aforementioned famous Archbishop Hraban was buried in the Chapel; to which reference has been already made, in the year 856—mourned by the faithful, and especially, by the poor, whose constant and unfailing benefactor he had been.

The Abbey of Bleidenstadt—thanks to archiepiscopal patronage—possessed large vineyards within the village boundaries, so early as the ninth century; in 1078 she increased them, and Hemma, a sister of the Rhinegraf Ludwig, presented the Abbey with a farm at Winkel. These gifts were followed in the course of years, by numerous and considerable presentations to other Cloisters and monastic establishments—made by Archbishops, princes and nobles. All these endowments plainly shew the anxiety of dynasties and nobles, to secure a draught of pure and unadulterated wine.

As far as Winkel is concerned, all that we have said of the horrors of destruction undergone, of sufferings and miseries brought about by desolating wars, will hold good when speaking of Oestrich, Mittelheim and other Rhinegau towns.

#### 10. *Geisenheim.*

In the midst of the Rhenish Paradise lies Geisenheim, Gisenheim, Gysinheim or whatever it may have been called of old.—The researches and investigations instituted with regard to the etymology and derivation of the name, are crowned with better success than in many other cases. On the Rhine we very frequently meet with the word: "Giesén", almost invariably with the same signification, namely, "rapid stream". The University of Giessen is called after three brooks which run past it; the Quay at Laufenburg above the Falls of the Rhine, is called from the strong current there: Giesen; the little Hagenau—lying in the middle of the stream—is called Giesenheim, or Geisenheim, and opposite our Rhinegau Geisenheim lie two small islands—one of which is known as "the larger" the other as "the smaller"



“Giese”—probably from the simple fact of the current here being much stronger than elsewhere.

Pater Bär, a faithful and diligent investigator who also loved the Rhinegau, found documents relating to Geisenheim dating from the 12<sup>th</sup> century, and concluded reasonably enough, that the age of the place was not greater.

However this may be, it is clear that he was unacquainted with documents in which reference is made to Geisenheim in the year 783, when Graf Manto and his brother Megingoz, both belonging to the “ostlichen Grabfelde”, presented the Abbey of Fulda with certain estates here. A like presentation was made by a Gräfin Cunihilde in the year 874—whilst the “Gebierter” (lord of the Manor) was named Christian, “Graf des Grabfeldes”, “Herr von Geisenheim”. In the years 846, 1019, and 1126 the Abbey of Bleidenstadt received endowments from Archbishop Otgar, Graf Drutwin of Nassau, and from the Rhinegräfin Ludgarde; indeed, in 954 Archbishop Hildesheim bought a farm, as a matter of course with vineyards, to supply his Chapter with choice wines.

The town had the privilege of levying a due on Rhine ships—and, indeed a “pepper-due”. In the early days of Rhine commerce the pepper from Holland formed a very important and much sought item of trade. The Rhinegrafen were the feudal proprietors of the privilege.

That Geisenheim was an important place in the Middle Ages, is shewn by its having a Centgericht, (Law-court) and seven Judges.

In these warlike and disturbed days the steady progress of the place demanded stringent measures to insure its safety and defence. From Archbishop Gerlach the Geisenheimers obtained the privilege of fortifying their town with walls, towers and moats, to protect them from the predatory incursions of noble robbers, arising frequently from the necessities or caprices of knights; or in case of common feuds, in which the peaceful citizens had as the saying goes, invariably “to pay the piper”. These defensive measures gave the place a considerable advantage over the “flat land”, and at the same time proves, that the citizens must have had very large funds at their disposal, to enable them to undertake works of such extent and magnitude; and that there was no lack of enterprise inducing them to undertake the defence of their walls and towers personally. It formed no part of the Archbishop’s plans to endow Geisenheim with muni-







*Wasserfall, Schloß, Wasserfall, Wasserfall*



cipal privileges. In giving his consent to the erection of the walls, he made it a condition that they should be built under the supervision of his Vice Dominus—the Schultheiss (Prefect) of Eltville. In the civil wars which subsequently ravaged the Rhinegau, these same walls did good service, although they could not withstand the whole fierceness of party rancour.

About the year 1146 a Church already existed in the place; that the parish was important is shewn by the fact that it was served by a priest, a deacon and four acolytes. It is uncertain when and by whom it was built; that the Archbishop must have been concerned in it is evident, as he transferred the patronage and the tithes to the Chapter, about the above-named year.

A noble line of knights flourished in the place, and two spinsters of the family especially distinguished themselves by founding an institution in Mainz—a bright speck in the gloom of those dark ages. They appear to have been the last representatives of their line, whose last male representative died in 1391. The institution was one for the reception of females, who were fearfully neglected in those days of brutal lawlessness.

In a house, purchased by their paternal ancestor, in the “Gräfengasse” in Mainz, they founded a school for women—a *secular* school as opposed, but not in opposition, to the existing *conventual* institutions. For many years after their death its flourishing condition was maintained, and the institution is often referred to in documents relating to Mainz. Not until later days was it alienated from the philanthropic purpose of its benevolent founders—alienated without object, without reason.

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## BINGEN AND RÜDESHEIM.

THE ROCHUSCAPELLE, KLOPP, RUPERTSBERG, THE  
MÄUSETHURM AND EHRENFELS WITH THEIR  
LEGENDARY LORE.

Whichever route one may select, whether Rhine upwards or Rhine downwards, on approaching Bingen a picture of extraordinary beauty greets the eye,—one of the fairest on this fair river. The past and the present; History and Tradition unite in one bond enslaving the Soul. Give heed to the tales to be told.



Let us begin our story with the Rochus Capelle, which, high up on a bare height, is a warning signal to every thoughtful mind. Once in the year; on the Feast of St. Rochus, just when the first grape ripens to decorate the altar of the Saint, who is looked up to by the "folk" as the patron of the vine, the gloomy height presents another spectacle. A city of tents arises, offering plentiful supplies of refreshment for the inner man. Some days previously speculative spirits commence their labours; to prepare for, and arrange whatever can minister to the needs and requirements of the weary pilgrim. At length the dawn of the Feast-day breaks. The musical chimes of Bingen's bells, and of the bells of all the villages around, echoing over the faultless sounding-board afforded by the broad surface of the river, are borne up the steep heights with a wondrously touching and soothing effect, edifying and elevating the souls of those, waiting to gaze at and greet the long processions of pilgrims, who, bearing waving banners and lofty ensigns; accompanied by solemn music, and singing loud songs of praise, approach the Chapel whose doors are open to receive them.

The cloud of fog usually resting on the river at this early hour soon rolls away, and such a panorama is unfolded to the eye as can scarcely be seen elsewhere.

Immediately before us lies the fertile Rhinegau, whose long chain of villages seems to unite into one city; with a background of prolific vineyards and wood-crowned heights. Solitary castles, forts, palaces, and country-seats crop up amidst verdant and emerald foliage. Proudly rises the princely Johannisberg, crowned with its wreath of vine leaves, occupying the site on which the Rhinegraf Richolf, after his long exile, built the Cloister to expiate his sin, and to quiet his conscience after the massacre of the Jews in Mainz; built the Cloister in which he became the first penitent. At the foot of the mountain he built a Convent in which his own wife took the vows. The situation of the latter is hardly distinguishable, whilst the Cloister above with its venerable Church, has bidden defiance to all chances and changes, and in the course of time has very often changed both masters and appearances. After existing for a considerable period as an Abbey under the "Fürstbitten" of Fulda, it became the property of one of those Marshalls of France, Marshall Kellermann, whom Napoleon Bonaparte elevated from the ranks, and when Blücher occupied the Rhine country it was presented by

the three allied Monarchs to Prince Metternich, by whom the present stately castle was built. In the magnificent cellars of the castle lies what may well be called *a spiritual treasure*, whose value and quality can be compared to that lying in the vaults of the Biebrich Palace; more especially we must name the so-called "Cabinet" in which are bedded the "Bride and Bridegroom", the very pearls of the best vintages of Nassau. Amongst them are such as are stored in the cellars of Eberbach, wherein sparkle three stars of first magnitude: Marco-brunn, Gräfenberg, and Steinberg. Lower down on the hills the eye is caught by the Abbey of Eberbach, whose wealth in bygone times was proverbial. If after stormy days the Order of Monks no longer housed within its walls, the buildings remained, and—as beforesaid—are now used as a Lunatic Asylum and House of Correction.

Behind Winkel which became famous in the sixth century' because "Hunnic" wine was grown there, (the *white* wines were known formerly under the name of Hunnic wines, whilst *red* wines were known as "French"), we catch sight of Mittelheim, and prominently out stands Vollraths castle. The primitive appearance and condition of the castle has been tolerably well preserved; the feuds and fury of war which ravaged and desolated many parts of the Rhinegau, seem to have left it unscathed, or the breaches made in her walls have been speedily and carefully repaired by its proprietors.—

Notwithstanding its prosperous look and comparatively modern aspect, the eye would pass hastily over the fair village of Geisenheim, were it not arrested by the towers of a venerable Church, rising high above the roofs of the houses, pointing to a far past rich in stirring events. To what period we are indebted for this old and beautiful Church is not clear; but its style carries us into remote days. Geisenheim is referred to in documents of the eighth century, when she vied with Rüdesheim in the cultivation of the vine, whose product merited the reputation it enjoyed then, (as now) among those who esteemed "a choice bottle".

Allowing the eye to sweep over the wood-crowned summits of the hills, it will be arrested by a Temple high up on the brow of the mountains. This is on the oft sung "Niederwald", whither so many wander, where so many rest, to gaze at and admire a most glorious view, one however, which for extent



and richness, cannot be compared with that from the Rochus-capelle. *The Niederwald* with its shady avenues of trees, its views and its resting-places—among which the *Schlösschen* and the *Rossel* deserve notice—because from the former a peep may be had of the Felsenthal, stretching from Bacharach to Lorch, and from the latter an extensive view of the Nahethal. The *Rossel*, which formerly belonged to the Grafen von Bassenheim, is now State property.

If we allow the eye to rest upon the dark rocky valley which bounds the horizon, and appears to turn the Rhine into an inland sea, we shall remark Burg Ehrenfels, and in the middle of the river, the Mäusethurm. We shall return to both of these presently, and now discuss the long, narrow row of houses of which, with a ruined monastic institution, the village of Eibingen consists. To this Cloister the place owes its origin. Why should not men in the troublous days of the middle ages rather seek protection under the peaceful walls of a Cloister, than within the walls of some predatory baron's castle? Surely "the peace of God" was a guarantee of safety, beyond the protection afforded by the stone walls of a knightly abode!

Eibingen was a Nunnery. Within its cells the daughters of baronial and knightly families found refuge, when want and necessity, when pious yearnings or weariness of soul bade them say, Adieu, to the vain turmoil of the world. In 1632 when the fiery brand of the barbarous Swedes had done its fell work in the Nunnery of Rupertsberg, its inmates fled from the desecrated halls of the blessed Hildegard, and took refuge in Eibingen. Hither was brought the ring of the Virgin which bore the strange inscription: "I suffer joyfully". To these holy halls were brought too several manuscripts of the pious prophetess—saved by the nuns—, which are alas all lost, save the one in the Landes-Bibliothek (State Library) at Wiesbaden. It has been asserted repeatedly that the blessed Hildegard herself, added to the buildings of the Convent of Eibingen. The assertion is however utterly unfounded.

Simultaneously with the foundation of Rupertsberg by Hildegard, a noble lady of Rüdesheim named Marca, laid the foundation stone of the Convent of Eibingen. Not impossibly the vicinity of Rupertsberg, a like institution, with like conventual rules, and the constant communication kept up between them, gave rise to the inaccurate statements. Rupertsberg was burned to





Kamisch 202

St. Michael's Church, Hamburg

*Hambach und Eiberg.*





the ground by the Swedes. The walls of Eibingen were spared by the consuming element; but the nuns' forgetfulness of their vows, and their desire to return to the world and its joys, emptied its cells and exhausted its sources of revenue; the change of dynasties in the Thirty Years War completed the destruction. The walls alone remained.

Whither could the eye turn with greater satisfaction than to the fair Rüdesheim with her castles, which lie at the foot of the vine clad hills? The glance is first attracted by the strange building, an unsolved riddle, standing at the northern limit of the town, its plan is strangely at variance with, in fact totally different from that, upon which most middle age castles are built. No record exists to shew when it was built, no chronicle to tell of its founder, and thereby a wide field for speculation is thrown open.

It has been declared that the Romans were the founders. Rando's German hordes, by whom Mainz was ravaged, are said to have destroyed this "Castle", as they did the one at Kreuznach; but Charlemagne caused it to be rebuilt when he was living at Ingelheim, and cogitating over his great scheme for introducing the vine culture. Haply it was so, one thing is certain, that a Bailiff of Charlemagne's inhabited the Castle, which was simply an Imperial farm, and that henceforth the fame of Rüdesheim's wine went far and near.

After the Rhinegau had been transferred to the Archbishops of Mainz, the Castle became the residence and property of the family of "*von Rüdesheim*"—had they purchased it? who shall know; all documentary evidence is wanting. Be this as it may the family became important as a "Gauerben" house. Knights of the line fought with the Sponheimer Grafen in 1279 at Sprendlingen, against their sovereign lord, the Archbishop of Mainz, and exile was the punishment of their misdeeds. The more probable solution of the difficulty is the supposition, that the knights of von Rudesheim, held the castle in fief; for the Archbishop established his claim to it. Not until the Emperor Rudolf had effected a reconciliation between Kurmainz (Electoral Mainz) and Sponheim, at Aschaffenburg, in the year 1281, was the family reinstated in their fief by the Archbishop. The fief subsequently fell by inheritance to a branch of the family; the Brömser of Rüdesheim—hence the name: "Bromserburg". In modern days the noble family, the present proprietors of the Castle, have so far



restored the ruin as to make it inhabitable. The "Bromser" generally occupied their Castle at Pressberg in the Wisperthal near Lorch; united themselves by marriage ties with the family of von Rüdesheim, and thus became their heirs. The line was extinct in 1668. They held the office of Lord High Steward to the Archbishops of Mainz. Prior to their inheriting the feudal tenure, and before the castle was named after them, it was known as the "Niederburg" from the lowness of its situation. Albrecht of Brandenburg reduced its walls to the condition in which they now are externally. Upon the ruin, the Countess of Ingelheim caused roses and other flowering shrubs to be planted, remembering the words of the poet: "And new shall arise from the old".

Nearer to the mountains the towers of the "Boosenburg" soar proudly up, of great antiquity too, though not so ancient as either the Niederburg or the Brömserburg, and owing its foundation to the powerful and wealthy family of von Rüdesheim. Probably at the death of the last male representative of the house it was divided into two lines—the "Brömser von Rüdesheim", and the "Füchse von Rüdesheim". The former line retained the upper Castle, subsequently called Boosenburg; because when the "Füchses" became extinct in the year 1474, Johann Boos von Waldeck got the Castle as part of the dowry of one of the daughters, and strangely enough as a fief from the Grafen von Zweibrücken, who held it in mortgage. It remained in possession of the line of Boose.

Another very old building in the place is the Saalhof, whose name declares it to have been a Carlovingian palace, or Imperial residence. Sorely had Rüdesheim to suffer in those and in later days; thanks to her vine-culture she rapidly raised herself to former prosperity, and now, midst the toil and turmoil of the world; steamboats and railways have made her a flourishing and prosperous town.

After taking a farewell glance at the glorious panorama of the Rhinegau—justly called: "the fairest and choicest pearl in the electoral hat of Mainz", let us return to our seat under the shade of the "Rochuscapelle", and look southwards; (the towers of "the golden Mainz" are hidden by the hills—the eye is attracted by the vineyards upon the Ingelheim heights, whose vines were first planted under the supervision of the Emperor Charlemagne. Here stood his palace, the one, (except that at

Aachen) he loved best of all—before his windows the Rhinegau, where his bailiff conducted and encouraged the culture of the vine, and checked the growth and planting of forests. Some remains of the walls of his palace still stand, and one alabaster column—said to have been brought from Ravenna—served for travellers to chip bits off, which they carried away as relics—chipped bits off, until none remains to chip. It is to be lamented that no plan can be devised for the correction of “*the educated*”,—with naughty boys short work can be made!

Sweeping westwards over a fruitful and well wooded tract of country, the eye reaches the “Hochwald”, whose lofty summit is crowned by the Wildenburg, and were the view not jealously cut off by the Lemberg, might even penetrate to the valley of the Nah. Towards the west the view is bounded by wooded heights, and towards the north by a range of rocks overgrown with trees, still called by the Celtic name: Soon, whose southern extremity is guarded by Burg Sonneck on the Rhine.

Let us once again return to our starting point.

The veil of mist has been vanquished by the rays of the August sun. In a glow of molten gold roll the Rhine's waves, and midst her fiery flood rest the fertile river islands. Here and there we see gaily decorated boats, filled with pilgrims hastening to the Rochuscapelle. The breeze bears the sound of their song to our ears. They are sounds filled with holy melody. In Kempten the pilgrims land and form in double file, priests in full canonicals walk in advance under a canopy, the faithful believers following, some bearing the consecrated banners. Nearer and nearer comes the pious song—soon the whole summit of the hill is covered by a crowd of devout worshippers.

Now, the sound of bells warns us that the great procession has left Bingen—is leaving the beautiful Church on the river's banks. From afar is heard the echo of their psalms of praise and thanksgiving. It is the chief and most numerous attended procession.

Long time elapses before the steep side of the hill is climbed. Now they approach, preceded by rich and costly banners. Their arrival is announced by music and firing. The gates of the Chapel open and the stranger priests enter, followed by all who can gain admittance, many are unable to do so, and kneel



round the Chapel, until after the celebration of mass, and until the commencement of the sermon.

The sun has reached his midday height. Scorchingly his beams pour down. Now that the soul has received a share of spiritual food, the body imperatively demands material nourishment—and its wants are richly supplied. The tents fill until their unsubstantial walls are nigh destruction; in vain, they cannot contain the mass of people. Many return to Kempten and fill the houses of entertainment there; others camp out beneath the shade of the Chapel and of the tents, and anxiously inspect the wallets'; contents consisting of bread, meat, cakes, butter, cheese, or whatsoever the thrifty mother has packed in them. On camp-fires enterprising cooks broil chops and steaks, fruit-women display their enticing stores—in good years even grapes—and now what follows—often far into the starry or moonlit night—the worldly part of the feast is kept up—and many are there who will hardly be able to tell how they reached their homes—many who in a series of strangely uncertain wanderings arrive at the foot of the hill, haply not without having impressed divers kisses on mother earth. This however, can only be attributed to the proximity of the Scharlachberg, with whom the Rochusberg must of necessity keep on neighbourly terms.

Göthe the famous "Weltkind in der Mitte", presented a very good Altar picture to the Chapel which yet adorns it. The Chapel was built in the year 1666, to commemorate the cessation of the plague, which had ravaged the town fearfully—and the feast is celebrated at the season when the pestilence ceased to rage.

If we take a downward path towards Bingen, we have on our right a woody strip of land reaching up to the Chapel; it is the property of a private individual who has surrounded it with a middle age wall, relieved here and there by towers. Where the estate is bounded, he has built a tower containing a room, from which magnificent views of the Rhine, the Rhinegau, Rüdesheim, Ehrenfels, the Mäusethurm, and part of Bingen may be had. Below stands a handsome dwelling-house surrounded by a fine garden.

Among other objects of attraction here, we may name the pretty Lutheran Church built by the Gustav-Adolph-Verein. Past the town runs the line of the Rhenish Railway Co.: whose lines unite the right and left banks of the Nah by a stately

bridge. For the Bingen traffic the Station is not favourably situated—and (should we be blessed with peace) there exists a project for filling up the arm of the Rhine—here very shallow—from the left point of the mouth of the Nah up to the rocky island, upon which stands the Maus tower—throwing the whole mass of water into the Binger Loch, and thus reclaiming a large tract of land—the so-called “Binger-Grün”, may in course of time become a new Bingen.

Bingen is a very primitive town—the Romans called their colony Bingium. Whether this Bingium lay upon the right or upon the left bank of the Nah, has always been a moot point with antiquarians; and given rise to many speculations—among others even to the hypothesis, that the course of the Nah was another in the Roman days, and that the river flowed into the Rhine at Kempten—at the foot of the Rochusberg.

The extraordinary number of Roman antiquities found, when the foundations of the former custom house were dug upon the heights of Rupertsberg, and when the railway works were in progress, go to prove that Bingium of the Romans lay upon the left bank of the river. When it was founded is uncertain. If it could be shewn that Burg Klopp was a Roman watch-tower, the last doubt would vanish, inasmuch as both banks of the Nah would then be protected by fortifications, and the river would not have the trouble to run up-hill, in order to fall into the Rhine at Kempten.—!

The situation of Bingen is glorious. Lying between two waters, backed by Scharlachberg, whose wine is among the most famous vintages, the houses are built on the slope of the hill. Seen from the Rhine it has a charming appearance, with something of a southern air.

If the ancient Bingium did lie upon the left bank of the Nah, perhaps the ravages of the barbarous Normannen in the 8<sup>th</sup> century, led the survivors to the conclusion, that for Bingen's future traffic the situation upon the promontory formed by the mouth of the Nah would be incomparably more favourable. Great fortunes, especially misfortunes, frequently open the eyes to facts; for only unwillingly, rarely voluntarily, do men consent to the removal of their abodes.

That Drusus was the founder of the ancient Bingen is the less to be questioned, as his name is commemorated by the Drusus Bridge; the Drusus Gate; the Drusus Well, in the mouth of



the people, and seldom does such "folk-love" exist without some foundation—in this instance more especially, when one recalls the fearful storms through which Bingen has passed.

Under the Franconia kings, Bingen was a place of importance. It is a question whether it had then already attained to the size of a town, and was surrounded by walls—including Klopp—which was built upon Roman foundations. Positive evidence is entirely wanting to support such theories.

Bingen belonged to the Lower Rhinegau province, and by deed of gift of the Emperor Otto, to the See of Mainz, whose archiepiscopal chair was then occupied by the pious and lowly-minded Willigis, son, according to tradition, of a wheelwright—by whom the wheel found in the Mainz arms with the motto: "Willigis, nit vergiss, daz din Vater ein Wagner is", is said to have been introduced into the shield. It was his care to build Churches everywhere, and during his archiepiscopate the fair Church of St. Martin on the Nah arose. As the Church escaped destruction during the Orleans campaign, it is probable that it still retains its original appearance. In later days Bartholomäus Holzhäusser was attached to it—he who pronounced in the ear of the exiled Stuart the strange prophetic warning, afterwards literally fulfilled. Here he lived, venerated and respected throughout a wide circuit of country.

From the battle fought in the year 70 under the rule of the Emperor Vespasian, when the enraged Trevirer smote the legions of Cerealis, up to the time when the revolutionary army crossed the French frontiers, Bingen has passed through hard times.

To refer to special events; the siege laid to the the town by Albrecht of Austria was one of the most momentous, as it is commemorated in the traditions of the people. The Rhine Chronicler Ottocar von Horneck, sings it in these words:

„Zehn Wochen und pas (mehr)  
der Kunig vor Pinge (Bingèn) sass  
mit einem achtparen Her (Heer),  
des er mit reichen Zehr (Zehrung)  
phlage hart schon.  
Der Reyn und die Non (Nahe)  
trugen in (ihm) spät und fru  
soviel Chost (Lebensmittel) zu,  
daz in maniger Stund  
nicht erfahren chund (konnte)  
ain Her mit so vollem Rat,  
als der Chunig (König) vor Pingen hat.”

During this siege Bingen was attacked from two sides, suffering terribly. In Albrecht's camp too, impatience and discontent were rife, by reason of the long delayed storming, and it became necessary to proceed to the final attack. In Albert's camp, "die Buben" (boys), as the hireling foot-soldiers who fought for plunder and booty of war were called, were the disturbing element. Bingen's rich merchants, and its own wealth, gave promise of abundant spoils. So the final attack was determined upon, and every device adopted to surprise the besieged; these efforts were so successful, that nothing was farther from the thoughts of the doomed defenders, than the expectation of an attack. In the depth of the night—as by magic—the storm opened, and was so successfully conducted, that after a short resistance the city capitulated. All that is included in the word: sacking; brutality, debauchery, horrors of every description—was perpetrated in the unhappy town, in whose streets streams of blood flowed, whose buildings, after the celebration of the grossest orgies, were given over a prey to fire, which no hand attempted to extinguish, and which only died out when no food was left to sustain it. Albrecht had taken the town; it was nought but a heap of ruins, strewn with countless corpses, and associated with the remembrance of reckless barbarities.

This night of horrors has buried itself so deeply in the memory of the "folk", that even now, when words expressive of exceeding horror; of diabolical cruelty, are sought, it is customary to say: "fearful as the night of Bingen".

Those who suffered most were the: "Gewärtschen"—or the spice merchants, the word originally signified spice-dealer, and was applied to the "Lombards", who came from the city of Asti or its vicinity, also perhaps to the Italian merchants and traders, who after wandering about, settled down in Rhenish towns, monopolising trade and amassing enormous wealth. Just as they married among themselves, so they formed closely connected fraternities. The favourable situation, and trading advantages of Bingen were not likely to escape their observation; for the entire traffic with foreign wares destined for Elsass, Lothringen, and France, passed through the hands of the Bingen traders. From Bingen the merchandise was carried by waggons and beasts of burden, by way of Kreuznach and Sobernheim. The road crossed the Nah at Sobernheim, over the "Schwarzenberg", to the rear



of the village of Meddersheim, across the mountains, where the Roman road to Tholei still existed, and thence into France.

This extensive and important trade was in the hands of the wealthy Lombards of the families of Ottino, Montesia, Broglio, Montemagno and Pomaria. An imaginative author calls them "the Rothschilds of the Middle Ages", as they made large loans to the Archbishops of Mainz and other Princes—yes, even Emperors, were numbered among their creditors. Albrecht of Austria owed them a bitter grudge, which he made them feel to the full at the siege, for that they had aided with money his deadly enemy Adolph of Nassau, whom he had defeated at Göllheim. Great were the difficulties to overcome before they could recover from the blow; but their extraordinary zeal again raised them. And on all sides they met with encouragement and support.

One severe reverse to which the town itself was exposed was brought about by its own authorities, that is, by the archiepiscopal Chambers. Bingen's market for natural produce, especially for grain and cattle, and its importance as a lading-place for the Nah valley wine trade, excited the archiepiscopal chambers, whose cry was ever: "give, give", to demand dues so monstrous and exorbitant as to be impracticable. The inhabitants of the Palatinate suffered most from the levying of these extortionate dues. The cry of woe that went up reached the ears of their sovereign. The Elector Philipp exhausted a large supply of patience and self-control, in attempting to arrange the question peacefully; all his efforts failed, and recourse was had to the sword. The Elector gave full powers to the impetuous Goler von Ravensberg, his bailiff at Kreuznach, and war began, the Elector in the meantime exerting himself to get the markets transferred to Münster and Goler, caused the tower "Trutzbingen" to be built before Münster, for her protection. The tower was built; but the market was never transferred. Goler fell upon and injured Bingen, where and when he could, and as Bingen defied all his efforts he poured out his full wrath upon the Cloister of Rupertsberg. He had disturbed the course of her trade, and the effects were felt long and deeply.

As far as the inhabitants of Bingen were concerned, they were right valiant folks, as is proved by their defiance of the archiepiscopal agent and Dean, Kuno von Falkenstein, and by the active part they took in the destruction, commenced by the

Städtebund (town confederation), of the robber castle of Soneck. A well-nigh fabulous sounding history of an occurrence, in which the people of Bingen, and Dean Kuno von Falkenstein, were, the actors deserves mention here. The mighty Falkenstein was no friend of demonstrations among the citizens, who now begun to feel their strength. The Bingeners were especially energetic, and the Lord Kuno found an opportunity of quenching their courage. The tighter Kuno drew the reins, the more fierce grew the wrath of the citizens, and when in the autumn days Kuno sojourned in Klopp, they hatched a plot to surprise the Dean in his Castle, which was defended by only a small number of retainers; get him into their power and compel him to grant an extension of their privileges. A love affair, between a serving maid in the Castle and a young sailor of Bingen, and the meetings which took place each evening before the open castle gates, whose keys she obtained from the drunken castellan after supplying him with copious draughts of wine, gave the opportunity of getting into the Castle without attracting observation.

It was on one of those pitch-dark, autumn nights, when the Dean, overcome by the potency of certain draughts of splendid Scharlachberger, drawn from the stores in Klopp's tithe cellars, had sunk down on his chair, betraying his condition by loud and prolonged snores—how soundly he slept, when the citizens stole into the castle, silently overpowered the watch and penetrated into Kuno's ante-room! This did not happen without the rattle of weapons, which aroused the Dean, so he, who is painted by contemporary historians as the strongest and most powerful man of the age, awoke. Suddenly his door was burst open, and—blinded by the glare of torches—the bewildered Dean found himself surrounded by fierce and angry citizens, who hastily cut off his retreat, and closing round him cried: "Thou art our prisoner! The hour has struck when we will dictate to thee! Thou must grant us our rights!" In vain did the Dean attempt to reason with them, in vain proclaimed the severity of the punishment reserved for those who laid hands on their rightful sovereign; on the sacred person of a consecrated dignity of that Church which had power to punish and to forgive, in vain promised the concession of their demands; pardon for their deeds—provided they would peacefully return to the city. The citizens, intoxicated by success, and seeing him in their power, cried: "Thy



promises we know, and thy keeping of them also! Away, to the town, to the dungeon!"

Then the mighty man rose up in his strength, and cried: How, ye will expose me to the gaze of the mob, to the scorn of the varlet? Grant that I go to my room—grant at least that I clothe myself befittingly ere I follow ye!

Against this nothing was to be said. Custom, and good manners permitted the concession.

Kuno entered his room, and whilst closing the door, silently drew the mighty bolt, then hastily pulled on his boots, threw his cloak over his shoulders, and opening the window which looked across the southern moat, whispered to himself; "Rather dead, than in the hands of this reckless mob!", sprung down. His broad mantle caught the wind, and—strange to relate! he came to the ground without further injury, than was caused by the thorny bushes into which he fell.

Without a moment's delay he clambered up the side of the moat, and hurried towards the Rhine. Here loosing a boat, he sprang into it, seized the oars and with mighty strokes flew over the water. Through the darkness of the night glimmered the Castellan's watch-fire in the Burg Ehrenfels. It served as guiding-star, the only one visible throughout the expanse of heaven.

Safely he reached the shore. Without resting an instant in his toilsome ascent up the steep path, he soon arrived at the castle gate.

His powerful voice awoke the Castellan, by whom it was instantly recognised. Down rattled the draw-bridge, up flew the portcullis, and the gates are open.—Terrified by the sight of the half-naked and bleeding figure, stands the Castellan; but the Lord Kuno vouchsafes him no word. Pushing him aside he hastens into the castle. Not less terrified at the sight are the lord of the castle and his retainers, who appear in answer to Kuno's call. In few words the story is told, and the plan explained—he and they will return instantly and surprise the conspirators. Burning with desire to punish the traitors all equip themselves, and with all silence and speed they reach Rüdesheim, whose inhabitants wrapt in sleep, little suspect what is happening in Bingen—loosing the boats they have soon crossed the river. The gates are unguarded; for all the able-bodied men are in the Castle of Klopp. So little observed that none

gave the alarm, Kuno with his followers hastened to the Castle in whose halls the citizens disputed among themselves.

The citizens in the Castle of Klopp quietly waited awhile, until such time as the Prince-Bishop having dressed should reappear; but he came not. They listened at the door; the stillness of death was within; their suspicions were aroused: they tried the door; it was locked and bolted. They stand staring at each other in amazement. Burst open the door, was the cry, raised by those in the hall without: the attempt is made, but the strong oaken door resists their efforts.

Some hurry away in search of tools. A considerable interval of time passes ere they are brought, and again an interval ere the door yields—at length they enter, and—the room is empty! They stand speechless, pale, fear-stricken; for there was no second door [by which he might have escaped. The window is wide open—a yawning abyss, and then the deep moat surrounding the Castle—an abyss, in whose depths he who would venture the leap, must lie crushed and mangled. A paralysis of fear seizes both body and mind.

What is to be our fate if he is dead! cry some; others: cursed be he who conceived the plan! Wild bewilderment follows, little was wanting to make them fall on each other. Long minutes pass ere calm is restored, and it is decided to search for the body of the unhappy Bishop. Down they hurry—Search the moat, examine in wild haste every rock, every bush. No trace to be found! At length beneath the window of his room they find blood, broken twigs, and shreds of his garment, but of him no sign.

By a miracle he has escaped! Woe betide us! Visions of the justice Kuno will deal out to the treacherous citizens float before their eyes.—Here and there, one or other, slips away unperceived, and hastens to his bed. Some return to the Castle to hold council as to the course to be pursued under such trying circumstances. The debate grows stormy; for each thinks he knows best; some relieve their feelings by reviling the ring-leaders. Others again load themselves with the bitterest self-reproaches—for having countenanced, or aided in, an expedition resulting in such miserable consequences!

Confusion increases; but no reasonable conclusion is arrived at, and whilst the debate proceeds, the draw-bridge is not closed, the gate stands open, and unguarded—and—Kuno and



his followers approach;—hours have passed, and day will soon dawn!

Suddenly the doors fly open; Kuno, with bleeding face, enters the hall, his drawn sword in hand, and behind him, the vassals and retainers of the Lord of Ehrenfels.

“Ye are my prisoners! The hour has struck when I will dictate to ye the extent of my rights!” he cries, mocking them in their own words, and the citizens, taken in their own trap, gaze with ashen faces into the fury filled eyes of the miraculously saved Dean. No word escapes their lips; none venture to offer resistance. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, all fall on their knees, and pray for pity and for pardon.

With a triumphant smile the conqueror casts his eye over the kneeling figures, motions to his followers, and in a few moments the citizens in fetters, are in the damp dungeons of the Castle, where time was given them to ruminate over the unlucky expedition and their own probable fate.—

They had not long to wait for the verdict of their incensed judge, who however was more merciful than they had ventured to hope. The last charter of privileges was cancelled; the measures adopted by Kuno; such as to secure him from a repetition of such an attempt, and to render it unnecessary for him to leap a second time from his turret window.

The assertion that the attempt was repeated, and that Kuno again saved himself by leaping from the window, is utterly without foundation.

The antiquity of the castle is undeniable, and there may be truth in the statement that the tower was built on the ruins of a Roman one. Only thus can historical doubts as to the situation of the ancient Bingen be removed. Both banks of the Nah, which was bridged over above the town, were fortified, and a Roman road was carried up the Nah valley towards Tholei; to the right went one towards Trier. Castella, and camps of which ruins and traces still exist, were numerous, and shew the importance attached to this entrance into Gallic lands. Remains of former Roman forts are still to be seen at Kreuznach; and on the Disibodenberg. The date of their destruction is unknown; but the assumption is that Rando, the Allemannic leader who destroyed Castell and Mainz, turned his battering-rams against the Roman fortifications which were found on all sides—as in Klopp and Bingen. In speaking of Bingen we

mentioned the frequent recurrence of Drusus' name, and may conclude that upon the heights by Bingen he built one of the Castella (by which he defended the banks of the Rhine) upon whose ruins Burgs (castles) were usually built by the Emperors. Ausonius in his poem, *Mosella*, relates that in the course of his journey to Trier he saw the bones of the slain, who had fallen under Civilis, bleaching in the sun and wind at Bingium.

He compares the battle fought here to the battle of Canna. However great the poetical license, there is little doubt that the engagement was a direful one. The battle-field is said to be near the neighbouring village of Sarmsheim.

When and by whom the place was rebuilt is unknown; it is however probable that either Charlemagne or one of his immediate successors, built a palace here, inasmuch as Klopp subsequently became, and continued to be, an Imperial Castle—until the Emperor Otto made it over with the Rhinegau, to Willigis, Archbishop of Mainz, since which time the Castle is spoken of as a Mainz fort.

Terrible stories of the rule of the Emperors attach to the walls of Klopp. Here Henry V. betrayed his father Henry IV. —not as elsewhere related—in Böckelnheim (Godofr. Viterb.: *Chron.*, Siegebert. Gemblac and others describe the place where the foul deed was perpetrated: *apud Pinguam Castellum, vicinum Castellum apud Bingam*, the very words, *ad* and *prope*, designate the immediate vicinity to Bingen, whilst Böckelheim is *six* or *seven* leagues off. The circumstance too that Henry IV. arrived at Bingen on Christmas Eve, and was immediately imprisoned in the castle, that Wigbert had an interview with him next morning, &c. prove the impossibility of his having reached Böckelheim. Again the constant communication between the Diet at Mainz and the Emperor, render the facts incontrovertible. We will give an account of the event derived from other sources. The Emperor Henry IV. was on his way from the lower Rhine provinces to Ingelheim, where the Imperial Diet was sitting, and where his hostile son was also sojourning; it was the son's intention to seek a reconciliation; for when he learned that his father's old adherents were assembling around him, fear came over him and he hastened to meet his father at Coblenz—the sooner to effect the reconciliation. His remorse seemed so genuine, that the father no longer questioned his



sincerity, yea, the son even swore to proceed to Mainz, and obtain pardon from the Diet.

In vain did ancient and faithful adherents warn the Emperor; who convinced of his son's penitence, even consented to only 300 retainers of his own following him, whilst 300 of his son's accompanied their lord on the journey not to trust him. It probably made little impression on the mind of the father who was rejoicing in the newly-sealed friendship; but it must have sorely perplexed and disturbed his vassals, to observe in every village they passed through, that they were joined by bodies of fully equipped horsemen belonging to the party of the son. As the numbers constantly augmented, it became the duty of his friends to put the Emperor on his guard; he decisively rejected their warnings. At length Bingen was reached, by which time the followers of the son were numerous enough to overcome any opposition to their plans that might arise.

Arrived at Bingen's gates Henry V., using a hypocrite's guile, lamented to his father that his heart was sorely troubled by the Archbishop's severity, who because he lay under the bann of the Pope, refused to admit him within the walls of Mainz, where he yearned to celebrate the Christmas feast; therefore in all speed he would ride on, and seek forgiveness of the Archbishop—and begged his father to await his return in the castle of Klopp. With a small body of followers he set forth, and Henry IV., without suspicion, rode up to the castle accompanied by a handful of devoted retainers, whilst others of his adherents remained in the town with his son's followers. Scarce was the Emperor in the castle, ere the portcullis fell; the drawbridge was wound up, and with the speed of lightning the Emperor was surrounded by his son's creatures, concealed in the castle, who now declared him their prisoner. As soon as this was done a signal was given from the tower, and the son's followers fell upon the Emperor's retainers; taking some prisoners; driving others from the town with drawn swords, and closing the gates that none might enter, to aid and succour the imprisoned Emperor. The treachery was now clear—treachery, which the son's hypocritical reconciliation with his father, had brought about.

The self-same evening appeared the Markgraf Wigbert von Meissen, demanding with revolting effrontery the Emperor's,

abdication of the imperial throne in his son's favour, together with the immediate surrender of the insignia of the Empire. These demands he attempted to enforce by the fiercest threats, even drawing his sword against his Lord and Master. The venerable Emperor met the savage rage of the Markgraf with calm dignity. With powerful words, which would have melted another heart than Wigbert's, he refused compliance, and in consequence was exposed to privations of the cruelest nature; notwithstanding the bitter cold, even fire, was denied him.—and permission to celebrate the holy feast of Christmas withheld.

Hereupon the Archbishops of Cöln and Mainz, accompanied by the Bishop of Worms, appeared before him and launching forth the wildest invectives, demanded the crown, the ring, and the imperial mantle of purple.

Scenes, characterised by the bitterest animosity; the most unbounded brutality, coarseness, and utter absence of the respect due to an Emperor followed. As they grew wilder and fiercer, the Emperor withdrew to his chamber, arrayed himself in his imperial robes, and appeared with dignified mien before the prelates, declaring: by the Grace of God, he had received the insignia; that if their sacriligious hearts failed them not, he defied them to tear "the ornate" from his body.—The Emperor's words smote even the hardened hearts of these men and paling they fell back, at this moment the Markgraf Wigbert von Meissen's appearance reanimated their failing courage, and—the dignitaries of the Church laying hands on the sacred person of the Emperor, deprived him of his imperial insignia. Calmly he suffered it, and the words, wrung from his very heart, "I suffer for the sins of my youth; your punishment I leave in God's hands!" escaped him.

The prelates hastened in triumph to Ingelheim; but their fell work was not complete, the Emperor had not formally and regularly signed a deed of abdication, and this they would yet compel him to do. Loading him with the grossest indignities, and with most brutal treatment, Wigbert dragged him to Ingelheim, where whilst the tears streamed from his eyes he signed the deed. The venerable Emperor, bowed down and crushed, besought the Bishop of Speier, upon whom he had formerly showered favours, to bestow upon him a Verger's office in the Cathedral, and thus save him from death by hunger—and—harshly the Bishop denied it him.



Brought back to Bingen, the venerable Emperor succeeded in escaping with one faithful vassal, and found a resting-place in Hammerstein castle, near Andernach. One more attempt was made to restore the basely betrayed monarch to his throne, but ere it was accomplished death had claimed him. Death afforded him that peace which his enemies refused—and he was laid in unconsecrated ground, whence his remains were subsequently removed.

And it seemed as if the castle decayed beneath the curse which overtook the miscreant traitors; for when under sentence of excommunication, Friedrich I., attacked the territories of the Archbishop, of Mainz and seized the town and castle of Bingen, he set fire to it and caused its walls to be thrown down. Bingen submitted to a like fate. About the year 1200 the castle was rebuilt, more massive and beautiful than before; the town too rose again from amidst her ashes and prospered more exceedingly. The haughty spirit of the citizens was still rampant; for in 1230 they rose in rebellion against the town authorities, and against the Vogt (Prefect) Rheinbot, the third of the name who occupied Klopp. They besieged the castle, which was relieved by the arrival of assistance from Mainz, and the defeated citizens,—the details of the trial held in the market-place, and the punishments awarded are too horrible to relate. This was not the only occasion on which the citizens attacked the tower—how they did this once—indeed to their cost—has been already told. Henceforth the Archbishops entrusted the command of the garrison to valiant and tried men; in the lists of its commanders we find—after the extinction of the Rheinbots von Bingen—the names of the Ritter (Knights) von Rüdesheim, von Stromberg, the Grafen von Sponheim and the Rau and Wild Grafen. Valiantly they defended the castle during the archiepiscopal feuds, and many a sally made from her walls was to the detriment of the enemy. If the legend may be depended upon, the name Klopp is derived from the word, “kloppen”—used in place of the word klopfen (to break) in the dialect of the lower Rhine.

During the siege of Bingen, by Albrecht von Austria, the garrison of Klopp fearing starvation, made predatory excursions and cut off the supplies of provisions destined for the town. The Burgomaster rose and spake in the Town-Council, and said: “Rather than be delivered over to death from famine caused by the castle garrison, we will surrender the town to

Albrecht." A traitor carried tidings of the worthy Burgomaster's speech to the castle and now, urged by wild fury, the garrison rushed into the town, stormed the Rath-haus, (Town-Hall) cut the good magistrates to pieces, and let loose their unbridled lust for pillage and murder. The following night Albrecht's army stormed and took the town; but their efforts directed against Klopp were vain and fruitless. Only when peace was declared did the conquered Archbishop surrender the castle to him, which continued to be an Imperial fortification, until restored to Mainz by Ludwig der Bayer. When Kuno von Falkenstein was Archbishop of Trier, the town and castle were mortgaged to him for 12 years, and verily they were not years of plenty for the citizens. The castle was well-guarded, and he took care it should not fall into decay. After a short siege the Swedes took it in 1632; but not until it had suffered severely. It was again besieged by Duke Bernhard of Weimar; from which it would appear that the Archbishop had restored it. It remained in his hands until 1644 when it was destroyed by the French. Once again the Elector of Mainz rebuilt it; but so badly that it soon fell, and in 1713 it was partially torn down, partially blown up—the *old* masonry however withstood even the force of gunpowder. And so the castle remained national property up to the era of the revolution, when it was purchased for a trifle by the witty and humorous Notary Faber, who subsequently sold it. It is now in private hands, the proprietor merits praise for having restored it as far as possible on its original plan.

Cloister Rupertsberg was opposite Bingen, on the left bank of the Nahe, on the site partly occupied by the hôtel. The few remains of the world-famed Cloister are crowned with a chaplet of legends and traditions. Let us however first relate what history has to tell of her story.

The daughter of the Knight Hildebert von Böckelnheim, was that wondrous prophetess, the highly gifted and saintly Hildegard. In her honour, and in that of a pious maiden of the noble line of Sponheim, a nunnery was founded, at the foot of the Disibodenberg on the bank of the Glau, and placed under the charge of the blessed Hildegard. Here, however as elsewhere, when nunneries and monasteries were in juxtaposition, evidence of the dissoluteness of the age manifested itself. In a vision she was directed to found a nunnery on the spot where once



the blessed Rupert dwelt, and the noble Graf Meginhardt von Sponheim munificently aided her to carry out her pious project. Assisted by him and other nobles of the Nahgau, she began to build in 1140. The fame of her piety and the merits of her object, brought her large contributions—the work went so rapidly forward that in 1148 it was ready for the reception of 18 maidens. The fame of Hildegard went abroad into all lands. Her strange visions; her almost inspired writings; her pure and holy life brought presents and bequests from all sides. She corresponded with the most distinguished persons of the day, by whom she was frequently consulted. Bernhard von Clairvaux, a kindred spirit, abode with her at Rupertsberg, whilst preaching the Gospel in the Rhine country, deep was his reverence for her, and highly did he esteem this rarely pious being; subsequent to her death in 1180 he procured her the honour canonization.

Under her charge the nunnery flourished, and at her death, purity of life among its inmates died too. During her life the horrors of war swept over the country leaving no trace on the walls. It was not always so. When Albrecht of Austria beleaguered Bingen and Klopp, those nuns, who did not elect rather to remain with the wild hordes, took flight. When the fugitives returned, scarce aught remained but desecrated ruins. What had been spared by the imperial soldiers, had been pillaged by the Knights. How should the defenceless inmates protect themselves? Nothing was sacred to their persecutors. Often they sought safety in Eibingen.

Worse days were in store for them in 1491, when the so-called "Marktfelhde" (market-feud) broke out between Kur-Mainz, and Kur-Pfalz, and Goler von Ravensberg at the head of the Electoral army occupied the convent. At his departure the melancholy spectacle of many nuns following the army, again presented itself. The Elector took possession of all estates and forests, situated within electoral territory, and bestowed them upon the dissolute and perjured inmates. Soon the report was spread, that the Pfälzer (electoral subjects) were arming anew, and 300 Rhinegauers marched to the succour of Bingen. They threw themselves into the convent, but soon saw that they were not equal to the defence of the straggling walls, and so with the exception of the chief building and the church, they tore them down. The time was gone by when bequests and endow-

ments poured in on them. The Cloister was ruined, and its buildings fell to decay; its destruction being completed by the troops of Albrecht von Brandenburg, who encamped here in 1552.

Spinola left it in utter ruin when, with his barbarous Spanish troops, he retreated before the Swedes in 1632. During the battle preceding this retreat, the building took fire and was left the mass of ruins we now find. This is the history of one of the most famous and wealthiest Nunneries of the Rhine country, within whose walls daughters of the noblest Rhenish families took the veil. Let us turn to the legends attaching to the place, among which the most attractive is *the Legend of the wondrous dream of the stripling, Duke Rupert*.

During the days of the Franconian dominion, a Duke in the name of the Emperor, ruled the Nahegau. He held Court at the castle of Böckelnheim on the Nah, but sojourned occasionally in the castle at Bingen. He was of great power, and his wealth exceeding; but his greatest treasure was his daughter Bertha, a pious and God-fearing maiden. Many noble Franks came and demanded her hand in marriage, but she refused them, for her one great longing was to take the veil within the sacred walls of a Cloister. This desire was a cause of deep grief to the Duke, who cared not that his land should fall into the hands of strangers, and looked forward to seeing his grandchildren play about his knee. He ceased not to entreat her to change her resolution, until Bertha yielded, and gave her fair hand to Graf Roland. Roland was a man of unbridled passions, of a coarse nature and a heathen, whom Bertha hoped to convert to the fear of the Lord. As long as the Duke lived he controlled his wild nature, but when the Duke died leaving the Duchy to him, he gave himself up to an abandoned and dissolute life, despising Bertha, and holding her up to scorn, until he was slain in a sanguinary battle in distant lands. The noble lady had borne much, and her pious soul thirsted for Heaven; she would have taken the veil, had not a sweet hope prevented her, and imposed other duties upon her. When at length a boy was born to her, she had him baptised: Rupert, and in the joy of her maternal happiness, devoted him to the service of God.

Again many suitors for her hand, and for her fortune appeared; but she remained true to her vow; devoted herself to her child, nurturing him in the fear and love of the Lord. Never had she known such perfect happiness as, when the boy knelt



with folded hands at her side repeating holy words, or aided her in the distribution of alms. In later years Rupert often brought little children to her saying: "They too are thine, care for them as for me." Among the nobles of the land whose future Duke, Rupert was to be, discontent was rife, they used cunning devices to draw him aside; but in vain, works of love were his joy, his pleasure; refreshment he sought in prayer.

One day Rupert gave his own garment to a poor boy to cover his nakedness. He had crossed the Nah and ascended the heights opposite the castle of Bingen—in search of wild flowers for his mother. Descending he reached the banks of the Nah, where in a meadow, grew wondrously fair flowers. The sun shone so warm over the gay fields that he sat down, and soon fell asleep lulled by the musical splash of the water.

And he dreamed that a venerable man, clothed in a bright robe, stood beside him, and that light like the light of the sun seemed to fall over his face. Round the old man's feet played many little boys, he took them kindly by the hand and led them into the clear water, when they returned their figures too seemed to glow in a sea of radiance, just as did that of the old man. Soon from amidst the waters of the Nah an island rose up. Amid the fresh green of the island trees shone golden fruit, and gay plumaged birds sang among their branches. The venerable man led the little boys to the island, and they gathered the flowers that blossomed, and the fruit that grew there.

And the desire to remain on the island waxed strong in the mind of the boy, and he lifted up his hands to the old man and begged to be allowed to stay; but the old man smiled kindly, and said; "No my son, for thee a higher life is ordained. Thy piety and thy good works have built a bridge up to Heaven, and thou wilt dwell for ever in eternal peace among the angels, who sit round the throne of God."

Scarcely had the old man ceased to speak, when behold from out the green grass appeared a rainbow, whose arch rising higher and higher, speedily spanned the heavens, and the angels of God passed from Heaven to earth upon it. On the very summit of the arch sat the Infant Saviour, radiant in all His glory, and before Him kneeled the child St. John, holding clasped in his arms his little Cross, and a snow-white lamb. Then came an

angel carrying the garment which Rupert had given to the poor boy in the morning, and he put it upon the Child Jesus, Who said to the angels: "See the robe given me by Rupert, behold him will I clothe with a robe of eternal glory.

A holy peace possessed Rupert's soul. He dreamed he kneeled down to pray. And then he awoke, and at his feet lay the poor boy to whom he had given the garment, gazing with looks of love and gratitude upon him. He had been keeping watch, lest harm should come to the slumberer. The happy dream was never forgotten by the boy, who devoting himself to a life of piety, to works of love and charity, voluntarily resigned his lofty estate, and on the spot, where he had dreamed his dream, he builded a Church and a Cloister, where he dwelt with Bertha his Mother, doing good works and rejoicing in faith and in prayer. His blessed body was laid by his sorrowing mother, in a vault at the foot of the Altar, and God heard the prayer she put up; that she might join him in the kingdom of heaven.

During many years pious souls went on pilgrimages to the place of his rest—until the barbarous Normannen desecrated and destroyed both Church and Cloister.

Tradition tells us the following history of the founding of Rupertsberg.

It was in the year of Grace 1140, that the pious and highly gifted Virgin of the Lord, Hildegard von Böckelnheim, Abbess of the Nunnery at the foot of the Disibodenberg, lay in a trance, upon her hard couch in her cell. At her side sat her friends Hiltrude, daughter of the Graf Meginhardi von Sponheim; and Clementia von Hohenburg. At the head of her bed, quill and parchment in hand, sat the holy Father Godfried vom Disibodenberg, that he might write down the words dictated by the tongue of the prophetess. She however lay motionless, cold and pale as a corpse. In the cell reigned such perfect quiet that the gnawing of the worm in the oaken pannels was audible. All three anxiously awaited the moment when the tongue of the Virgin should be loosed, and she should utter words of inspiration.

Lightly she moved—Hildegard's fair form convulsively twitched; over her fair features a pale blush, diffused itself and a blissful smile played about her mouth; a sign that a heavenly vision floated before her. Her eyes were firmly closed. And when she spoke the Monk Gottfried wrote down her words:



“Reaching from the breadth of the verdant island, up to the canopy of Heaven, riseth a rainbow. Thousands of stars surround it, like unto brilliant suns. The angels of the Lord are passing and repassing, and their voices sing songs of praise, to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. And He, who is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, stands high on the bow of the arch, radiant with glory and might, and by Him standeth a youth, like to angels of Heaven, gentle and mild is his face. And with me speaketh the Lord: Behold the boy Rupert, the holy, in whom my soul is well-pleased, who from thy line is descended, who by thy line is forgotten. There were the Nah outfalleth, there is his grave to be found, 'neath the ruins of God's house it is hid, and nettles and thorns have o'ergrown it. Thee have I chosen. Oh! Maiden; for holy and faithful art thou, seek for the grave, thou shalt find it, and over it build me a temple. Thus hath spoken the Lord, and see I behold the islet, where rest the bones of the holy, and groweth of wild-roses a bush. Now doth the blossom unfold, now it perfumeth the air, now from the clouds of heaven, sinketh an angel down, revealing Rupert's remains. And again the Lord speaketh to me: Arise, thou chosen of Heaven, and depart from the place of thy sojourn, tarry no longer this day. Take in thy hand thy staff, the pilgrim's staff shalt thou take—wander away and then rest, on the spot I revealed to thee, build for me there a temple, a refuge for souls that are weary, who shall follow thee thither, and with thee in joy and in gladness, wait on the hand of the Lord, in pureness of heart and in faith, in love and fear of the Lord. Tarry not, neither delay! Upon thee will I pour of my strength, will refresh the weak and the weary—their hearts shall incline unto thee, and they shall further thy work.”

She ceased. Unweariedly wrote the Monk; careful that no word of her holy lips should be lost; for as soon as she awoke from her trance she remembered none of them.

Soon she opened her bright, clear eyes, and smiled lovingly at her two friends, who gazed upon her with tears of pious enthusiasm. Lord, thy will be done! she said rising from her couch, and turning to Hiltrude she spake! Such strength as I now feel has not been mine for a long time past. I will arise and do as the Lord hath spoken me! And in the fulness of her strength, with the pilgrim's staff in her hand, and accom-

panied by Hiltrude and Clementia, she set forth on her journey to the castle of Sponheim, where Hiltrude's father lived, to him she related the tale of her vision. The Graf led her to Bingen, and Hildegard very soon discovered the rose-tree, which had long since ceased to flourish, and the Cross planted by the little angel. When men wrote Anno Domini 1148, they worshipped before the Altar of the Church, upon the spot where the rose bush had blossomed, and the angel had planted the Cross,—and the Cloister was built, and when the Bishop of Worms, had consecrated both Church and Cloister, Hildegard, with her friends, and sixteen other pious sisters, retired to the Nunnery, whose first Abbess Hildegard was.

Tradition tells us of the Hildegard Well, that when the Rupert's Cloister was finished, it yet lacked a spring of "living water", so that all water had to be fetched from the Nah which was neither clean, nor wholesome to drink. All attempts to procure water by sinking wells in the stony rock, were fruitless. It was Hildegard's joy to pray in the open air, under the bright, blue, canopy of Heaven. Hidden among the rocks, not far from the Cloister, was a quiet nook, calm, peaceful and retired; an elder tree spread its branches for a roof, and hazel bushes screened it from sight. A more charming retreat was not to be found. The day after Hildegard had fed and comforted the poor, who assembled round the Cloister-gates, and their thanks had moved her inmost soul, she hastened to her little verdant cell, and poured forth prayer upon prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord, who had chosen her as the instrument of his loving care.

And whilst she prayed fervently, her tears fell upon the turf and upon the stones, and behold her tears formed into a blessed well of living water, which bubbled forth pure and clear and ran plenteously down amidst stones and rocks. Then did the blessed lady marvel greatly, praising the goodness of the Lord; with her own fair hands she digged a well setting it about with stones, then she hastened to the Cloister, with tidings of the power and mercy of the Lord.

And the spring sent forth rich supplies of water, and still sends forth refreshment to the thirsty and weary—ever since the miracle, it has borne the name by which men now call it: the "Hildegardisbrunnlein."

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Looking now, over the Railway Station, towards the Rhine, we shall see a stately tower upon a small rocky island in the middle of the river. It is the Maus, or Mäuse Tower. As the frontier of the Prussian Rhenish province, the national flag flies upon it. A horrible legend attaches to the tower. It is this: The archiepiscopal chair of Mainz was occupied by an archpriest who had no love to his flock. Mammon was his God and his heart was hard as a rock. Hatto amassed heaps of gold, and stored up the rich tithes of grain in his barns, whilst the unhappy folks were starving to death. The harvest failed, and thousands died of famine. Those who survived wandered over the country like shadows, collecting before the archbishop's palace, mourning and weeping, and praying Hatto to open his barns, whilst he, the pitiless prelate, laughed them to scorn, mocked at their misery, and desired that they should all be conducted into an empty barn to await his charity, but instead of giving them bread—he ordered the four corners of the building to be set alight. The heart rending cries of the poor wretches fell upon his ear, and he came out on to the balcony of his palace, whence the Archbishops were wont to bless the people, and listening with diabolical satisfaction to the agonised dying cries, he said with a mocking laugh: "Listen to the squeaking of the rats." Soon the cries ceased, and the barns fell, burying the victims in the ruins.

But the avenger slept not.

Within the palace a strange, shrill, squeaking was heard—What do I hear? cried Hatto and his hair stood on end from fear. From the smoking ruins, where the last death-sighs were scarce hushed, armies of rats rush forth; they climb the walls of the palace in thousands; they pour in through every crevice. Whom do they seek? Hatto! Hatto! thy doom is come! God hath spoken thy doom! A nameless horror overpowers him. These are the rats who had squeaked amidst the flames.

Filled with horror, he seeks safety in the innermost rooms of his palace.

In vain! Who shall escape God's avenging hand?

The rats follow him whithersoever he flees; they take the very morsel he is about to lift to his lips; they gnaw his robe yes, his very flesh. Nothing can protect, nothing can save him. He flies to his strong castle at Klopp, believing he will be safe there. Vain hope! His pitiless pursuers follow him and

fill the halls of the castle; on all sides are heard their piercing squeaks. It is Hatto whom they seek—and find. Falling on his knees, he writhes in despair, calling upon God for mercy, the only answer to his prayer is the squeaking of the rats.

Desperation seizes him.

Wither shall he flee? His bewildered glance falls upon the Tower in the Rhine, at whose foot the waves of the river break. Thither! There he will be in safety! A boat bears him across. He causes his bed to be placed in an iron cage, in the arched vault of the tower. Here he hopes to be refreshed by sleep, of which he has long been deprived. Yet—scarce is he in the tower, ere the river swarms with rats. They reach its foot, scale the walls and penetrate into the tower!

Amidst the wild roar of the waters one piercing shriek of a human voice is heard; the storm lulls, the waves are stilled and the silence of death prevails in the tower. None venture to enter. On the third day some bold sailors undertake to face the danger. In Hatto's room is a bare skeleton. No trace of a rat is to be found.

Henceforth the tower was avoided with horror.

Such is the widely spread legend.

Let us hear the impartial voice of history!

Hatto was an Archbishop of Mainz, guided by the purest and noblest mind, careful and economical in his habits, just and rigid in the enforcement of monastic vows, and persistent in checking the dissolute profligacy of monks and nuns. Interference with their conventional manners and customs was not to be tolerated, and unable to wreak their vengeance on him during his life, they succeeded in attaching the fearful story; to his name after his death. This is the origin of the story; that of the tower and its name must be sought elsewhere. It was built simultaneously with the Zollburg (Rhine-dues castle) Ehrenfels, between 1208 and 1220, and for the same purpose. Its name which serves as foundation for the legend, arose thus: Archbishop Sifrid II. armed the tower, in order to prevent the passage of ships, with "Muserie" (guns, firearms and offensive weapons) and garrisoned the tower with a soldier who fired on all ships refusing toll. He bore the name of "Ignis Sagitharius."

"Mushaus, Musthurm", perhaps in the popular dialect "Maus-thurm," served capitally as a foundation for the monkish legend,



which was invented to revile the memory of the Emperor's honoured friend and faithful councillor.

For further particulars I beg to refer the reader to Menken *Scriptores rer, german, to Schöltgen and Kreisig: Scriptores rerum Saxon.,* and finally to Schminken: *Monum: hassic,* in which we find the arsenal referred to under the name of the Mus or Maushaus. The word musket is derived from the same root. According to Leibnitz, *Scriptores rer, Br.,* those members of the Councils of Lübeck and Braunschweig (Brunswick), to whom the superintendence of the municipal artillery, Muserie, was confided were called—Musemeister.

Closely connected with the Mausthurm, because built for the same end and object, crowning the opposite heights, and now surrounded by precious vineyards was the castle of Ehrenfels, called also Ehrenstein. Archbishop Sifrid (Siegfried) II. induced the wealthy Counts von Bo'anden to build it, who probably provided the funds, in consideration of the fief, and a share of the dues. They probably built the Mausthurm on the rocky islet in the river, and below Ehrenfels, on the river banks opposite the Maustower; the fortified Zollhaus (Custom House); for the tradition of Archbishop Hatto having erected these buildings and Ehrenfels, lacks historical proof.

Every knight who possessed a castle on the Rhine demanded toll from 'passing ships, what should prevent Siegfried from adopting the custom? The Emperor Friedrich II violently opposed the toll; but the Archbishop continued to enforce it. Rudolph von Habsburg attempted by force of arms to abolish these hindrances and impediments to free trade, even withdrawing his imperial favour from the powerful Archbishop. Yet the spiritual lords continued in spite of all opposition, to demand excessive dues, which afforded sufficient play to the arbitrary nature of the tax-gatherers. The impregnability of Ehrenfels and the magnificent situation, made it a favourite residence of the Archbishops—the more as many noble families had seats in the vicinity, and superb wine was to be had. In times of war the most precious jewels, and insignia of the Mainz See, were removed hither for safety. It is scarcely necessary to state that the Castle, remarkable for its strength, was never taken until Albrecht von Austria reduced, but did not destroy it.

In 1354, when the oft-named Kuno von Falkenstein and Archbishop Gerlach, sealed their compact, Cuno took Ehrenfels









in mortgage. The age was a troublous one and there was no lack of opportunity for gratifying the lust for deeds of daring. Two years after, Archbishop Gerhard took Ehrenfels, and in 1334 the inconvenient want of money, from which the Archbishop always suffered, induced Archbishop Adolph to mortgage the Maus Tower, the Zollhaus, and Ehrenfels for the sum of 20,000 fls. The Chapter of Mainz had found it expedient to elect him in Ehrenfels, the atmosphere of the city itself not being quite free, at the same time they enforced the Imperial maxim: "I give, that thou may'st give." They did give,—the Electoral hat, and he 12,000 gulden, but as he did not possess them, and the Chapter had little faith in the credit system, nothing remained but mortgage.

Archbishop Conrad too was elected at Ehrenfels, and consecrated in the parish church of Rüdesheim. As the archiepiscopal treasures were safe in the castle in stormy days, which were not infrequent in Mainz, the Archbishop Gerlach ceded to the Chapter the right of removing their coffers thither when the Mainz sky was overcast.

The Swedes were evil guests in the castle; but Graf Montal cast the incendiary torch into the Burg from Montroyal on the Moselle, during the wars of the Orleans. What fire did not destroy, was razed by pickaxe, crowbar and—powder. There is no legend attached to the Castle.

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## RHEINSTEIN.

### PRINCE FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA'S CASTLE, BELOW BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

There was a time. and it was within the last twenty years, when Prince Frederick of Prussia set a brilliant example by rebuilding the Castle which he named Rheinstein. The Architect Kuhn restored it on its original plan, as revealed by the remains of foundation walls. It must not be understood that no additions were made, especially where the living-rooms and the exquisite Chapel, are in question. The latter however were added sub-



sequently from the designs of the Architect Hoffmann of Wiesbaden.

About this time princes and nobles bought ruins on the Rhine, wherever they were to be sold, and speculation even extended its grasping clutch, unsuccessfully however. Some of the castles were made over by the villages to which they belonged, to various members of the royal family of Prussia. With the exception of Rheinstein, Soneck (the property of the brothers of King William I. of Prussia) and Stolzenfels, none lower down than Rheinstein, have been restored by the august proprietors, and our days are not such, as give rise to the hope of our seeing future restorations. It is however much to be wished that the fair Rhine had more such ornaments.

But let us return to Rheinstein.

The Castle of Rheinstein surprises and delights the beholder by its charming situation. It is a fragment of the Middle Ages, which here in the narrow valley of the river attracts the eye, and excites a wish to explore the interior of an art loving Prince's abode, which is adorned with specimens of the rarest and choicest stained glass and objects of vertu. The origin of most of the Rhenish castles is doubtful; authentic records of the precise time of their erection and of their founders are wanting. There is little doubt that they were built between the ninth and the fourteenth centuries, that epoch so rich in fearful episodes; marked by the exercise of unbridled power; of barbarous severity; by love of fighting and depredation, when "Gaugrafs", religious institutions; now and again a Commoner, even an Emperor, his vassals and his vicegerents, built, inhabited or occupied them—placing there Burgmannen, (Castellans) who mostly followed the dictates of their own arbitrary will, and became proprietors.

The Castle which Prince Frederick of Prussia has called Rheinstein, did not bear this name in the centuries that rolled past between its origin and its rebaptism. Even if we do meet with knightly families of the name of "Rheinstein" and "Reinstein", in historical records, they have no connection with this Castle; but belong rather to Castle Reinstein near Blankenburg, in the Harz mountains, or to Castle Rheinstein in Franconia. The appearance of the "h" in the name may be attributed to the uncertain orthography of those days; it is an error which occurs oftenest in the 16<sup>th</sup>. century. If in the popular dialect the name

"Rheinstein" did echo, its arbitrary adoption may easily be accounted for; from the name of Castle "Reichenstein" which is situated lower down the river. The otherwise accurate investigator v. Gerning falls into error in his work: "Die Rheingegenden von Mainz bis Köln"—and leads others into it too.

One thing is certain and proved by documentary evidence; that the Castle in early ages, and up to the time of its decay bore the names of Vautzberg, Vautsberg, Fautzberg, Fautsberg, Faizberg, Fodesberg, Voitsberg and Vogtsberg. All these names, new evidence of the uncertain orthography of the periods, resolve themselves into the final one, and prove that the Castle was the seat of the Vogt, (Prefect) appointed unquestionably by the Archbishops of Mainz, as representative of the Rhenish Rhinegrafs, at the time when the Rhinegau was made over to the See of Mainz, by the Emperor Otto.

It is difficult to determine the date of the erection of Castle Vogtsberg as I shall call it, not only because it is the name under which it most frequently is mentioned; but because it is orthographically correct. The Rhinegau, whose northern boundary was formed by the stream, which falls into the Rhine on the left bank of the river below Niederheimbach, was in the possession of the reigning Emperor, as we have previously stated, at least at the time when Electoral Mainz became possessed of this glorious district. Hence it cannot be called a very wild hypothesis, if we assume that a protecting fort was built near this frontier, probably not by an Emperor; but by one of the Archbishop of Mainz, as the Elector thereby secured an additional defence for his frontier.

The necessity for such a defence seems to be justified, and the "Landsburg Klopp" near Bingen, which was of itself a small Vogtsberg, served too as a defensive work, precisely as Stahleck and Stahlberg served as outworks to Fürstenberg. This would appear all the more probable, as the Vogtsberg situated above Castle Soneck, and the neighbouring Castle of Reichenstein near Trechtingshausen, together with large estates in Ober- and Niederheimbach were not incorporated with the Palatinate. They belonged to the wealthy Abbey Cornelimünster (Sancti Cornelii Indensis) near Aix la Chapelle, from which they were subsequently purchased by the Chapter of Mainz, for the sum of 1423 Cologne Denare, in which purchase, Archbishop Worner of Mainz was also interested, though, from lack of ready money,



the only share he had in the bargain was raising a loan from the Jews. A third participator was the Collegiate institution: "Sancta Mariae ad gradus" in Mainz. The vicinity of the castles of Soneck and Reichenstein, occupied by wild robber bands, necessitated the erection of a castle for the protection of the country, and this Castle was made the seat of a Vogt (Advocatus) whence, in the most direct possible manner is derived its name: Vogtsberg. Herein too lies the explanation (Bodmann's) that when the castle was restored in later times, it was occupied by a Vicedominus, as representative of the Kurfürst- (Elector)-Archbishop of Mainz. When Soneck and Reichenstein and the Heimburg in Niederheimbach, upon the right—Mainz—bank of the Kreuzbach, were built, the importance of the Vogtsberg diminished very considerably, and it is probable that from that date, it was neglected, and suffered to fall to decay, notwithstanding the fact of its being still, as it was formerly, a favourite residence of the Archbishops.

No record of the name of its founder exists. Vögte, (Prefects), called also Untervögte (Sous-Prefects), because the Vicedom of the Rheingau, or the Rheingraf, was the Archbishop's actual Vogt in the execution of secular power. The first "Vögte" were members of the family, who under the name of "Rheinboten" or "Rheinboden" occupied Burg Klopp in Bingen. We meet with them as Vögte von Bingen, from 1151 to 1213, when the line seems to have become extinct. Since this time the Burg was occupied by knightly Burgmänner who were pleased to call themselves, after the Castle, "Ritter (Knights) von Fodesberg." In those days the bands of civil and social order were but lax; the despotic power of those in authority was the governing principle; every knight *might because he did*, reap where he had not sown, in the most arbitrary manner. The Jews were the victims oftenest sacrificed. The Lombards, or as they were called: Gewärtschen (spice-dealers), in Bingen, were the principal merchants, who following the old Roman road through the Nahthal, most successfully monopolised the chief trade with France; where the Lombards "traded", the Jews lusted to "trade" also. So it came to pass that many settled in Bingen, and succeeded in appropriating a share of the Lombards profits. The first result was that the traffic maintained by the Jews between Cöln and Bingen, and between Bingen and Mainz, where too dwelt many families of this strangely industrious, enterprising and

wealthy people, increased year by year. When now the numerous dues were imposed; almost every castle on the Rhine levied one, Vogtsberg became a Zollstätt, (Custom House) and utterly independent of all other dues—a Jew tax was levied here not be it understood, a duty upon their wares; but a very heavy poll-tax. It will be easily imagined that they resorted to tricks and disguises of every kind to escape the imposition. Their cunning found however its match in the noble Knights of Vogtsberg, who trained a small species of dog to discover a Jew under any disguise whatever, the poor ill-treated and persecuted Israelites having, to the intense joy and satisfaction of the barbarous knights, to bear the punishment; the payment of a double tax. This levying took place in the middle of the river, and on the path pursued by the pilgrims along its banks beneath the castle walls. That in the absence of Jewish victims Christian merchants were treated—or rather, ill-treated—in like manner by the “noble Guild of highway robbers” is certain, and what was worst of all, any complaint lodged was sure to bear fruit for the plaintiff, as these “Freiherrn” were without the pale of jurisdiction. Soneck, Reichenstein and Vogtsberg were abodes of terror to Jews and Christian merchants. When the cry of distress, raised by the merchants, and caused by these highwaymen, waxed too loud and issued from the throats of the entire body of citizens, and when the “Reichsgericht” (Imperial Court) constituted at Mainz by Frederick; the second German Emperor of the name, grew powerless to suppress the iniquitous system; the citizens took the law into their own hands and organised a defensive corps. Arnold Salmann, the Mainz Walpod, (Executioner) who bore the title of Advocatus potens, and was intrusted by the Archbishops to carry out the extreme penalty of the law, succeeded in organising a body of citizens for the protection of Rhenish trade, and the destruction of these robber bands. Rapid as lightning the idea flashed through Germany, and in the year 1254 the Confederation numbered seventy cities, their army besieged and destroyed the castle of Soneck and Reichenstein. Strange to say Vogtsberg was spared! There were probably two grounds for this: firstly it was possibly spared as being the private property of their Master, the Archbishop; an hypothesis which however will hardly hold good; as he was no less vexatious to the merchants than were they of Soneck and Reichenstein, and robbers escaped under the colours of the



Prelate; unless we assume too that he pledged himself in no wise to interfere with the traffic, and took an oath no longer to pursue his highwayman's career. Be this as it may, the Confederation secured a safe refuge in the Vogtsberg, there they tended their wounded; there was their arsenal and commissariat store. How affairs actually stood none of the original records tell us; the true facts of the case are shrouded in darkness.

Philipp von Bolanden, known too under the patronymic of Philipp von Hohenfels, (from his castle on the Donnersberg) was advowee and feoffee of the Abbey Corneli-Münster. He had let the Castles of Soneck and Reichenstein to the Knights of Waldeck, and other Rhenish families in sub-fief. With his assistance the two Castles were rebuilt; his being one of the wealthiest of the petty dynasties of the Rhine; Donnersberg and Wetterau, the restoration was so complete as to render the castles more impregnable than before, and now the knights commenced the execution of such vengeance as made them the terror of merchants and travellers. Their cruelty was not satiated when they had levied the most oppressive dues; but they took travellers prisoners, tortured them unmercifully and cast them into dungeons, until their freedom was purchased by enormous ransoms. Philipp von Hohenfels had sworn in Bingen not to disturb the peace of the country, so that between the restoration of Soneck and Reichenstein, and the outbreak of the scheme of vengeance, a period of order occurred, which he took care to maintain; with his death the last defence fell, and the horrible system extended beyond all former limits. The Archbishop of Mainz, was powerless against the "Schnapphähne" (robbers) and "Wegelagerer", (highwaymen) for the paralysed emperor allowed full play to the organised bands of "Stegreif-ritter" (mounted robber knights), and the "Städtebund" (City Confederation) hesitated before casting a lighted torch into the camp of the "Sippe" (Guilds). This epoch may probably be called the most flourishing period for noble highwaymen—not only in the Rhinegau; but in all other "Gaus" of the German fatherland.

Even after the ascension of Rudolf von Habsburg, who could not turn a deaf ear to the cry of anguish raised by his people, the robber-knights laughed his mandates to scorn, pursuing their iniquitous course with confident impertinence, and perceived not that a hand was clenching, whose weight

would grind them to powder. They had carried on their "noble trade" too long in security, to feare any measures adopted for its abolition; too long to believe in law and order being enforced at their cost.

In the year 1282, the Emperor Rudolf came to Mainz to, prove the oath he had sworn: to preserve and uphold the peace of the Empire in its full extent. A considerable army was assembled about him, and the "Städtebund", which had resigned all hope of self-defence, at the command of the Imperial and legitimate master, joyfully buckled on the sword of vengeance.

Vogtsberg, whose heart beat wildly; for its hand was not free from guilt, gladly threw open its gates before the Emperor, and the avenging power passed it by; for it was protected by the arm of an Elector, who had some claim, dating from Frankfurt, upon the Emperor's consideration. The Emperor selected the Vogtsberg as his head-quarters. After an obstinate defence the Imperial troops reduced the castles of Soneck and Reichenstein, and—hanged the Knights upon the trees on the very spot, where for their souls' peace, their descendants built the Church of St. Clement. Rudolf renewed the oath he had sworn to the old Marshall Waldeck von Soneck, upon the occasion of his begging the Emperor's intercession in favour of some of his vassals—: That he would hang all disturbers of the peace of the country like common thieves—and he kept his word manfully.

Since the Emperor's residence in the Vogtsberg, the people have called it after him, who called himself: "King of the Germans", the "Königstein" (King's rock).

We continue to meet with mention of the Vogtsberg, and the farm belonging to it, as the property of the Electoral-Archbishops of Mainz. In the year 1323 Archbishop Mathias surrendered the Castle and the lands appartaining thereto, to the Chapter, on tenure, "to be held by it to its own profit". In 1348 Kuno von Falkenstein, resided in the Vogtsberg for a considerable period—probably for the sake of hunting, proof that its condition was a habitable one. He continued ever and again to reside here up to the year 1362, when he became Archbishop of Trier. So attached was he to the Castle, that he made an agreement with his successor in the See of Mainz, by virtue of which he had the privilege of living in the Castle, during the term of his natural life. He died in 1388, and so the Castle and



its estates reverted to the See. Up to the year 1409 no mention of the Burg occurs. In this year Archbishop John the Second, gave it in tenure to his Privy Councillor Johann von Selheim, with the salmon-fishing monopoly at Lorch. Succeeding Electors were as much attached to the Castle as was Kuno von Falkenstein, and on granting it in feudal tenure, reserved to themselves the right of residence. It remained in Kuno von Falkenstein's possession up to the year 1434. Whether anyone else, or who, held the tenure of the Burg up to 1439, is unknown. In this year Archbishop Diether, granted tenure of the Castle and estates, with the village of Assmanshausen, to Dean Volpert von Ders, who served him "worthily in all faith"; and was overtaken by the same fate which surprised his Lord. Diether's deposition was accompanied by loss of his dignities and tenures; but when for the second time he ascended the archiepiscopal throne, the natural consequence was that Volpert von Ders, was reinstated in full possession of his rights.

After his death, the archiepiscopal See refused to renew the tenure, and not until towards the end of the sixteenth century is the veil raised, which hid the Vogtsberg from the investigator's research. Then we find it, together with the estates appertaining, in the tenure of the family of von Wiltberg, whose ancestral home lay on the heights of the Son, and who are often mentioned in the history of the Rhinegau and the Nahgau. They are also met with engaged in mercantile pursuits. The family was not wealthy, consequently did little to preserve the Castle, and as the art of war underwent a revolution, which deprived such castles of their importance, the See of Mainz withheld its hand. So it fell into ruin, and as an architectural memorial is destitute of character. The farm alone retained its importance as a tenure; for it had an extent of  $12\frac{1}{3}$  "Manse" or "Hube" (about 370 acres) of meadow, forest and vineyard.

How the Castle, which was a fief-male, came into the von Eyss family, is not explained. It was in all probability a ruin when it came into their possession, and this would appear to have been the reason why, when Spinola occupied the Castles of the land, prior to his expulsion in 1632 by Gustavus Adolphus King of Sweden, no reference is made to it. When the French Republic occupied the Rhine country, the von Eyss family had not emigrated; but retained possession of the Castle,

the estates however they had already sold, when Prince Frederick von Prussia, bought the ruined Castle from a certain Herr von Eyss, in Ehrenbreitstein, and employed the Architect, Wilhelm Kuhn of Coblenz, to restore it—this work was completed in the year 1829. Vogtsberg was no more; but out of its ruins rose Rheinstein.

A legend attached to the Castle is as follows: We give it in simple unadorned prose: In the Castle of Reichenstein lived a young Knight, staunch, true and brave; but poor. All of his line were dead; an Uncle only remained, he was wifeless, and abode in the merry village of Lorch, the young Knight was his heir.

The castles Vogtsberg and Reichenstein, were near to each other, and the boy knight was a constant companion and playmate of the children of the noble Lord of Vogtsberg; the childish connection and friendship between the playfellows soon grew into love between Gerba, the daughter of Vogtsberg, and him of Reichenstein, the mutual love was kept a secret from Gerba's father. Returning from a war expedition, Kurt von Reichenstein, brought with him a beautiful snow-white palfrey, an animal of rare beauty. He brought it to Gerba as a present, and her avaricious father willingly accepted the costly creature, to the great joy and delight of the fair girl.

Kurt however took the palfrey back with him to Reichenstein, in order to break and train it for a lady's use; for he was well-skilled in horsemanship. After the lapse of a year he brought the gentle creature back to Vogtsberg—and as it approached the place where Gerba stood, it bent the knee inviting her to mount. Kurt had trained it to perform this homage to her, whose single word sufficed to guide it whichever way she would. Gerba's gratitude was boundless, her father's friendship exceeding. Hope fluttered her wings in Kurt's soul, he hastened to Lorch, and besought his old Uncle to demand Gerba's hand in marriage for him.

The old man laughed in his sleeve and said: "Charity begins at home, and I will sue for the maiden's hand for myself!"

Gaily he rode off to Vogtsberg, and demanded Gerba's hand in marriage, her father, blinded by the wealth of the aged suitor, agreed to give his daughter. Who shall imagine, who describe the sorrow and grief into which the Castles of Vogtsberg and Reichenstein were plunged? Prayers and tears were of no



avail. The wedding-day was appointed. The marriage was to be holden in Lorch, with every pomp and splendour which wealth could purchase.

A stately procession leaves the halls of the Vogtsberg, for the ferry at Trechtingshausen, where the river was to be crossed. The bride rides between her father and her bridegroom; they near the ferry; but neither flattery nor severity can induce Gerba's palfrey to enter the boat. He rears and runs away, directing his headlong course towards Reichenstein! All pursue the maddened creature. In the moment that the bridegroom is hurled from his horse and breathes his last, the palfrey speeds into the courtyard of Reichenstein's castle. The draw-bridge rises. Gerba lies in Kurt's arms! The bridegroom was dead; Kurt his heir—shall he of the Vogtsberg lay siege to the castle? Dissuaded on all sides he joins the hands of Gerba and Kurt; and sure no palfrey ere knew better days than did the snow-white one; for husband and wife vied with each other who should treat him most tenderly.

Prince Frederick's restoration was carried out at great expense most successfully. The castle contains much more room than one expects from its exterior, every space being turned to profit. The frescoes, are from the pencil of Pose in Düsseldorf. Exquisite and most remarkable is the ancient stained glass with which the windows and doors of the balcony are filled. They unquestionably rank among the very best specimens of the most flourishing period of the art. Probably the finest specimens are in the windows occupying the large arch of the hall, representing the Madonna and Child floating over the world and overcoming the spirit of evil, and the exquisite windows, and door-lights of the large "Ritter Saal". Some very fine carvings in wood and ivory are also worthy of mention. Among the carved cabinets are some of splendid design and workmanship. In one of the glass cases—the entire thickness of the wall—is a collection of plate and drinking utensils, in precious metals, amongst others a magnificently chased silver cup and a mighty silver flagon, formed of old medals and silver coins of the house of Prussia—commemorative of many important events, and therefore possessing a value doubly high.

The collection of armour in the Rittersaal is very valuable, as only specimens of undoubted worth, both as to workmanship and genuineness are admitted, the historic sword swung in so







*H. Schenck - Ansicht von der Berg - Festung.*



many feuds by Götz von Berlichingen, and one of his mailed gloves with his arms engraved on it, is here, a suit of Albrecht, the Bear's armour, and Franz von Sickingens helmet, together with many others less remarkable. Lovely views are to be had from the various balconies, and especially from the battlements—and even if the mountains do so enclose the Rhine, as to make it resemble a lake, the calm quiet of the scene exercises a soothing and beneficial influence on the mind of the beholder. One is carried back to ages long past; out of which dreams one is waked by a passing steam-boat; or by a train hurrying along the foot of the mountain—and so reminded of the vast interval separating the past of the Castle from its present.

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## CASTLE REICHENSTEIN AND THE ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH.

Immediately below Soneck, upon a river promontory on the left side of the Rhine, almost opposite Assmanshausen, is situated the St. Clement's Church with its "God's Acre", and not far removed, upon a gentle rising, the mighty Castle of Reichenstein. Church and Castle are too closely connected by dark and melancholy histories to admit of one being considered without the other. As was shewn in the case of Soneck, and subsequently in that of Heimbürg, the whole territory, from the left bank of the Nahe, down to the Kreuzbach near Niederheimbach, including the villages of Trechtshausen, Ober and Niederheimbach, belonged, probably by virtue of an Imperial gift, to the Abbey of Corneli-Münster near Aachen. The Abbey too held sovereign rights over the Castles of Soneck and Reichenstein—no historical evidence with regard to these rights is in existence.

The Abbey garrisoned the Castles, the defenders belonging chiefly to the noble families of the Rhinegau—more particularly to the widely-dispersed family of which the von Waldecks, whose estates were situated at Lorch and at Waldeck, formed



a branch. The von Rhinebotens of Bingen, were the Castle Commandants.

The first documentary evidence extant, testifying to the holding of the castle by the foundation abovenamed, dates from the 13<sup>th</sup> century, and refers to the then Commandant. The first Commandant of Reichenstein, to whom reference is made by name, is the Knight, Gerhard Rheinbot of Bingen. He was a wild, predatory individual, who plundered and murdered the pilgrims and merchants, journeying by the river-banks, along the road called until lately "Pilger-pfad" (pilgrims-path). As in those days, the rocks of the Bingerloch, (Hole of Bingen) (the name arose from a legend, affirming that in the rocks there was a funnel, into which the water streamed, flowing through a subterranean passage, and uniting with the stream at St. Goar) scarcely permitted a lightly freighted ship to sail through, they were forced to seek the channel near the left bank of the river, —the shore being used by the draught-horses of the upward bound vessels. They of Reichenstein, especially this Gerhard, by threatening to cut their hawling tackle, compelled the ships to lay to and pay their dues—that is to say—be robbed. This disorderly proceeding caused incalculable injury to the Lombards and Jews, resident in Bingen and Mainz—and at length grew to such a height, that the incessant complaints of the sufferers compelled the Abbey of Corneli-Münster, to adopt active measures for checking it. And, as the Commandant Gerhard declined to leave voluntarily, it became necessary, to expel him.

Assisted by the Archbishop of Mainz, and the Elector Palatine the Abbey laid siege to their own Castle.

Gerhard, Rheinbot von Bingen, not imagining that matters would grow so serious, and not having provisioned himself, wisely determined to surrender rather than to stand a siege.

The Convent of Corneli-Münster and the Abbot Florenz, were probably of opinion that a Vicedominus of Mainz in the Rhinegau, would secure them from the recurrence of such disturbances, and afford them full safety; impressed with these convictions, they appointed Philipp III. von Bolanden, to the Vogtei (Prefecture) of the Electoral "Bitzthum" possessions in the Rhinegau. In the presence of the Emperor, the Electors of Mainz and Trier, and other Princes, Philipp, in 1213, took the oath of obedience and fealty to the Abbot of Corneli-Münster—swearing literally: "not to attack or injure any one." The Son-

eckers took warning by this example, and for a time peace and security prevailed in the neighbourhood of the Castles of evil reputation.

Philipp died and was succeeded in his rights and privileges by his son Werner VII., who resided from time to time in the castle and called himself after it—according to a document of 1235. In the year 1241 we find his place occupied by an elder brother Philipp IV., named von Hohenfels. He dwelt in his castle of the like name, on the Donnersberg, never residing in Reichenstein. And so the predatory natures of the Burgmänner (garrison) once more waxed strong. — The Vogt (Prefect) absent, the Abbot powerless, the Archbishop entirely occupied by his own affairs, and the Emperor farther off than the Vogts:—who should stem their will, besides which they had sworn no oath of fealty! So once again the business of robbing and murdering, which had only been suspended perforce, went merrily, at first, only now and again, presently, wherever an opportunity presented itself. Soneck and Reichenstein on the heights, and Heimburg beneath, again became the terror of travellers, pilgrims and merchants. Once again the cry of distress arose from the throats of the Mainz Jews, from the Bingen Lombards; again did the river promontory, on which the St. Clement's Church was subsequently built, become the scene of robbery and bloodshed, and who the offenders against right, law and order were, little doubt existed. No aid from the Empire could be hoped for. The old proverb: "Help thyself and God will help thee", was verified—and in the strong mind of a mighty man, a great idea ripened into a momentous act. The citizens on the Rhine were free and the towns had grown strong; the Guilds possessing immense power, instilled fear into many a noble and patrician soul. But now a patrician, one Arnold Walpode came forward, who devoted his astute mind, his courageous spirit, his powerful arm and his personal influence to the cause. To combine for mutual aid, and to oppose the "Städtebund (City-Confederation) to the predatory and murderous nobility, was his idea, and his first, act was the destruction of the robber-abodes Reichenstein and Soneck. The army of the Städtebund under Arnold's command, arrived unseen on the spot where now stands the St. Clement's Church, they effected a landing, and after a short siege took, and razed the castles to the ground.



Again the spirit of commerce was aroused and appeared likely to flourish. A mere deception; for though the Hohenfelser, who could not effectually have opposed the army of the Städtebund, was silent about the destruction of his castles, he caused both „Burgen” to be rebuilt; the former inmates who had escaped returned, and the former incarnate spirit of plunder grew more excessive than before, now turning its energies against even their own rightful lords—the Corneli-Münster.

At length the patience of the “Convent” was exhausted, and they offered the whole of their estates between the Nah and Kreuzbach for sale, to the Elector of Mainz.

The prospect of such an acquisition was too bright to be declined summarily; but as the Elector-Archbishop had not the means to conclude the bargain, he made a contract with the Domstift, (Chapter) and the Sanctae Virginis ad Gradus in Mainz, and effected the purchase. The feoffee, Philipp von Bolanden-Hohenfels, long opposed the transaction, until a forced consent was obtained from him on the 10<sup>th</sup> of May 1271., and he took the oath of allegiance to the new possessors.

Into whose mind would the revival of the robber-system ever enter? “What is bred in the bone, comes out in the marrow”, says the old proverb—and its truth was soon to be shewn!

In spite of all oaths, in spite of the new owners having other means at their disposition, in spite of the strong hand now grasping the sceptre, a most unhallowed system of murder and robbery was again established in the vicinity of the castles, and carried out with such effrontery and boldness, as to give rise to the supposition, that the perpetrators believed themselves beyond the reach of law and justice.

The offenders were however out in their calculation. It was the object of the new Emperor to gain the love and obedience of his subjects, to conciliate the most powerful of Electors and his subjects, in order to secure their aid. Again; it was easier to hang the little thieves than the big ones. In the year 1282, the Emperor Adolph, appeared before Mainz, at the head of a considerable force. Here the army increased immensely, for the news that they had sworn an oath:—“to hang, like a mangy dog, every robber of what condition soever,” filled all the robber-knights of the Rhine with fear and trembling.

Marshall von Waldeck, who numbered many kinsmen among those threatened, hastened to Mainz to avert the boding storm. He pleaded the rank of the accused; but was answered by Rudolph in the words of Trithemius: "Hem not the course of justice. Let the thieves, for knights they are none, get their reward; they are vile robbers and villains, oppressors of the poor, breakers of the peace and treaders down of Imperial rights. Cease, ye who would be called noble, to intercede for thieves who, were they Earls or Dukes, so truly as I am their judge, shall not escape the death they merit."

Fear fell upon the Marshall at the hearing of such words. He was silent, and withdrew from the Imperial presence. The words were rapidly followed by deeds. Both castles were taken, razed to the ground and abandoned to the flames, and on the very point of land where the robber-knights had committed their most excerable crimes, they were mercilessly hanged on the branches of the venerable oaks and beeches, in whose shade they had oft lain in ambush.

The report of the Imperial judgment spread throughout Germany. Here it was lauded, there condemned, and t'was thought such a warning would have been effectual, and the ruins of the castles have remained ruins—a warning to all predatory natures—no such thing!

At the beginning of the 14th century, Reichenstein was already rebuilt, strange to say by the Pfalzgrafen Rudolph and Ludwig, who, be it said had not the least right to restore them, situated as they were on Mainz territory and being the purchased property of the See. This did not suffice! Scarcely rebuilt and garrisoned, murder, violence and plunder again became the order of the day, and now to the cost of the citizens of Mainz.

True the Archbishop opposed the rebuilding of the castles; but in these days of brute power, paper opposition availed little. When, however the hand of violence was turned not against pilgrims, merchants and travellers alone; but against his own subjects, the Archbishop aroused him and tried various plans; but neither by negociation, nor by the sword, could he attain the desired end. Two ways remained yet untried—the pronouncing of a legal judgment—and the way of cunning—the latter triumphed.



The day appointed for the election of an Emperor was approaching, the Archbishop arranged his plans accordingly. And so the strife was settled. The Archbishop promised his voice to the Pfälzer, who in return was to surrender the Castle. The compact was ratified in Bacharach on the 25<sup>th</sup> of December, in the year 1315.

Ludwig was chosen. The compact which he had made as Duke, he fulfilled as Emperor. His first command was, to surrender to the Archbishop the Castle of Reichenstein. This surrender was made in the year 1315; but it was a bad sign that his own brother rebelled against him; for we find that in 1339, Reichenstein was again in the Elector's hands. Upon receiving a solemn imperial order to do so, the Pfälzers gave up the castle to the archiepiscopal See.

In the year 1341 Gerlach left no means untried to raise himself to the archiepiscopal throne, and promised Ruprecht Castle Reichenstein, on condition of receiving his support. The project was however not put into execution; but Gerlach made over to Kuno von Falkenstein, Dean of Mainz and Electoral Chancellor, the two Castles and the whole of the estates, formerly purchased from the Abbey of Corneli-Münster, in consideration of his retiring from the contest and recognizing his, (Gerlach's) claim. The value of these lands, castles and villages, was estimated at 40,000 guldens, on whose payment to Kuno in 1359, the mortgage reverted once more to the Archbishopric.

In 1396, new difficulties as to the appointment of an Archbishop arose—Reichenstein was then held by Graf Gottfried von Leningen, upon whom the choice fell, he kept possession of it until 1397. When the Pope bestowed the See upon Graf Johann von Nassau, Leningen surrendered the castle which the Archbishop immediately garrisoned.

An evil spirit—the spirit of brute force—seemed to descend upon all who inhabited the castle. It revealed its presence in 1408, in the person of the Knight, Wilhelm von Reichenstein, who then owned the Burg. In this year the town of Andernach, celebrated a "Schymph"—or tournament, to which was bidden the knight Frank von Cronberg, on the Tannus—with whom Wilhelm von Reichenstein stood in feud, and bore him an old and bitter hate. Aided by the knights Eberhard von der Heyden, and Sifrid, Bastard von Runkel, and their vassals, he attacked

the Cronberger upon his homeward journey whom, he ill-treated, robbed and cast into the dungeons of Reichenstein.

The three Rhenish Electors interfered, but with no result, until they united and laid siege to the offender's castle.

The facts that Reichenstein was still intact in the year 1468, and that Philipp, Marschal von Waldeck, of Castle Ueben or Iben (near Flörsheim) was the archiepiscopal Amtmann (Magistrate) in Reichenstein, prove that the energetic measures of the Electors had effectually subdued the obstinacy of the Reichensteiners.

From this time forward history is silent, and it would appear as if the laws of passing existence had been violated. The castle now seems to have been given up to decay, and even the French, when they destroyed all the Rhenish Burgs, do not appear to have thought it worth their trouble to render the destruction more complete than it was already. The satisfaction of setting fire to the Castle, they could not however, deny themselves.

Let us now turn our attention to the Clements Church, which stands so lonesome on the river-bank below. In the latter years of the past century, it was a bare and desolate ruin; the resort of vagrants and robbers, who attacked and even murdered travellers—the place was avoided in the evening, or night hours. The question of its origin naturally arises. Why was it built so far removed from all human habitations—why was it allowed to fall into ruins, why were the corpses of those dying in Trechtingshausen, who wished to lie in consecrated ground, buried here?

All reliable information is wanting. Only the name remains to us, and the fact *alone* may be depended upon, that in early times hermits lived here who performed the services of the Church, and prayed for the souls of the dead, who slept their eternal sleep below. As the Church gradually fell to ruin, and the villagers of Trechtingshausen refused to keep it in repair, the hermits were forced to seek other retreats, and the Church stood deserted, shunned; a place of terror and of horror—rich in tales of violence.

When history is silent, we may be permitted to give ear to the voice of the "folk", and draw our own conclusions from their lore.



We have two traditions concerning the Church's origin.

Once upon a time a rich Dutch timber-merchant left the Upper-Rhine, with a raft of Black-Forest pine-trunks. He was overtaken by a fearful storm, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared; the waves of the Rhine with frightful violence rose and rolled, in Bingen Loch was such a tumult of the elements as no human ear had e're heard before—the raft was already broken into small pieces, which floated away on the waves. All must be lost unless miraculous help came soon.

The value of such rafts was then, as now, immense, and in certain cases represented the merchant's whole wealth. In the fear and terror of his heart, the sorely troubled man swore an oath to the Lord, that if in His infinite mercy, He would take pity on him, he would erect a Church on the spot where he should find his timber cast ashore.

The frightful storm lulled with unusual rapidity. The waves, of the agitated river laid themselves to rest, before night spread her veil over mountain and river, the anxious merchant seating himself in his boat, impelled by the brauny arms of his men, is carried rapidly over the river's bosom.

He scans the two shores of the river anxiously, in search of some trace of his property. Nowhere can he see a single trunk. Shall he regard this as a bad or as a favourable sign? Suddenly the boat rounds the little promontory above the Castle of Reichenstein, and behold, there lies the raft in safety, uninjured with all the crew. Not one trunk is lost!

There, on his knees in his boat, he thanks God for His mercy and renews his oath to build a Church on the spot, where in God's loving care he found his raft.

The following spring he returned, and began to build the Church, which was dedicated to the blessed Clementia by the Archbishop of Mainz. And that was the Church of St. Clement, a daughter of the Parish-church of Trechtingshausen.

Plainly, there are many improbabilities in this story, and neither the reputation, which it maintained of being simply the Church attached to a burial-ground, during the centuries of its existence and decay, nor the reason of its being the abode of the hermits, are explained.

Much more probable is the other legend. It is intimately connected with historical facts, and explains all the difficulties left unsolved by the above tradition.

It is as follows: The Court of Justice held by Rudolph of Habsburg for the trial of the peace breakers of Reichenstein, Sonneck, and probably Heimburg, pronounced sentences of fearful severity on the offenders. More especially were the vials of wrath poured out upon the noble families of the Waldeckers, of which many members were ruthlessly condemned to a death of shame and indelible ignominy, at the hand of the hangman. The branches of the primitive oaks on the Rhine shores bore a harvest of horrible fruit, many corpses of representatives of the noblest families of the land, and of many allied to and connected with them. The same night they were hanged, their bodies were cut down by relatives, and carried in boats to Lorch in order that they might be interred secretly in sacred ground.

To the deep sorrow felt at their deaths by their surviving friends, united itself horror of the shameful deaths they had died; wounded religious feeling, and anxiety for their souls' welfare.

And the thought arose in their minds that they would mutually assist in building a mortuary Chapel, on the site where their lost relatives had met their doom, a Chapel to be dedicated to God, wherein should be laid the remains of the victims; wherein perpetual masses for the peace of the departed souls should be said by hermits.

Permission to carry out this pious intention, was sought and readily given.

The old oaks, with their melancholy reminiscences were hewn down and fashioned into beams for the sacred edifice. The masons began their work and were aided on all sides, the Church arose, and united with it were the hermits cells.

Thousands assembled on the day of consecration; the corpses of the dead knights were carried from Lorch in barges, and placed in the nave of the Church—a melancholy sight—previous to being placed in the vault prepared for them.

When the Archbishop of Mainz pronounced the prayer “commending the Church to the ever merciful pity of the Almighty, for the repose of the souls of the executed,” the entire assembly, forgetful of and forgiving all the crimes and horrors committed by the departed, burst into floods of tears. and from the hearts of all present rose upwards to Heaven, a sincere prayer for mercy on those who had just been laid to their long rest; the remains were then blessed by the Archbishop, and deposited



in a common vault, mass for the repose of their souls was said, and the vault closed ever them.

The hermits took charge of the Church, and said daily masses for the souls of those whose remains lay in the vaults.

The spot on which the Church stood, was one dedicated in future to sacred uses—it was no longer a place of shame—and the villagers of Trechtingshausen, henceforth buried their dead here.

Great and important events occurred in the course of years. Lorch, once so rich in wealthy proprietors, fell to decay during the Reformation. The family of Waldeck von Soneck was almost extinct. The last representatives of the family had been scattered in the storms of the age. Both Burgs fell to ruin. The hermits deserted the Church, and a hollow-eyed ruin stood sheltered under the spreading branches of mighty walnuts.

Row upon row of graves succeeded each other, the villagers of Trechtingshausen still brought the bodies of their departed friends and laid them here; but the village had not the means of rebuilding the “Church to God’s tender mercy.”

It remained a ruin, and the tooth of time gnawed with unwearied energy upon the bare walls of the sacred edifice, whose fall approached with sure steps.

Times changed. The Burg Vautsberg was magnificently restored by Prince Friedrich of Prussia, under the name of Rheinstein, and the exalted lady his wife, the noble and pious Princess Friedrich would do the Lord service. Hitherto the Lutheran Pastor of Oberdiebach had held the services in the “Rittersaal” of the Castle. The eye of the holy-minded Princess fell upon the ruined Church. To rebuild and consecrate it to God’s service, and to the use of members of the divers Christian communities—this was to her soul an edifying and a holy aim.

In the year 1834 it was realised. The necessary agreement was made with the See of Trier, according to which the Protestant inhabitants of the Castle, and the scattered members of the Protestant Church in the vicinity, should celebrate their services under the same roof in turn with their Roman Catholic brethren.

The expences of the restoration were very heavy, and the Princess, on her return to her winter residence, received the comfortable assurance, that during her absence the inhabitants of

the Castle should enjoy perfect peace whilst holding their service in the Clements Church.

The Church was consecrated according to Lutheran rites, and nothing seemed likely to disturb the harmonious working of the plan.

Soon the calm surface was ruffled. Disputes arose and attempts at encroachment were made. The Roman Catholic authorities denied the right of any but the inhabitants of the Castle to worship in the Church, thus excluding all other Protestants. However unreasonable the demand, the Princess used all possible care to avoid even the appearance of calling up a polemic spirit. The Lutheran pastor came accordingly on the Sunday appointed, accompanied by the Organist, Sexton and Bellows-blower. Before their arrival at the Church the inhabitants of the Castle had assembled around it, the Castle porter was sent to the Church Wardens of Trechtingshausen, for the Church-keys. In the first instance they were refused, but finally given; on his return the Porter found the key-hole filled up with stones tightly wedged in. Whilst the man was engaged in clearing the key-hole, a number of men from Trechtingshausen assembled, and the village-magnates demanded with threats the surrender of the keys. In order to avoid a disturbance they were given up. The words: "Ye shall not enter the Church until the Princess arrives" induced the Protestants to withdraw, amidst peals of laughter from the excited throng. The consequence was that the Princely family never again entered the Church they had rebuilt, but built a private Chapel attached to the Burg. And so arose the lovely little Chapel seen from the Rhine; it is built in the purest and richest style; is a pearl of modern Gothic.

In the third decade of our century, a taste for rebuilding Rhenish Castles seems to have gained ground, and it appeared probable that they would all be restored, General von Baarfuss about this time purchased Burg Reichenstein, and the hope—since departed—arose, that it too would be restored.

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## BURG SONECK.

Of the appearance of the Rhine, and the events that happened on it before the victorious Romans set foot on its banks we have no record. Of the condition in which they found its shores we may form some notion. In many places impenetrable forest covered hill and valley, and the pursuit of game, in which it abounded, attracted nomadic tribes hither, who now and again settled down as hunters or fishermen. The records left us by the Romans, hardly go beyond the names of the tribes.

In Caesar's days upon the right bank of the Rhine, in the district commencing at the Main, dwelt the Udier, a tribe whose name Ob, Ub, Ouwe, Uve = Aue, as the islands in the river are still called, and signifies *river*, is derived from, and means *Uferbewohner* (Shore dwellers). In later ages we meet with the designation: Ripuanier (from Ripa a shore). Upon the left bank dwelt the Treverer or Trevirer, whose territory extended into the far west.

Persecuted by inimical tribes, and giving ear to the representations of Roman leaders, the Ubier threw themselves into the arms of Rome, resigned their independance, followed their new allies and settled upon the left bank of the Rhine between Bingium = Bingen, Confluentes = Coblenz and Rigonagum = Remagen, Colonia Aggrippina = Cöln. Beneath the wings of the Roman Eagle they enjoyed protection, and beheld with indifference, or even aided, the building of Castell upon Castell on the left bank, thus forging their own fetters which hung lightly on them firmer.

A time of vengeance was approaching. Though the Roman forts commanded the valleys on the right bank of the river, their garrisons were powerless to withstand the recoil of Teutonic courage. The forts were razed to their foundations, and pitchy darkness again veils the tribes who dwelt here, the battles they fought; and what followed the destructive wars waged for the extirpation of tyranny.

In comparatively later ages the darkness grows less dense. Castles are built, the most ancient, unquestionably for the purpose of resisting the incursions of the Normannen, who with their light craft sailed up the river, plundering and destroying the settlements. That they destroyed the Osterburg near Kreuznach,





Kirsch 652

*Burg Fonneck.*

Verlag von Julius Niedner in Wiesbaden.

Steindruck v. Carl Meyers & A. N. N. N. N.





is an ascertained fact. Subsequently Imperial fiefs increased the number of dynasties, and with them the Castles, which however were frequently Imperial property. I have reason to suppose that Soneck, was one of these Imperial Castles, and the estates "bordland."

The Imperial Forest of "Soon" (written in the earliest records Son, Soan, Soan, Soane: signifies forest) in which; starting from the Saalbau in Kreuznach, the sons of Charlemagne were wont to hunt, stretched from the skirts of the Hochwald across the mountains upon the left bank of the Nahe, over a district of Hunsrück down to the Rhine, and formed an angle with the hills on which Soneck is built;—hence doubtless its name. (Son Eck = angle, corner).

Within the extensive "Revier" of this forest are a considerable number of strong castles—among others Wildburg, the ruinous Alteburg, the castles of Sponheim and Winterburg, upon the ridge of the forest-clad hill Koppenstein, then the castles of Callenfels and Wartenstein, the Kirburg, the Schmiedburg and the Castle of Oberstein. In Kirburg, Dhaun and Schmiedburg, resided the "Wild" and "Rau" Grafen, rangers doubtless of imperial forests. That so valuable territory should be protected on the Rhine's—eastern frontier seems natural. The position was all the more important, inasmuch as the foot of the rock on which Soneck stands is on the boundary, formed by bubbling streams of the Nah and Trach Gaus.

Although the uncertainty which hangs over the origin of most Rhenish Castles, sheds its mantle over Soneck also, it is almost certain that Archbishop Willigis of Mainz was the founder. That it was not built before the 12<sup>th</sup> century is unquestionable. Whether it was built on the foundations of a Roman watch-tower is to be doubted, as no traces have been discovered. The assumption that it was built as a defence for the Mainz territory, on the left frontier of the Electoral possessions, has as little foundation as have many other hypotheses. At the commencement of the 12<sup>th</sup> century, the Abbey of Corneli-Münster near Aachen, owned large estates in Niederheimbach and Trechtingshausen. About the middle of the century we find the Abbey in possession of Soneck and Reichenstein. It has been supposed that the Abbey built the Castles for the protection of their estates. The assumption is unfounded. When the Abbey came into possession it is much more probable that



the castles were given by noble proprietors, in lieu of sums owing, than that they were built by the Abbey. Their wealth was not great enough to allow them to commit such extravagances. It by no means militates against my statement, when we find the Abbey appointing the knight Wernher IV. von Bolanden, to be Warden in Soneck and Reichenstein in 1233; to be Vogt and Bailiff of their estates in the vicinity of both Castles.

Wernher died childless, and the Abbey transferred the wardenship to his brother Philipp von Bolanden, who called himself after his own Castle: von Hohenfels. He was the proprietor of extensive estates, not only on the Donnersberg, but in the Wetterau also; he rarely visited either Soneck or Reichenstein, and the Abbey was forced to be content with having the duties performed by whomsoever he chose to appoint. It lay in the spirit of the age and in the decay of chivalry, that these men, regardless of their sacred duties, degenerated into "Schnapphähne" (Snap-cocks) as the noble robbers were called, who not only plundered merchants, and the ships conveying merchandise between Bingen and Cöln; but attacked the villages, "lifting" the cattle, robbing the barns, and throwing the unhappy peasants into their castle dungeons in order to enforce payment of heavy ransoms.

The audacity of these noble robbers increased to an alarming extent, and even the Knights, who hitherto had not stained their hands with such atrocities, now emulated their example on seeing that such deeds went unpunished.

A cry of general distress was raised—especially between Bacherach and Bingen—the Lombards in Bingen, in whose hands lay nearly the entire trade with France, were not the last who lodged complaints in Mainz and Cöln. With their cries were mingled those of the "kaiserlichen Kammerknechten" of Mainz and Bingen: the Jews, for they too were sorely spoiled and oppressed.

In this situation help from the Archbishop could scarcely be hoped for, as the barbarous knights paid little attention to words of exhortation, and power to adopt active measures against them was lacking; unless assistance could be obtained from their feoffees and here the old proverb: "one wolf wont eat another," held good.

But help came from a quarter whence it was little expected, at least by the ranks of mail-clad "Schnapphähne."

The influence of the cities and their Guilds had grown into

a power. A common spirit animated them, and they had convinced themselves that a union of forces might be the means of saving themselves from destruction. One great effort was wanting to insure the success of their project.

This effort was made by a citizen of good old family, Arnold Walpode—he has already been introduced to the reader. (Walpote, Waldbote, possibly archiepiscopal ranger of forests). He called together an assembly of the municipal authorities of the Middle-Rhine country. His words inflamed the citizens, and Mainz with her noble Arnold Walpode, placed herself at the head of the Rhenish City-Confederation, which all towns on the river banks immediately joined.

Arnold rested not. A blow was to be dealt which should smite the godless robbers of Soneck and Reichenstein. He looked upon it as the purpose of his life, and succeeded at length in inducing the Confederation to raise and organise an army. It was placed under his command, and the knights of Soneck and Reichenstein beheld with dismay the arrival of ships, from which a numerous body of fully equipped soldiers landed. It was in the summer of 1234 that the confederate towns attacked, and after a short but fierce siege took the Castles. Those who could not save themselves by flight were mercilessly cut down, the rage of the besiegers was not stilled until the Castles lay in smouldering heaps.

The effect produced was stupendous. The Confederation became conscious of the power and strength latent in the bond of citizenship. But in the minds of the knights fear prevailed over their burning anger, and they never again ventured to oppose the Confederation, whose first attempt had brought forth such vast effects.

Wildest of all was the wrath of Philipp von Bolanden-Hohenfels, when the news was brought him that Soneck and Reichenstein had fallen; calm reflection shewed him how impotent any attempt at vengeance must be, and so he smothered his wrath.

He determined nevertheless not to allow the Castles of his Vogtei to remain ruins—they must be made the source whence vengeance should sally forth and wreak itself on the cities—in renewed strength must they arise from the ashes.

Within a few years, with the aid of the Abbey of Corneli-Münster, he rebuilt both castles, more impregnable than before



and scarcely were they completed, when fierce vengeance was taken on the "Krämer der Städte" (City grocers), for no pack animal was allowed to pass along the road, no ship to sail the river, without being plundered. The evil was greater than ever—and cruelty went hand in hand with it.

Ever louder grew the murmurs against the robbers. In vain did the Abbey of Corneli-Münster send appeals and urge remonstrances. Weary with incessant disputes, and fruitless efforts to establish law and order, the Abbey resolved to sell the whole of their estates at Heimbach and Trechtingshausen.

In the year 1270 the Chapter of Mainz Cathedral and the Sanctae Mariae ad Gradus, purchased the whole for the sum of 1423 Cöln Denare. A document of 1274 declares the purchase sum to have been 1500; probably the tithe commutation was reckoned in the last named sum. One third of the amount was paid by Werner, Archbishop of Mainz. As the motto of the Abbey probably was: Short reckonings make long friends—Archbishop Werner and the others—inasmuch as ready money was scarce, were compelled to borrow from the Mainz Jews, and as the "kaiserliche Kammerknechte" trusted henceforth to being allowed to trade unmolested, and were sure of getting good interest, they were ready enough to negotiate the loan.

The deed containing the record of the oath of allegiance taken by Philipp, as Vogt von Heimbach, is dated May 10<sup>th</sup> 1271—by the same act he pledged himself to refrain from all plundering expeditions, and to preserve the peace of the land. Once more trade flourished, and the evil spirit which haunted Soneck seemed to have been exorcised. The merchant might go his way, the peasant carry his harvest, and cultivate his vines in peace; for Archbishop Werner held the reins tight, and kept vigilant watch over the two Castles. Philipp von Bolanden Hohenfels had probably good grounds for keeping his own vassals in check; but at his death matters suddenly changed. The vigilance of the Archbishop, who probably imagined that the calm would be enduring, relaxed; the heirs of Philipp von Bolanden who died in 1277, troubled themselves little about the oaths he had sworn, and as soon as they stepped into the inheritance, recommenced the old system of plunder and robbery, in the most shameless and iniquitous manner. Soon murmurs against them arose. The Jews who had lent the money for the purchase, upon the understanding that the old system should not be revived, not

only assailed the Archbishop with their complaints; but laid their grievances before the Emperor; Rudolph of Habsburg had of a surety good reason for dealing kindly with the sons of Abraham.

Enraged to the utmost the Archbishop exhorted and threatened; the Knights determined to reap what they had not sowed, scoffed at the Prelate whose impotence they well knew, and grew more daring in depredation.

They forgot that a strong hand held the reins of government; thought that the attention of Rudolph the Habsburger was turned to other matters, or possibly fancied he was too far off. "Till he arrives we can fish in troubled waters"—there is time enough to bow down the neck when he comes.

Quite in the wrong they were not; but they carried their conviction a little too far; and not only plundered where they could; but where guilty of cruel murders. The Sonecker and the Reichensteiners hugged, whilst they congratulated themselves, on their immunity from punishment—suddenly in 1282, Rudolph von Habsburg appeared with his army on the Rhine. The terrors of an evil conscience seized on them. All attempts to allay the storm failed. News was brought of Rudolph having sworn an oath to hang like common thieves all who fell into his hands.

In the plenitude of pride they laughed such a vow to scorn; but the storm gathered rapidly over their heads.

Again the boats of the Mainz Shipbuilders' Guild carried an army down the river and landed it before the Castles—all hope of pardon was gone.

The assault was made and the Soneckers defended themselves with the courage of despair. They had reason sufficient; for before Soneck, whose resistance enraged him, the Emperor renewed his oath to hang all, whether Knights or vassals, who should fall alive into his hands.

This oath smote cruelly upon the ear of one Ritter Marschall von Waldeck von Lorch; for all who dwelt within Soneck's walls were of his line. He fearlessly represented to the Emperor the dishonor he would bring upon the knightly order by condemning the Soneckers to the shameful death by hanging.

Filled with wrath the Emperor turned to him and spake the words recorded by Trithemius.

The oath which the Emperor had so solemnly and oft repeated he could not break. The noble robbers and murderers



richly deserved their doom. And so one morning a procession of "Buben" was seen moving down from Soneck, amidst the shouts and rejoicings of the people. In their midst were the prisoner knights who had fought in Soneck. There were not few of them. The Profoss, called also "Hangmann", headed the procession, and at the side of each knight (they were all in chains) walked a Monk, who tried to soften the heart of the doomed man committed to his charge.

A multitude of people had assembled, from Bingen they came in crowds, to see justice taken on unworthy members of a privileged order—an order which never before had felt the weight of an avenging hand—an order upon whom justice had seldom laid hand, even when the cry for vengeance rose from the smouldering ruins of innocent victims' abodes.

Slowly the procession passed by the Emperor's tent, ever further down the river, through the village of Trechtingshausen to a certain spot on the river banks where stood a number of old long-branched trees, whereon the condemned were to be hung.

With zealous fervour the Monks and Priests of Lorch did all their pious office bade them; at a sign from the Profoss, and in the space of less than a quarter of an hour, the trees bore their horrible fruit.—Silence had fallen over the throng; for in such a moment awe overpowers the most degraded; then the crowd departed, leaving the ravens to finish what man had begun. The Ritter von Waldeck cut down the corpses in the night, and took them to Lorch.

Most of those executed belonged to the noble families of Lorch and its vicinity—especially to the line of Waldeck.

Subsequent to the destruction of Soneck by the Emperor Rudolph, we hear nothing of the Castle until 1328, when mention is made of it in historical records. According to these documents, Mathias Archbishop of Mainz, surrendered the Castles of Soneck and Heimburg to the Chapter of the Cathedral, to be disposed of according to their good will and pleasure. It would appear that it was less a question of the ruinous Castles than of the estates, chiefly forests, appertaining to them. Whether the Chapter ever assumed possession may be doubted, as in the year 1346, Archbishop Heinrich III of Mainz, invested the Knight Johann Marschall von Waldeck, mentioned in 1347 as "Custos castri Heimburg," with the Wardenship and Bailidom of the Heim-

burg, near Niederheimbach, with which fief the Archbishop also invested him.

The Emperor Karl IV. in the year 1349 permitted the same feoffee: "to have and to hold the house yclept: „Saneck", which for State reasons was razed to the ground, and to construct such ditches, walls and towers, as shall be of most avail to him—and to hold the said house in fief from the Chapter of Mainz".

It is however quite certain, that the Marschälle von Waldeck in Lorch, whose castle stood on the so-called "Gebücker", or Rhenish line defence, were invested with the fief of Soneck, inasmuch as we find reference made in the year 1331, to one Marschall von Waldeck "called: von Saneck". We must for a few minutes concentrate our attention upon this family, whose many branches were for centuries connected with the Castle. The family must not be confounded with the family Boose, or Boise, von Waldeck, whose ancestral abode: Burg Waldeck" lies in ruins on the Hunsrücken, The famous Boose von Waldeck, who made the bet with the Rhine Graf on the Rhinegrafenstein, near Kreuznach, that at a single draught he would empty one of his great riding-boots of Rüdesheimer, with which it should have been filled. If he accomplished the feat, the village of Hüffelsheim, with land and people were to be his. Waldeck was poor. The boot was filled and without removing it from his lips, he drained it—dying a few minutes later with the words: "It is for my wife and my children", on his tongue.

Castle Waldeck, the ancestral home of this line, lies as we have said above, on the "Gebücker", and was once a mighty "Gauerbenhaus", (hereditary estate with certain privileges attached to it) and held in tenure from Electoral Mainz. By the division of property among so many sons, and by the "Gauerbenrecht", which they attained through marriage or valour, numerous branches of the family arose, distinguished by certain cognomens. The name of the head of the family: Marschälle von Waldeck, was derived from a fief, (Erblanduntermarschalls) holden from the See of Mainz; then we meet with the: Rost-Marschälle von Waldeck, Marschälle von "Saneck", Marschälle von Waldeck yclept: von Soneck, as the name of the Castle was also written, Marschälle von Waldeck: yclept: von Yvan, from a castle called also Iben and Uben, whose ruins may still be seen near Kreuznach in Hesse. Others called themselves: Marschälle von Lorch, Waldecke von Lorch, Schetzel von Wal-



deck, those: am Burgthor von Waldeck, Sladewick von Waldeck, Corpe von Waldeck, Stumpfe von Waldeck, one of whom in Kreuznach, was the Bailiff of the Elector Ludwig of the Palatinate in 1518. Mention of the family is made in the 10<sup>th</sup> century, and the different branches are distinguished by their arms—the Boosen von Waldeck, bearing on a traverse three buckles argent, whilst the Nassau Waldecks bear, on a field gules a chevron or, with three wings argent.

Distinguished by the addition to their names of: “yclept von Saneck”, we find between the years 1331—1354, Emmerich Rost-Marschall, and Johann, “yclept Saneck”, Marschall von Lorch (1354—1370), as feoffees of the Castle. They were brothers or sons of the Ritter Conrad, Marshall von Waldeck, of whose widow Iremela, historical mention is made in 1331. In the year 1337, we find a Ritter Gottfried von Waldeck, “yclept Saneck”, in the Chapter at Mainz.

A considerable number of knights and nobles are met with at this time, calling themselves “von Saneck”, of whom little or nothing is known. There is no question that the branches of the family, were numerous and wide-spread. In the year 1385, we meet with Johann, Ritter, Marschall von Waldeck, “yclept Saneck.” His son died in 1404, as Schultheiss (Chief-Magistrate) of Lorch. In 1431, records mention the names of: Johann the Elder, Johann the Younger, Marschall von Waldeck, “yclept Saneck”, Ritter and Schultheiss of Lorch. In 1439—1444, knights of the name are again met with, calling themselves Saneck, Marschall von Waldeck; and with one Johann, the line became extinct in 1444. The designation, Saneck, and von Saneck shew, that the family enjoyed the fief of the Castle in uninterrupted succession.

From documents relating to division of property it is clear, that the Burg, was completely restored between 1349 and 1355, for it is stated: “that our deceased father and brother-in-law, whose soul God rest! Herr Johann von Waldecken, Marschalg, to whom God be merciful, “mit unser aller Wizen und verhaengnissen wantt her sinen Dochtern den Buwe zu Sanecke, den her sinen Sohnen da gebwet und gemacht hait, erstaden wolde unb siner Seelen heil, dazher eyne Kind glich dem andern dede, etc.”

In 1444, quinta feria proxima post festum trium regum, or to reckon after our own style, Thursday the 8<sup>th</sup> of January,

Johann Soneck von Waldeck, admitted his son-in-law, Gerlach von Breidbach, to the rights and privileges of his fief, including "a right over the house", and by virtue of an agreement, made between Conz, Marschall von Waldeck, Johann Marschall, his cousin, and Johann von Breidbach, as to the disposition of the property of Johann von Saneck, the said Gerlach, came into possession of one third of the Burg Soneck estates. In 1483, to settle the disputes between Paul and Johann, sons of Johann von Breidbach, it was decided that they should enjoy joint rights over the Castle. In 1505, Archbishop Jacob, on the Thursday, after the anniversary of the Nativity of the Virgin, conferred the fief which was held until 1649, by them in common, upon the von Breidbachs zu Bürresheim, the Marschälle von Lorch and von Uben.

It would appear, that in the second half of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, the line of von Marschall von Waldeck became extinct, and the von Breidbach-Bürresheims remained in possession of Soneck; but since this date, the Burg disappears from the page of history, and it is not clear whether it was destroyed, or suffered to fall to ruin. The assumption that when Montal received orders from Louvais, to raze Fürstenberg, near Rheindiebach, Staleck, near Bacharach, Stahlberg, near Steeg, and Gutenfels, near Camb, he also received orders to burn and destroy Soneck, Reichenstein and Heimbург, is probably near the truth.

When Prince Frederick of Prussia built his Castle, and King Frederick Wilhelm IV., Stolzenfels, the Princes, brothers of the royal house, purchased and rebuilt Soneck. And now it stands on its proud and rocky heights, in a position whose beauty is inferior to none.

The view from Soneck is in one word magnificent. The eye can follow the course of the Rhine for a distance of 12 miles, which however seen from above, appears not as a flowing river; but as a mirror-like sea surrounded by lofty mountains. Islands, covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, float amidst the river-waves, from which on all sides rise masses of rock, whose feet or sides are decked with vines, and whose summits are crowned with forests. To the right of Soneck where the river flows into the basin formed by mountains, the wooded; but sparsely cultivated hills of Nassau rise up, the eye finds little to rest upon; Soon traces of human industry greet us, and Bodenthal's productive, vineyards where grows the noble



wine, peep from amid the wild sea of rocks. The fertile fields of Trechtingshausen, salute the eye, and the old village with its hideous Church-tower, rises from out a forest of fruit-trees. Turning the glance downwards, the panorama is more cheerful and animated. Immediately beneath us lies the far-stretching village of Lorch, with its beautiful Church-towers, where the lovely valley of the Wisper begins. That in the middle-ages numerous noble families resided here, founded a species of squirarchy and led luxurious lives, cannot be questioned, but of their houses none are left, the Solern Ritterhaus on the Rhine, alone reminds one of the age, unless indeed it be the watch-tower, if this can be called a castle, on the heights. Of the many castles said to have stood here not a trace remains. "The May bells of Lorch" are peals rung out by the many and musical chimes of the village, from eight to nine o'clock in the evening, during the month of May—a custom handed down from and a reminiscence of days past.

The little village of Lorchhausen, below Lorch, fortifying itself under the shelter of the "Wirbellai" succeeds, and then comes the primitive town of Bacharach, with its stately walls and towers; high up on the mountain's brow its Burg Stal-eck, and below this the vestiges of the St. Werner Chapel. Here the torch of the French conqueror did its fell work. In the distance the ruins of Fürstenberg, near Rheindiebach, backed by the ruined Castle of Heimbach; often mistaken for Soneck, meet and greet the eye.

The banks of the river are clothed with the most luxuriant sward, and one turns away unwillingly from the heights of Soneck, whence such a glorious prospect is enjoyed.

There was a time, when the taste for rebuilding ruined middle-age castles, seemed to promise a return of the merry old days, and certain speculative spirits bought up ruins wherever they were to be had; like merchandise whose price must rise in the market. The time is past,—and Soneck that only arose very slowly from its ruins, will probably be the last of the Rhenish feudal abodes, which rejuvenated, will gaze upon the bartering spirit of the period.

One legend is told of Soneck, which must find place here: The Knight of Soneck was a strangely wild comrade, one well-skilled in the art of waylaying and robbing travellers, an inhuman monster, whom old age and decaying strength served

not to warn. Once he sat in his hall surrounded by men with natures akin to his own, and they drank deeply of Bodenthal's fiery wine, whose potent draughts had already heated their brains, and they spake of men, famous for their skill in the use of the Cross-bow. Each vaunted his own prowess, each would be the first in the art—the wild Sonecker closed the discussion suddenly, by reminding them of one long-forgotten—the old Knight von Heppenhöft, in the valley of the Wisper—who had never be known to miss his quarry.

And the Knights asked each other, what had been his fate, one suggested this, another avouched that. And with a diabolical smile, induced by the conviction of gluttoned revenge. "Pah!" he cried with as much vigour as his wine-laden tongue would allow, "I will tell ye noble Knights! I surprised and took him prisoner—my foe bitter and deadly! I put his eyes out, robbed him of light, who robbed me of my love, and he lieth in a dungeon where he spinneth no silk I well wot!" And at this cruel jest he laughed loudly—but a shudder passed over the basest of the base hearts there.—"Up, bring him hither ye varlets!" cried the drunken Knight. "The blind man shall prove his skill!" And he laughed a laugh so mocking and loud, that the very walls of the hall were shaken.

Soon a lofty figure was led into the hall. White his beard, pale and haggard his cheek, his eye without light; but dignified and erect in his bearing. Proudly he stood before them—not resembling a prisoner, but like unto a conqueror!

"Heppenhöft!" hiccupped the drunken Knight with a fearful mocking laugh. "Thou shalt shew us thy skill, miss not thy mark and thou art free!"

"Good", returned the blind knight, "tell me in words that I may know whereat I shall shoot."

The page places the Cross-bow in his hand and lays the bolt thereon—and the Sonecker gives the word: "Here", as the mark to be hit.

The bolt flies whistling through the hall, buries itself deep in the Sonecker's temple, and he sinks a corpse to the ground.

Petrified sit the knights; loud shriek the pages; proudly unmoved stands the blind knight.

"He has his reward!" spake Heppenhöft, "Give me now mine."

Suddenly sobered, up got the old Marschall von Waldeck, and spake: "God has judged! Heppenhöft is free. Saddle for



him a horse, and for me my own charger. Mine be the duty to restore him to wife and children!"

And so it happened—and again a ray of sunshine brightened the way trodden by the feet of the blind knight.

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## THE HEIMBURG

CALLED TOO OF MEN: HOHNECK AND HOHENECK. NEAR THE VILLAGE OF NIEDERHEIMBACH, OPPOSITE LORCH.

The frontier of the ancient Rheingau upon the left bank of the river was formed—between the villages of Rheindiebach and Niederheimbach—by the Kreuzbach. Rheindiebach had been put into a defensive condition by the erection of walls and towers—the Electors Palatine had caused these fortifications to be built, and Burg Fürstenberg stretched its strong arm protectingly over its frontiers.

In those stormy and warlike days, was it likely that Electoral Mainz would leave its frontiers unprotected—more especially as the valuable property of Petersacker, belonging to Cloister Altenberg near Cöln, lay isolated, and the villages of Nieder- and Ober-Heimbach, were entirely unprotected, even though Lorch, with its Rheingrafenveste lay opposite?

To what danger might they not have fallen victims long before troops could have crossed the river? A fort, as a protection against the completely fortified, was essential to safety. The opposite—or right bank frontier, of the Rheingau was the *Niederthal* below the rocks of the *Wirbellan*. It was distinguished by the designation of "the" Galgen (gallows) which adorned the rocks of the Niederthal, at the distance of some paces from the river-bank, just opposite the Bacharach Island.

The Electoral gallows was a modest bipedal;—the Mainz gallows a loftier, more assuming, and 'tis said, more often used, tripodal erection. Both memorials of middle-age culture and justice, disappeared in 1810, though both site and district are still, in the mouth of the "folk", "am Galgen", although the "goose-skin" caused by the sight, and the tales of horror attaching to the spot are, probably traditions of the past.

Though the said "Gallows" may possibly have formed a

moral defence for the two territories, on the Palatinate side—stood the fortresses of “die Pfalz”. in the Rhine itself—the Burg Gudenfels above Caub, and the Burgen of Lorch, on the Mainz side. Whether a Burg, called Sareck, ever stood on the Bischofsberg, above the walled village of Lorchhausen is more than doubtful, as not the slightest historical record of its existence remains. If the Caub Castles on the far side were sufficient for defensive purposes, the Lorch Castles would be equally efficient on this side.

Local requirements and boundary disputes, rendered the building of defensive works matter of necessity, and the most favourable situation was doubtless a vineyard situated at the north-western extremity of the long, straggling village, belonging to Cloister Aulhausen.

Gerhard Archbishop of Mainz either purchased or exchanged the vineyard, from or with, the Cloister; for the preliminary works of the Burg were commenced in the winter of 1295.

An additional ground for hastening operations lay in the fact that the Abbey Corneli-Münster, (Sancti Cornelii Indensis) had sold their valuable estates near Trechtingshausen including three villages, and the castles of Soneck and Reichenstein, to Archbishop Gerhard; the Dom and Collegiatstift ad Gradus Sanctae Mariae Virginis in Mainz, in order to avoid incessant disputes with the Confederation and Imperial courts, provoked by the levying of river dues, and by highway robberies committed by the garrisons and knights of both Castles, despite ecclesiastical warnings. Soneck and Reichenstein were too distant to be sources of security for these possessions. (Trechttingshausen, Drei-dings-hausen, derives its name from the “Ding” or law-courts, of the three villages being held here. (Ober and Nieder Heimbach were included in the same jurisdiction.)

Philipp von Bolanden, or Hohenfels, who held Soneck and Reichenstein in fee simple from the Abbey of Corneli-Münster, confirmed the sale in 1271, and took the oath of allegiance to the Archbishops, pledging himself to protect the Lower Rhine, the monastic institutions, Castles, villages and estates. Thus the sale was ratified in due form.

As a matter of course in those days every Castle on the Rhine levied water and way dues.

And the Heimburg did likewise. In the oath taken by the Knight Bolanden, no allusion was made to these dues;



no wonder then that he did not feel himself pledged to refrain from levying them. The oath, "in all good faith" to ensure safety and protection to the estates of his feudal lord, could not be interpreted to extend to the property of the trading community of "Mentz," nor to the wealthy "Lombards" of Bingen, still less to the property of the wealthy and mortally hated Jews, who as special protégées of the Emperor, were the distinguished victims of knightly detestation. The word "dues" was one, in the sense and mouth of the knights, of extraordinary elasticity. It was a vain delusion under which the noble robbers laboured, when they flattered themselves that the cry of distress proceeding from the "Imperial protégés", would not reach the ears of the Emperor Rudolph—the cry did reach him, and with such impressiveness, as induced him to invest and raze the nests of these noble robbers, and the Knights, despite their parchment genealogical trees, were taken and hanged up to the branches of flourishing and verdant living ones, upon the spot now occupied by the St. Clement's Church.

As far as the razing of the Castles was concerned, their destruction was not complete; as the weight of the punishment would thus have fallen upon the Archbishop of "Mentz," who after all, beyond enjoying 'the blessings of dues,' was not responsible for crimes and enormities practised by the knights.

In 1315 the Heimbург had been partially restored. The Archbishop had given orders for its rebuilding, and there was no difficulty in finding a garrison among the many branches of the knightly line, by whom the old adage touching proprietorship held good. Archbishop Peter had taken an oath to hold the garrison in check—a matter of no small difficulty, considering the wild lawless bands who for the purpose of "filling their bags", and, for their own dear sustenance," soon recommenced the abominable system of plunder and ill treatment of the merchants, "dues", the spoil and booty indiscriminately appropriated was euphoniously named.

Anyone forming his opinions of the strictly just and legitimate views entertained by prelates of those days, from comparison with those prevailing among the Clergy of our own, will be far out in his estimate of the holy men of yore; for *they* were of opinion that not Knights alone were privileged to reap where they did not sow. A certain quantity must be poured into their own laps, even if the measure be not pressed down

and running over; that it should not, if it lay within the wish of the reverend men that it ought to do, was provided against by the knights.

The Archbishop it is true had taken an oath when the sword of the Emperor was turned against the Heimbург, to reduce the dues; but no precise time for such reduction had been specified,—and the Emperor was a long way off! This stipulation had been forgotten in Mainz; hint to the knights, that they were not bound by paper bonds, and that the Archbishop would be silent to the fact of their levying arbitrary dues for their own exclusive benefit.

Behold the fruits of the Imperial visitation.

The Rhine trade again suffered, and ere long would have been utterly paralysed,

The Rhenish mercantile guild moved heaven and earth. Their cry of despair smote the ear of many a mighty lord; but no helping hand was stretched out to them.

Once again the Rhine City Confederation aroused itself, and swore not alone to leave no stone of Reichenstein, Soneck and Heimburg standing; but to prevent their restoration, by forcible measures if necessary.

Archbishop Heinrich, who, as St. Peter's successor on the throne of Mainz, was terrified at the news; knew well the threat was no empty one. In the first instance he strengthened the Heimburg; then tried the effect of friendly negotiations; only too soon he learned that such pacific courses would lead to no satisfactory result, and adopted decided measures—but not such as the City Confederation anticipated.

From Aschaffenburg where he was for the time being residing; he addressed a mandate to Dittmar his Collector of Dues in Castle Ehrenfels, ordering him to lay in as great a store of materials of war and offensive weapons (among other *Sagittas teutonice*: “Noitsteile” dictas) as was procurable, for the defence of the Heimburg, and such as should be deemed necessary for a long siege by his Marschall Johannes von Waldeck—in short to prepare for a blockade.

Herewith another light; a clear one, fell upon the position occupied by the Archbishop with reference to the City Confederation, this on the one hand; on the other, light fell upon the charges lodged against the Heimburg, and it became very evident to the Confederation with whom they would have do



do. Whether the Confederation lacked a vigorous leader; faith in itself; in its unity of action; was weak, or doubted its means and power—however this may be, the Confederation withdrew from the contest, unless—for which all historical evidence is wanting, a friendly compromise was made.

So much is certain, the gathering storm did not burst over Heimbürg. In 1353, together with other Castles and estates of the See, it was mortgaged to the Dompropst (Dean) Kuno von Falkenstein, for the sum of 40,000 florins, in liquidation of his claims.

The mortgage was to lie upon the estates until the last farthing should be paid, and a condition of the mortgage set forth that until then, the Dean should enjoy the profits accruing from the estates. In the year 1362 the See of Mainz was again in undisturbed possession of the Castle.

The Heimbürg as well as the villages of Trechtingshausen, Ober and Niederheimbach, and most probably the Castles of Soneck and Reichenstein, were now placed under the Vice Dominat of the Rheingau, that is to say under the immediate supervision, direction and government of either the Vice Dominus, or "Bitzthum," as these powers were named by the Germans. This subordination seemed all the more imperative, as the "Bitzthum" resided in his castle in Lorch, and was thus enabled to oppose any outbreak of violence.

It does not appear from this time forward to have been an abode whence predatory excursions were made—at least no historical evidence of such exists. „Dues" were as a matter of course levied, though not so heavy as to produce commercial paralysis.

The "Bitzthum" of the Rheingau kept the walls in repair, and the castle in a sufficiently habitable condition, to permit the Palatine magistrates and representatives, charged with the bailiwick of the three villages, to reside there. The subordinate Court over which they presided, still exercised jurisdiction in 1438.

The Castle remained intact up to the time when the torch of war again flared up, and the French and Swedes ravaged and devastated the country.

Spinola, who overran the Palatinate with his blood-thirsty hordes, had reason; its proximity to Fürstenberg, for garrisoning the Heimbürg, though it was little adapted to oppose a deter-







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Lith.

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mine resistance. Upon the approach of the Swedes the garrison deserted, and took refuge in the neighbouring castle of Fürstenberg. It served the Swedes as a point d'appui against the latter, and Gustavus Adolphus sojourned in it until Fürstenberg was reduced.

The advancing Swedes left the Castle entire, though not without traces of their occupation. Up to the year 1689 its further fate is unknown. The French who were then in possession, left it in flames upon their withdrawal, and fire consumed all that was perishable. It became a ruin, and thorns and thistles flourished on the spot, where wild spirits had once housed.

The castle was of considerable strength and extent. The position is remarkably low, when compared with the eyrie situations which some of its neighbours occupied.

As far as the modern history of the Castle is concerned, the tenure of it was conferred on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of July 1787, upon Jacob Mertes of Niederheimbach by the Elector Friedrich Karl Joseph of Mainz, who permitted him to make use of the ruin upon the express condition of not disturbing the walls. Strange to say the deed calls the Castle: Hoheneck! By an edict of the French Prefect in Coblenz, dated April 30<sup>th</sup> 1808, the old deed of tenure was cancelled, and the annual fee discontinued, in consideration of the sum of 61 francs 92 centimes, being paid down.

The Heimburg passed out of the hands of the above-named Mertes into the possession of Konrad Korn of Niederheimbach, whose children sold it in 1838 to General von Barfuss, from whom it was purchased by one Herr Gerpott of Crefeld.

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## LORCH.

Lorecho, Lorecha, Loriche; for so is the name written in documents of the Middle Ages—in records dating back to the Carlovingian epoch. "Laureacum" however occurs nowhere as a Roman village, and as all Roman remains *are persistently* wanting, this name is false, and belongs to the period in which the irresistible impulse, to ascribe the commencement of all Rhenish villages to the Romans, prevailed. As in the case of the villages of Manubach = "manus Bacchi", Diebach = "Digitus Bacchi"



situated in the valley opposite Lorch, an attempt was made to derive the names as above. Lorch is an honest German village, whose situation would never have suited the practical Roman nature, which was far too well employed to have leisure for "vain work." In order to establish a claim to respect, it is surely not necessary to invent a Roman origin for many of these ancient villages. Besides which, it is very questionable whether the Romans would have suffered a *German* colony to settle here, masters as they were of both banks of the river.

The position of the village on the north-western angle of the Rhinegau was isolated, as communication with the heart of the district to which it belonged, was endangered by "Schnapphähne" on the river, and by the dangerous passage of the Bingerloch—the mountain-road too was unsafe, inasmuch as bands of robbers haunted the Sauer Thal. Thus Lorch was thrown upon its own strength, and upon aid more powerful still, which happily was neither far distant nor difficult of access—namely upon the friendly Bacherach. The free charter enjoyed by this place; the security afforded by its walls and towers, and by the strong castle of Staleck had caused the wine trade to centre here. Taking for granted the dangers of the Bingerloch, which was so narrow as to permit the passage of the smallest craft only, it cannot be doubted that fear did more than nature to hem the traffic. Fear too hemmed the traffic by water, more than was agreeable to the thirsty knights of Reichenstein, Soneck and Heimbург, whose means of obtaining supplies of the choicest vintages were thus interfered with.

Lorch took the greatest possible advantage of its situation; for its inhabitants justly appreciated the sunny lay of its heights, which they planted with vines, said to have produced the first and best "French or Frankish wine"; probably no other than red-wine. It seems however that it got no cordial reception; for its cultivation was soon given up in Lorch, and attention turned to "Hunnic" or white wine, whilst the red maintained its footing in Assmannshausen, (Hasemanneshusen) where it still keeps up its reputation,

Even if we anticipate history, reference must be made here to another circumstance by which Lorch's prosperity was maintained. In very early days a small private Guild consisting of a few families had organised itself; "Clothmakers and Blue Dyers." The trade must have been very considerable for those days,

as dark blue was the favourite colour of the age—more especially for woollen stuffs. The Guild attended fairs and markets, increasing their wealth and their knowledge, thus obtaining intellectual ascendancy and thereby great influence in Lorch. The Archbishops of Mainz appreciated and encouraged the Guild up to the era of the Reformation. Then came a change. In course of their attendance at distant markets and fairs, the weavers and dyers had probably become familiar with the ideas of the Reformers, long ere they had penetrated into the Rhine valley—and through the same medium, they found footing and favour among the citizens and nobles of Lorch. The numerous Clerus of Lorch could not calmly suffer this. Every effort to bring back the heretics to the true Church was vain—and from the essentially independent nature of the Guild—must continue to be vain.

The dissatisfaction of the Clergy soon assumed a more active form and degenerated into persecution. The Guild, conscious of the warm reception they would meet with in other lands, took a decided line; at the same time being acute enough not to get too far from the Rhine land, where their trade had found an extensive field of operation. A deputation, consisting of some of the elders of the Guild, was sent to the Landgraf Philipp von Hessen, praying to be allowed to settle in the Grafschaft (County) Katzenelnbogen—to the prayer was added the assurance: “that not many years would elapse before every peasant would be clad in *a coat of blue woollen cloth*.” An indication of the prosperity to be attained.

The Landgraf, recognising the advantages to be derived from acceding to the request—granted it, and the Guild left Lorch for ever.

True the Palatinate was now “heretic-free”, but henceforth Lorch’s prosperity dwindled, and the cessation of the “Weingabelungen” (wine-fairs) in Bacherach, completed the impoverishment of the place, by closing the channel of export, whilst the “Niedergrafschaft” Katzenelnbogen flourished, and the prophecy was fulfilled. The „blue woollen clothing” of the peasantry having obtained for it the name it still bears: “the little blue country” (“das blau Ländchen”).

Lorch would have sunk into the extremest poverty had not rich bequests been made, had not a wealthy Clergy resided there, and had not a numerous body of wealthy nobles emigrated from their castles to the village. Many specimens of their houses



still exist, over which the hand of time has passed without overthrowing them, as it has many others, whose place knows them no more. History and tradition alone commemorate their existence.

I have however interrupted the thread of my story, and must return to the point of departure.

In the early middle ages Lorch was divided into two halves, into the "Obirsdorf" and "Unterdorf", the latter appears to have been situated on the banks of the river, whilst the Oberdorf rose from the banks of the Wisper, and lay on the mountain side, where the Church now stands. The houses were built on the side of the river, and stretched in a long line down its banks to "the two Kranes", which were erected by permission of Archbishop Johannes, and about which trade naturally centered. A Court or "Saal" stood on the river banks, in which the fiscal taxes and dues were collected. These "Oberhöfe" (Courts) were castles of considerable extent and strength, and were usually inhabited by some noble family, to whom was committed the charge of offensive and defensive measures.

In this "Saal" were holden the sittings of the "Centgericht" (Hundreds-Court) presided over by a Knight of the Castle, and aided by 14 Schöffen (Jurymen). All knights who were magistrates, were members of the great and powerful "Gauerbschaft" of their respective lines. The Clergy with the "Pfarrer" at their head, were numerous, generally counting 20—22, they lived and dwelt together according to the rules of the so-called "Collegiatstifter" (Collegiate Institutions), it was their duty to sing the Hora, and to share the services in Lorchhausen and Stephanshausen, for which they received so-named "Präsenzen"; daily and rich gifts of all kinds, given in consideration of their "Präsenz" or presence. At the same time they were masters and teachers in an Institution, founded and supported by the resident noble families—namely the "Schuljunkerschaft". (School for noble youths.) It speaks well for the noble families of this district, (although it cannot cleanse them from the stain of their evil deeds in Soneck, Reichenstein and Heimbürg) that they provided for the education of their sons. The "Junker" (youths) received the necessary instruction from the priests—instruction, which be it said did not extend very far; had special seats in the Church, and were compelled to assist in the Choir. Special foundations were made by special families, the holding of which was con-

ditional upon the presence on certain feast-days, of the youth enjoying it, some were even held, subject to the above condition, for a longer term—extending over years after having left the school.

The only other institution of a like description on the Rhine, was the one at Ingelheim.

From the above description we gather, that throughout the Middle Ages, the nobles of Lorch led a brilliant and a merry life. To live here was the object and wish of the great families, whose abodes were higher up the river. The arrogance of the class is sufficiently apparent from the history of the three Castles wherein they lived, and proved themselves incorrigible robbers and highwaymen, until the rope provided by the unflinching Habsburger put an end to their song. The importance of the village was vastly increased by the immigration of the nobility, though even they were unable to arrest its decline, when the wealthy Guild of Weavers and Dyers deserted the place, and the wine-trade was directed into other channels. The nobles held out; the Clergy stood by their Benefices; but the "folk" grew poor. No wonder that the "peasants" war excited their brains, and induced them to hope better times would follow. Hence the strong contingent of rebels furnished by the valleys of the Wisper and the Sauer. All the more miserable was their condition, when the feverish dream of liberty was past, and they found themselves with diminished rights; with curtailed privileges, worse off than before, and that the "freedom breathed with Rhenish air" was a myth; an empty vision. Lorch too felt the weight of the Brandenburgers iron hand, as heavily as it felt the consequences of the passage of "Albrecht's Buben", when he besieged Bingen. The Thirty Years War in which Bacharach suffered so severely, did not leave Lorch unscathed, and the "Brandzug" (fiery-march) of the French through the Palatinate, and the adjacent country, destroyed their Castles, and put the nobles to flight.

In early days Lorch had its own "Landgericht" (County Court) and its own "Ortshaingereide."

The simple fact of the existence of an "Oberhof" or "Saal", rendered the fortification of the village a matter of necessity, of the fortification however, scarcely a trace is left at the mouth of the Wisper. Whether the security of the village was materially increased is very doubtful, as neither the locality nor



the population were strong enough to withstand a prolonged siege; for the fact that about the 12<sup>th</sup> century, Lorch founded the "village colony" of Lorchhausen opposite, may be explained by other reasons than the desire to dispose of the surplus population; far more probable is it, that on account of the scanty population of the country, certain villages owned more land than their hands could cultivate and turn to agricultural profit. If now we reflect that every immigrant into the Rhinegau was "free" so soon as he set foot on Rhinegau land, yes, so soon as—according to the proverb—"he breathed the air of the Rhinegau", let him have worn the yoke of serfhood as long as he would elsewhere; if we reflect further on the high wages, earned by the comparatively few familiar with the culture of the wine; and finally how low the price, and how readily obtainable was land adapted for building purposes, or for vineyards, and how profitable the culture in the vicinity of such places as Bacherach; it becomes probable that the immigration was considerable, especially (as is proved in other places) as it was increased largely by the influx of trans-rhenish serfs, who here became "free-men."

Tracts of land were readily given to them for the establishment of new colonies, to be incorporated with the mother-village. Thus originated Lorchhausen, whose grape-culture rapidly raised it to a pitch of prosperity otherwise unattainable. The transport of the produce of the vine, which flourished exceedingly under the shelter of the protecting mountains, to Bacharach, was easily accomplished—and in Bacharach was the "world's wine-fair," whence to the North, and north-east of Germany, and to the Netherlands, immense quantities of the grape-juice were annually sent.

So long as Bacharach continued to be the centre of the trade, Lorchhausen was a merry suburb of Lorch, defended from marauding attacks by walls and towers; but that a Castle existed here, to which with wonderful effrontery, the name of Sareck was given, is a most remarkable fable, as neither history nor facts, discover any trace of it. Lorchhausen was under the ecclesiastical and municipal jurisdiction of Lorch.

In the year 1390 Lorchhausen was served by its own Priest and Deacon; the Chapel however underwent considerable alterations subsequent to the 15<sup>th</sup> century. There is little doubt that through the influence of the wealthy Rheingrafen, the

Chapel became a Church, served by a Plebanus or "Leutpriester", under the jurisdiction of the clergy of Lorch.

Another little village, further up the river, was associated with Lorch in all ecclesiastical and municipal rights and privileges, it disappeared in the storms of time, its name and fame live in the wine grown there. Some buildings lately erected, situated at the mouth of a tiny forest rivulet, which murmurs through a deep valley opposite Soneck, mark its site.

Here stood the lost village of "Buttendal"—whose site is now called "Bodenthal." This too was a "Dorfcolonie" (village-colony) of Lorch; with fewer privileges. It owes its origin to the vineyards, where grows the delicious "Bodenthaler", now belonging to the inhabitants of Lorch and Trechtlingshausen—the larger share certainly to the Lorchers. The period of the decline of the village cannot be accurately given, it is neither younger nor older than Lorchhausen, the assumption that it was devastated during the Thirty Years War, and like so many other small villages, ravaged by the Plague subsequently, is probably correct. The village was a Nassovian fief, held in tenure by the Rheingrafen in the year 1170. A noble family named von Buttindal had a seat here, until the line became extinct in the latter half of the 14<sup>th</sup> century.

We must not omit mention of the many-branched knightly families residing in Lorch. In 1160 we meet with the baronial line of von Lorch. It appears through "Gauerbschaft" to have had many branches; for, descended from them, we meet with the Hertwich von Lorch, then the Hilchen von Lorch, (extinct at the beginning of the 18<sup>th</sup> century) one of whom was a faithful companion in arms of Sickingen. The Schetzel von Lorch, the Borngass von Lorch died out early, their ancestral home was on the left bank of the Wisper, the remains left are but few, and the assertion that the Castle even bore the name of: Nollingen or Nollichs, is without foundation. In 1110 it stood in its full glory, all record of its destruction or decay are wanting. These knights constantly lived here until their extinction. Besides these, numerous families of the Sauer and Wisper valleys, lived, and owned estates in Lorch.

As reference has been made to the Sauer-Thal, we may as well relate an incident which, it can scarcely be doubted, suggested to Schiller's mind, some ideas for his description of the "alten Moor" in his play: "Die Räuber." He was probably ac-



quainted with the whole of the facts, as the occurrence created a great sensation in Mainz at the time it happened. A certain Geheimerath von Sickingen, in the service of the last Elector but one of Mainz, was notorious for the luxurious life he led, and for his unthrifty ways. His two sons beheld the already diminished fortune of the family decreasing rapidly.—All prayers and entreaties were vain. Their father pursued his own course, and one property after another was wasted in riotous living. On a day a report flew through the town: "The Geheimerath von Sickingen has disappeared." It proved true. Even his servants did not know, or did not dare to know, anything of his disappearance. The Elector made every effort to discover the witty and jovial companion of his palace. In vain, every endeavour, public or secret, was fruitless. All kinds of solutions to the riddle were proposed—a suspicion of suicide was even mooted; but the Rhine cast no corpse ashore. Years went by and "grass grew" over the mysterious event.

One day, it was in September, a forest-ranger of Lorch, tired from the chase in the hills and valleys of the Sauer, reached an old wall, and lay down on the soft moss at its foot to rest, and refresh himself with his frugal mid-day meal.

Whilst he was thus engaged, a strange moaning and complaining, coming apparently from amidst the thick bushes surrounding the old wall, smote on his ear. He listened, it was to be heard distinctly. Pushing aside the bushes and brambles, he sees to his surprise, a tolerably newly built wall, in it a window secured by heavy iron bars. This window stood open.

The ranger's dog gave a significant bark. Bidding him be silent, he approached the aperture. "Who calls?" he shouted.

An old man totters to the window, his white beard falling over his bosom, his face deeply furrowed, and pale to look upon, with clasped hands he besought the ranger's pity.

All the stories and tales of his childhood were yet fresh in the ranger's mind, and brave man though he was, a shudder passed over him. A sudden revulsion of feeling was caused by the words, uttered in a weak voice, by the old man: "Ah, whoever thou art, take pity on the unhappiest of men. I am the Geheimerath von Sickingen, who disappeared from Mainz, and have been kept a prisoner here ever since by my own sons. Have pity on me, hasten to Mainz and tell to the Elector what thine eyes have seen; what thine ears have heard!" When the

ranger recovered from his fear, and asked the necessary questions he returned to Lorch, whence he immediately set out for Mainz.

The story excited immense sensation in the Elector's private circle, who forthwith despatched a Captain with 25 men, and a legally qualified officer of justice, to search the ruin.

Scarcely had morning dawned next day, when the soldiers, the officer and the ranger, entered the boat which was to convey them to Lorch.

Landing there they tarried no longer than was necessary to call the Magistrate. Arrived at the Sauerburg they stealthily ascended the hill, and whilst some forced their way into the ruin, others guarded the window. They found steps in good preservation; found a sufficiently comfortable lodging which appeared to have been just deserted; found the cell whose barred window was visible from outside; a bed, a chair and a table, nothing else, but some fragments of food, so fresh as to shew the prisoner had been removed during the night. Search of the Castle; of the forest; of the neighbourhood, afforded no clue as to the present abode of the prisoner, of whom no trace was again found. The facts were recorded by the legal authorities, and the Protocol signed by the Captain, the Schultheiss of Lorch, the Ranger and other witnesses.

What were the grounds for discontinuing, at least publicly, —the search instituted by the Elector, have not been revealed.

To the right of the Wisper which falls into the Rhine immediately below Lorch, the mountains rise precipitately, Vines clothe them to their very summits, where the naked rock peers up. Here stand the comparatively unimportant ruins of Burg Fürsteneck, they command the Rhine valley, and nothing threatening the safety of the village, could escape the watchful eyes of its inhabitants.

This Castle is one of the few, of whose origin and founder an authentic account can be given. Evidently built for the defence of Lorch, and possibly in defiance of the Rheingrafen in Rheinberg, who although representatives of the Elector, were not always peaceful and obedient. It was erected by Kuno von Falkenstein, Chancellor of the archiepiscopal See. Archbishop Gerlach mortgaged the Castle to Kuno in the year 1354, which mortgage was however paid off in the year 1356. No special record of its destruction exists, but a glance at Fürsten-



berg, and Staleck opposite, involuntarily reminds the spectator of the fire-brands of Melac and his abettors.

Lorch and its neighbouring Castle remind us of the mighty Burg of the old Rheingrafen on the Rheinberg. It is indisputably one of the most ancient of the Rhenish castles. In the year 1170 it was a fief of Mainz, held in tenure by the Rheingrafen. They possessed several Burgs and maintained large garrisons, among whom were some of the most famous knights of the Rheingau, and thus the Burg became a "Gauerbenhaus" which had scarce its like. The proprietors, that is to say the "Gauerben", of the Burg, laboured under the curse which weighed down so many, the charge of being highwaymen and disturbers of the peace. Such a state of things could not be tolerated by the Archbishop; for the complaints lodged by the merchants, especially by the Lombards of Bingen and the Jews of Mainz, increased daily. These murmurs alone would not however have sufficed to cause the razing of Rheinberg, had not the Rheingrafen made common cause with the Grafen von Sponheim against their feudal lord, the Archbishop Werner, and thus broken their oaths of allegiance.

After the battle of Spredlingen, whose issue was so disastrous to the Sponheimers and their allies, the Archbishop deposed the Rheingrafen from their Vice Dominat in the Rheingau; deprived them of their fiefs, and outlawed them. They sought refuge at Steine near Münster, their original birthplace, since which time their Burg there, has been called "Rheingrafenstein"; but they did not resign their old abode without an effort to keep possession. Werner was forced to besiege Rheinberg which he took and razed in the year 1279.

The Castle was rebuilt at the cost of the See of Mainz.

In the war with Mainz the Emperor Albrecht took it in 1301, retaining possession until 1304, despite a hot siege laid by the Electors of Mainz, Cöln and Trier. A proof not alone of the strength of the castle; but of the valour of the defenders. It is unaccountable that in 1372 Mainz was no longer in possession of the Castle, which was held in common tenure by the families of von Reinberg, von Wuneberg, von Scharfenstein, von Katzenelnbogen, and von Schmiedburg, who held it from the Pfalzgrafen Ruprecht, as an allodial estate. By this means the "Gauerbschaft" was still further extended. Subsequently the Castle was held on feudal tenure by the Sickingens.

The connection existing between the Burg and Lorch was very intimate, and the "Gemeinherrn" (the common holders) were important members of the knighthood of Lorch, who made the village: "The Paradise of the nobles of the Rheingau."

That so ancient a place had its cycle of legends is a matter of course—we proceed to give some of them.

When the eloquent St Bernard spake words which took captive the hearts of the Rhenish knights, and the Prophetess Hildegard exercised her strange gift within the walls of Ruprechtsberg—the Knight Gilchen von Lorch took up the Cross and followed it to the wars; but he left a maiden behind him whom his strong heart loved, her image was impressed upon his heart, and he mourned her absence.

The farther he left his native village behind, the more did the severance from her in whom his soul delighted, weigh him down; his longing for her increased so constantly, that it was not to be endured. He secretly deserted the camp and his comrades and hasted him back to the Rhine. What was his horror on learning that during his absence, the castle wherein his loved one abode, had been taken by another knight who had carried her off, her, his love! In his own castle he kept the maiden a prisoner—and the castle stood upon an inaccessible rock near Lorch.

Love overcomes all obstacles! Gilchen assembles his vassals and friends, who with one voice cried shame on the deed of violence. They approach the castle; but the robber laughs loudly in scorn. "Canst thou ascend the rocks in full gallop then shalt thou have thy love!"

The deed was impossible, and Gilchen gazes despairingly upon the rocks, inaccessible even to a bold mountaineer, much less to a horse! He grinds his teeth; clenches his hand until the blood starts; utters a frightful curse against the insolent robber; but all in vain, impossible!

A rustling is heard in the bushes, and the figure of one stands before him—of one, whom a Christian never names without a shudder, and without the sign of the Cross. The Evil One had heard his words and enquires: "Impossible?" Then with a laugh that shook the very soul of the knight: "Impossible! nothing is impossible where I aid."

"Wilt thou furnish my charger with wings, that he may fly?" asks Gilchen.



"Not on thy horse," returned the tempter; "but on mine shalt thou be carried, if thou hast courage to mount it."

Furious at the doubt cast upon his courage, the hand of the Knight seizes his sword's hilt.

"Peace," cried he whose head was adorned with a scarlet plume, and retreated a step.

"I love not thy cold steel," he said with a shiver; "but my word I will keep! Hear reason, Knight Gilchen von Lorch! She shall yet be thine. Deal with him as thou wilt."

The Devil is the best lawyer. He prevails upon the knight to accept his conditions.

"Pledge me thy knightly word," cried Gilchen to the robber knight, "that thou wilt restore me my love unscathed, if I ride full gallop and hold bridle before thy gates?"—"Of a surety" cried the knight with a loud mocking laugh, "I pledge thee my knightly word; my knightly honor!"

At these words he of the scarlet plume muttered some scornful words, which were but half understood; then turning to the knight: "Come, there mid the bushes, waits one with a steed—but—a compact must be made! Two must take part in a bargain; in this one, thou and I. What shall I get? Canst thou write?"

"Bah, thou stupid! Can I write? Hast thou forgotten the school of nobles in Lorch!"

The Devil muttered something which sounded like: "noble" "school" that doesn't rhyme"—and spread a parchment out before the knight, in virtue of which he sold himself, body and soul, to the Devil. The knight shuddered and—signed, and the bargain was concluded. A few minutes later he mounted the steed that stood ready. The beast was raven-black; from his eyes and his nostrils flashed fire, he plunged and grew so unmanageable that even—*he* could not manage it.

Seizing the bridle, Gilchen swung himself into the saddle. Soon as the infernal steed felt his rider, he grew suddenly quiet, gave up the attempt to throw him, and made for the castle rocks, at whose foot Gilchen's vassals stood in amazement, and every window of the castle was filled with faces. The beast set his hoof on the rock, and wherever he set it down a hollow appeared, like the step of a stair. Having once obtained a footing, he ascended the rocks in mad career, with as much ease as were he galloping over a grassy plain!

A few moments, and the Knight drew bridle in his enemy's court-yard, those who beheld the sight crossed themselves, and cried in terror: "God be merciful to his soul and to ours! For all suspected that the powers of darkness had lent their aid.

At the sound of Gilchen's horn the insolent knight appeared in the court-yard.

"Draw thy sword! cried Gilchen." "I am come to chastise thee!"

Swords were drawn, and a fierce fight began—the clash of weapons might be heard afar, and the ground trembled beneath the heavy steps of the combatants,—until a masterly stroke of Gilchen's smote his enemy dead at his feet.

Gilchen's vassals hastened up the mountain side to the castle, and nobody opposed them; for the garrison was small compared with the number of Gilchen's friends. Gilchen sprung from his horse, which plunged over the castle wall, and disappeared in the depths.

Great as was the terror of all who had seen the feat, Gilchen knew none, other thoughts filled his soul. He hastened to the dungeon in which the monster had plunged his love—can words describe the joy of that meeting?

Fear, horror, quickly followed the joy; for he of whom we wot, entered, disguised as a squire—a shudder passed over the maiden, on learning to whom they owed their happiness. The knight grew pale at the sight of a parchment which the Evil One held before his eyes.

A suspicion of the truth flashed through the mind of the pure maiden; she tore the parchment out of the Devil's claws, spread it out on the table, and laid a Crucifix upon it—the Crucifix which hitherto had been her comfort and her hope.

"Canst thou take it—do!" she said.

The Evil One walked round the table gnashing his teeth with horrible rage—clawing at the deed with his long talons; but drawing them as quickly away again, finally he rushed about the room cursing, swearing, raging madly, and at length disappeared through the window, leaving behind him his usual legacy, with which all the world is familiar.

Presently the lovers were disturbed by a terrible glare shining in at the windows.

"The castle is in flames" cried the Knight Gilchen, and seized



the Maiden, who seizing the parchment and Crucifix hastened forth, happily just in time to escape death in the falling ruins. The maiden cast the parchment into the flames, and though a strong wind drove them against her, watched until it was burned to ashes.

Who had set fire to the castle none knew but the happy pair: Gilchen von Lorch and his lovely bride. In fond love they lived out their lives; for each had saved the other, he her from the hand of man, she, the pure one, him, from the hand of the Evil One.

Of the *Teufelsleiter* (Devil's ladder) many legends are told in the Wisper Thal; but the truest account ever given was the one related by a "Heinzelmannlein", (Mannikin) one cold winter night when he sought refuge in a Charcoal-burner's hut. The mannikin told him: "We live about here 'midst the valleys, mountains, and forests. My tribe lives yonder in the Kammerforst. We have two great principles to guide us in all things: We require: among ourselves order and obedience. We require from men; hospitality, and a kind reception at the fire-side. These two principles are more closely connected than you perhaps imagine.

The entrance to our underground home is open to us, so long as a ray of sun gilds the tops of the loftiest oaks, or plays upon the highest peaks of the hills. With the disappearance of the sun's rays, all hope of entering our dominions is lost to us until sun-rise. In the forests, and in the ravines of the hills we cannot spend the night; for we are so accustomed to warmth in the bosom of the earth, that we should perish from cold in the warmest night of summer. So we seek shelter in men's homes, if it is denied us we grow fearfully angry, and take signal vengeance upon the inhospitable mortal, who has refused us a warm night's lodging—Dost thou know the "*Teufelskidrich*?" "Of a certainty!" returned the Charcoal-burner.

"Dost thou know its history too?"

"I knew it once", said the Charcoal-burner.

"Yes, answered the little man as it is told hereabouts I suppose—I'll tell you the real story, just as it was."

"Up yonder on the heights lies Burg Fürsteneck!"—the Charcoal-burner nodded and the little man went on.

"Once upon a time a knight lived there, he was a vassal of the Archbishop of Mainz, and when the plague swept ra-

ging through the land, his wife and a little boy at her breast were carried off. He had but one child left, a fair and lovely little girl. Gloomy, morose and shunning all men, the Knight lived like a Monk in a Cloister, and watched over his little daughter. He received no visitors, and the castle was lone and solitary, for he shewed hospitality to none; all who applied for alms, or a night's lodging at the Castle-gates, were driven rudely away.

At this time there lived in "Kidrich" another tribe of "Heinzelmänner", with whom our King was at enmity, and though the kings were brothers, their hatred was intense, for thou must understand that among us who dwell underground: love attracts and hate repels, just as is the case upon the earth—and so the world goes round.

Now it befel that the King in "Kidrich", on one occasion stayed out long, and the sun went down—even the kings are not exempt but must submit to our law and conform to our customs, and he came presently to Castle Fürsteneck.

And so the king approached the Castle-gates, and begged for a night's lodging; but was driven rudely and inhospitably away. The king's wrath was kindled and he swore to chastise the Knight! Scarcely had eight days elapsed ere the beautiful child had disappeared. The "Wichtelleute" (elves) had kidnapped it whilst it plucked violets in the meadows, and in obedience to the king's orders, carried the child into their underground dominions in the "Kidrich." The child was twelve years of age; but so tall that many would have taken it for a maiden of sixteen—and it was as beautiful and bright, as morning's first glow.

Day and night search was made through valley and forest, over mountain and plain; but no trace of the child was found. At length a shepherd boy, herding his sheep, declared he had seen her surrounded by elves; she had stretched out her arms to him, but he was too far off, and before he could reach the spot, the rocky wall of the "Kidrich" opened, and the struggling child was dragged in before the boy's eyes. This was all the Knight could learn, and horror thrilled through him when he remembered the pitiless anger of the "Wichtelleute", and their threats of vengeance against all who denied them hospitality.

The maiden however, fared well within the walls of the



chrystal palace, every wish save one was gratified, that one; the wish to return to her father.

The Knight of Fürsteneck issued a proclamation: "To whomsoever will bring me my child in safety I will marry her—be he knight, be he vassal"!

If this proclamation moved any one—that one was the handsome shepherd-boy, who ever since he had seen the Maiden loved her desperately. He often sat dreaming and sighing: "Were she but mine!"

One day, it was midday—his flock was lying down around him, when this wish filled his whole soul. Suddenly one of our people appeared at his side and said: "Hast thou courage to win her, she shall be thine! Leave thy herds at once. I will drive them home. Don the clothes thou wilt find in the forest; buckle on the armour, set the casque on thy head, gird the sword about thy loins, and follow the Emperor. A noble steed awaits thee at the spot, where lie clothes and armour. Hast thou fought valiantly and been knighted, return hither; knock thrice at break of day upon this oak, and I will redeem my word!"

The youth sprang up, hastened to the forest, and in a short space of time a young and handsome Knight was galloping towards the Rhine.

Years passed on; in Fürsteneck mourning and sorrow; in Kidrichfels heartfelt yearnings; in the promised land bloody battles; but in the fiercest fights with the infidels, the Emperor Konrad always observed *one* figure. Where his white plume waved, victory was certain. The Emperor sent for the brave soldier, and learned that he was a free-man, from the free shores of the Rhine.

And there, surrounded by his heroic followers, the Emperor drew his sword and cried: "Kneel down, thou valiant Schetzel, that upon the sacred soil of Jerusalem, I may dub thee Knight Schetzel von Lorch! And he was dubbed Knight, ere he had fought three years.

And it was about the Feast of St. John in the year following, that a young Knight leaned up against an old oak, as the first blush of morning tinted the horizon, fell upon the peaks of the mountains, and gilded the tall tree tops.

In the fulness of manly beauty he stood and gazed upon the "Kidrichfels", within which was hidden the treasure for which he fought in the far East. Suddenly he beheld at his side the

King of the Kidrichfels elfs, who cried, with a mocking laugh: Thou hast travelled far, and over bloody roads, Knight Schetzel von Lorch, to thee the task of climbing the rocks will be a light one! Accomplish it and the Maiden is thine, to this I pledge thee my word! And with a piercing, mocking laugh he disappeared. Unperceived by the young hero the sun had risen!

Trembling with rage at the shameless mockery, he struck thrice with his good sword on the rough bark of the oak.

In an instant the King of the Kammerforst Elfs was at his side, and offering his hand, bade him kindly Welcome.

"I heard his words," he said to the young Knight. He will keep his promise faithfully as we always do. Make thyself known to the Knight of Fürsteneck, and with the dawn of morn return hither. Then he vanished, and the young Knight hastened to the Castle. Since that unhappy refusal of hospitality the gates had been open to all, so the young Crusader entered with a bold heart, was hospitably received, and the promise renewed, that he should have the hand of the Maiden, if he restored her safely to her father.

The young Schetzel could scarce await the coming morning, it was yet twilight as he stood before the rock.

As the sun greeted the earth with his first smile, strange life and activity awoke in the valley. Thousands of elfs appeared, bearing along heavy ladders. These they leaned up against the rocks one over another, uniting them with strong clamps, and before an hour was passed, a youthful figure ascended, and reached the very summit of the rocks.

When the young Knight arrived at the top, there stood the King, who had mocked him so cruelly the day before. As he gave him his hand he spake:

"Thou hast conquered me. Come and get thy reward!" And he led him into the very heart of the rocks, to where the crystal palace stood, and presented him to the lovely Maiden, who modestly cast down her eyes; but gave her snowy hand to the Knight.

The King dismissed them, loaded with costly presents, and with the words: "Forget not to use hospitality! I will come and share in thy happiness!"

And on the day of the wedding, the two Kings of the Wichtelleute, he of the Kammerforst and he of the Kidrich, were present at the feast, and the lovely bride made peace be-



tween them, and they not only gave her rich presents, but watched over, and brought blessings upon her house."

And this was the tale told by the Mannikin to the Charcoal-burner.

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## BURG FUERSTENBERG NEAR RHEINDIEBACH.

Upon the left bank of the river, almost opposite Lorch, lies the little village of Rheindiebach, almost concealed from view by the railway. The strong tower at the south-eastern corner of the village, and the extraordinarily thick walls on the Rhine side, are remains of Middle Age fortifications, such as protected every place within the boundaries of the: "vier Thäler" (four valleys). The walls entirely surrounded the town. At the lower end stood a second tower, and on the heights above a third. The two latter and the walls uniting them, were demolished in the days of the Elector Palatine, when the country groaned under the burden of the strangers' yoke. No trace of them remains. The reason of fortifying so small a village becomes obvious, if one takes a glance at the „heights" to the north-west of the town; for there stand, proud even in decay, the ruins of Castle Fürstenberg, one of the grandest ruins on the Rhine, whose strong and lofty "Frit", or principal tower, defied all the French attempts to blow it up, and which may still last for centuries.

But before continuing the historical narrative of the Castle, we must take a glance at the situation and organisation of a tiny, little known, Confederation. H. Moser has considered it worthy of close attention, and has given many interesting details concerning it,—the Confederation "der vier Thäler" (of the four valleys). "Thal" (plural Thäler) was the name given in the Middle Ages to those Rhenish places, whether villages or towns, situated in the lap of the mountains. Thus, Bacharach, Steeg, Manubach and Oberdiebach, (including Rheindiebach) were known as the "vier Thäler"—In very early days their connection with the strong Castle of Staleck near Bacherach was the closest, and both valleys, at whose opening into the Rhine valley the places lay, enjoyed special protection from that Burg, just as on the west, Burg Stalberg defended the Steeger Thal, and on the south, Burg Fürstenberg defended the valley in which Manubach and Oberdiebach were situated. The strong walls,





*Flussberg.*

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the ditches and towers surrounding, Steeg, Manubach and Oberdiebach, rendered them defensible, and in Manubach and Oberdiebach the Churches on the heights, formed a kind of Citadel, again defended by walls and moats; the moats about the Church of Manubach being hewn in the solid rock. It is worthy of remark that the little Castle of Stalberg with Staleck, formed the frontier defence against Kur-Trier (Electoral Trèves), whilst Fürstenberg displayed its teeth on the Kur Mainz frontier. The little Confederation whose inhabitants were "freie Bürger" (freemen), and enjoyed a Constitution, was on account of its splendid wines, of great importance, the Rhenish nobles had "Freihöfe" and even small Castles within the walls. Bacharach was the chief of the "vier Thäler", and here the "Weingabelungen" of the whole Confederation were held upon St. Martin's day—at these meetings trial of all the home vintages of the year was made; the price fixed, and the wine-fair held.

From its situation on the frontier of the Mainz territories, the Burg was of considerable importance—a fact confirmed by the grandeur of its structure. It was besides the key of the valley, in which lay the two fortified villages of Oberdiebach and Manubach, protecting too, with Staleck; Bacharach and Cloister Fürstenthal.

The same uncertainty which shrouds so many other Castles hangs over its history; but the assumption that it was erected at the time when Kur Köln and Kur Pfalz protected the tiny independent, and important Confederation of the "vier Thäler", is a probable one. The frontiers of Kur Mainz with reference to the Rhingau were nearer to Rheindiebach than to Niederheimbach; for the Hof Peteracker above Rheindiebach, belonging to Stift Attenberg near Cöln, was upon Mainz ground, and the Burg Heimbach was built at the northern extremity of Heimbach. Consequently the object was to protect the Palatinate property—in the "vier Thäler—which in 1543, was held in fief from Cöln.

The Burg itself was far larger, grander, and better fortified than Heimbach. It was defended on the west by a deep moat hewn in the rocks. On the side whence stone bullets might have been thrown in, or arrows shot from the heights, the walls were so lofty and massive, that little danger was to be apprehended from them, and here the "Frit", against which the foe might long have directed vain efforts, spread its broad breast



to the enemy. Towards the Rhine and the Diebacherthal, the rocks and the abrupt declivity, formed defence sufficient. On this side were situated the dwelling-rooms and offices of the castle,—the remains of the entrance to them are still distinguishable to the south-west. How strong the fortification was, the remaining walls prove, and if other were wanting, the proud defiance and insolent arrogance of the garrison, would render more than proof enough. When the Emperor, Adolph of Nassau, was crowned in Aachen, and made a progress up the Rhine, he refused to pay the customary toll for himself and his retainers. The Electoral Commandant in Fürstenberg, Ulrich vom Steine (subsequently Rheingrafenstein near Kreuznach) did not understand the joke and stood by his lord's rights. He attacked the Emperor's followers and slew one of his retainers, whereupon, the poverty-stricken Emperor consented to pay the toll. Assuming that party-spirit had something to do with it, the occurrence, (added to many others) shew how slight was the respect in which the Imperial Majesty was held, and if, as is recorded, the Archbishop could openly assert: "he could shake more than an Emperor out of his sleeves", this was but a prelude to the act of the Ritter vom Steine. That he was not punished is self-understood, for executive power was entirely lacking.

Whether the Herr von Fürstenberg referred to in a document of Ruprecht I., dated the Sunday after Revingius 1273, by which he is guaranteed payment of 1555 Marks, as indemnification for expenses incurred at the Emperor's election, belonged to this Castle is very doubtful. It is more likely he was of one of the various lines of Grafen now flourishing on the Lower Rhine.

The Abbey Grafschaft possessed within the Marches of Rheindiebach extensive vineyards, a house, presshouse, cellar &c. (the site is still called the: "Grafschaft".) In 1260 the Pfalzgraf Ludwig, in his castle of Fürstenberg promised to extend his protection to the Abbey—a pledge confirmed by Rudolph in November 1295. The Abbey was in Westphalia, and on account of the distance, the Monks exchanged their estates in Rheindiebach with Kur Köln. Kur Köln mortgaged house, farm, vineyard, meadows, and arable land, to a certain Herr von Quad von Zoppenburg. A mill in the Diebacher Thal formed part of the estate—the rent for which however was paid, not to Herr von Quad; but to the "Saalschultheiss" of Cöln, in Bacharach; the mortgaged estate was bound to pay an annual "Beedt" (sum)

of 17 Gulden 20 Kreuzers, and had besides the duty of giving the Burgermaster and the "Gemeindeknecht", (town-beadle) an "Imbs" (douceur) every year. The only remains left are press-house, cellars, and a dwelling-house, which passed long ago into private hands and, with the exception of the house, are in possession of the Burgherr von Fürstenberg, Prince Friedrich of the Netherlands. The above circumstances combine to shew that for various reasons, its security; its extent, and the beauty of its site, made it a favourite residence of the Pfalzgrafen. It continued to be so, and its importance is clear from the fact that it was submortgaged by Ludwig IV to John, the blind King of Bohemia, for 15,000 Marks. It could however not be given up to him, for reasons which do not appear in the record, probably perhaps, because it was in the enemy's hands, namely in those of the rival Emperor. The deed of mortgage was evidently drawn up just as Ludwig succeeded to the Imperial title. He laid siege to the Castle without however being able to take it. Archbishop Baldwin of Trier now obtained the mortgage, in exchange for one he transferred to the King of Bohemia, and according to an agreement signed in Bingen, Ludwig pledged himself to the Kurfürst and Archbishop, to mortgage neither Bacharach, Caub or Diebach. Baldwin was too cunning and selfish, to be ignorant of the disparity of value, between the promised mortgage, and the one transferred to King John. When the Burg subsequently came into possession of the Emperor, he resided there for a considerable time, and here caused a deed of Legitimation to be prepared, dated March 23. 1324; and also conferred a fee of half a gold mark, payable by the "Cloister Nevel," upon the Ritter Wenemar von Genmenich. The following day he gave a Charter of freedom, resembling that enjoyed by Boppard, to the town of Caub and the village of Weisel. The Castle was of such importance to the Emperor Ludwig, that he settled Fürstenberg and Castle Gutenfels near Caub, upon his wife, Margareta of Holland, as widow's dower, pledging himself to mortgage neither, until compelled by the direst need, and even then, to none other than to his father-in-law—Graf Wilhelm of Holland.

Further, on the 14<sup>th</sup> of June 1338, he caused to be proclaimed that his Burgmänner (Castellans) of Fürstenberg and Caub, had taken the oath of allegiance to his wife's father, Wilhelm von Holland, and sworn after his death to maintain and procure for



his spouse, Margareta of Holland, the rights and privileges due to her as conditions of dower. At the same time pledging himself to appoint to these Burgs, only Burgmänner who had taken the oath. In later days the Castle appears rarely to have been visited by exalted families, at least no records of such visits exist; though it belonged to the Palatinate, and is referred to in documents, relative to the division of the property of the Electoral house. The importance of Fürstenberg like that of all other Burgs, diminished after the invention of gunpowder. In 1626 the Marquis Spinola garrisoned it, and threw the Protestant Pastors of Bacharach, Oberdiebach, and several others from Hunsrück, into the dungeons, where the unfortunate men lingered in privation until 1632, when Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, after the taking of Kreuznach, appeared before Fürstenberg, and played upon the walls with the balls of his "Feldschlangen" (cannon). His salute was it is true answered by the Spaniards; but they saw that unless they capitulated, the "King of Sweden" would commence a bombardment, and they might bury themselves in the ruins; so they thought better of it; evacuated the Burg, and put an end to the martyrdom of the unhappy servants of the Lord.

Henceforth the Burg shared the changeful lot of the Castles of Staleck and Bacharach, until her hour struck in 1689, when the Commander in Chief in Montroyal on the Mosel, Comte de Montal, despatched his "Soldateska" with instructions to impress the inhabitants of the valley, and with their aid destroy and burn the Burg. They gave themselves endless trouble to blow up the beautiful tower; but it resisted all efforts and now stands in the condition they left it in.

As they were unable to get into the dungeons, and suspected that treasure was hidden there, they dug trenches and made the breach (still visible) in the tremendously thick walls. Whether their pains were rewarded is unknown. The blowing up with gunpowder, which with some hope of success they might now have attempted, was not tried, perhaps because they doubted the event, and were in want of powder to make ruins elsewhere.

No one troubled himself further about the Burg, until at length it was sold by auction as State property by the French, in the beginning of the present century. It was purchased by one Kurz, a wine-merchant of Rheindiebach, who laid out some

grounds about it, without however doing anything to preserve the Castle.

It was purchased from the family by Prince Friedrich of the Netherlands. As the sale was made at the time when it was fashionable to restore Rhenish Castles, it was hoped the Prince would restore Fürstenberg. The hope has not been realised.

To the acute eye of the speculative wine-merchant, the southern slope of the mountain, which was covered with bushes and underwood, recommended itself as a favourable situation for a vineyard, and he did not long delay its reclaiming. The vines flourished, and produced in due season a most excellent wine. This vineyard is now the Prince's property.

Not far behind the Castle a narrow gorge, increasing in breadth as it nears the river-banks, runs down to the Rhine. Through the ravine babbles a brook clear as crystal, which once washed the walls of a small Church and Cloister. It was the Wilhelmiten Cloister Fürstenthal, and fell to decay beneath the muscular strokes of the Reformation; in the course of time to ruin, and its walls and estates have passed into private hands. Few even know its site now, as every trace of it has disappeared, the district is still called in the mouth of the "folk", the „alte Kloster" (old Cloister). In 1822 some of the walls still stood, mostly those of the Gothic Church.

Fürstenberg on its proud heights above, afforded Schirmvogtei (Protection) to the Cloister. It owes its origin to the same source to which we are indebted for the exquisite Chapel (in ruins) of St. Werner in Bacharach. It was said to have been built in those dark days, when men lusted after the wealth of the Jews, many of whom had found refuge on the banks of the Rhine, and to whom was imputed the guilt of having killed a Christian child with needle-pricks, in order to obtain its blood for the celebration of their Feast of the Passover. When avarice and blind fanatical hate, follow the same accursed object, every means is fair, and the most shameless lies it is possible to invent, serve the same end. Such was the case here, the Monks willingly lent hand and aid in massacring the Jews, who to the shame of humanity, were more barbarously treated on the banks of the Rhine, than elsewhere.

We shall give the legend at length subsequently.

Fürstenthal is no more, but the lovely ruins of the Werner



Chapel in Bacharach, preserve the memory of the miracle-story of the blessed Werner.

## BACHARACH AND STALECK.

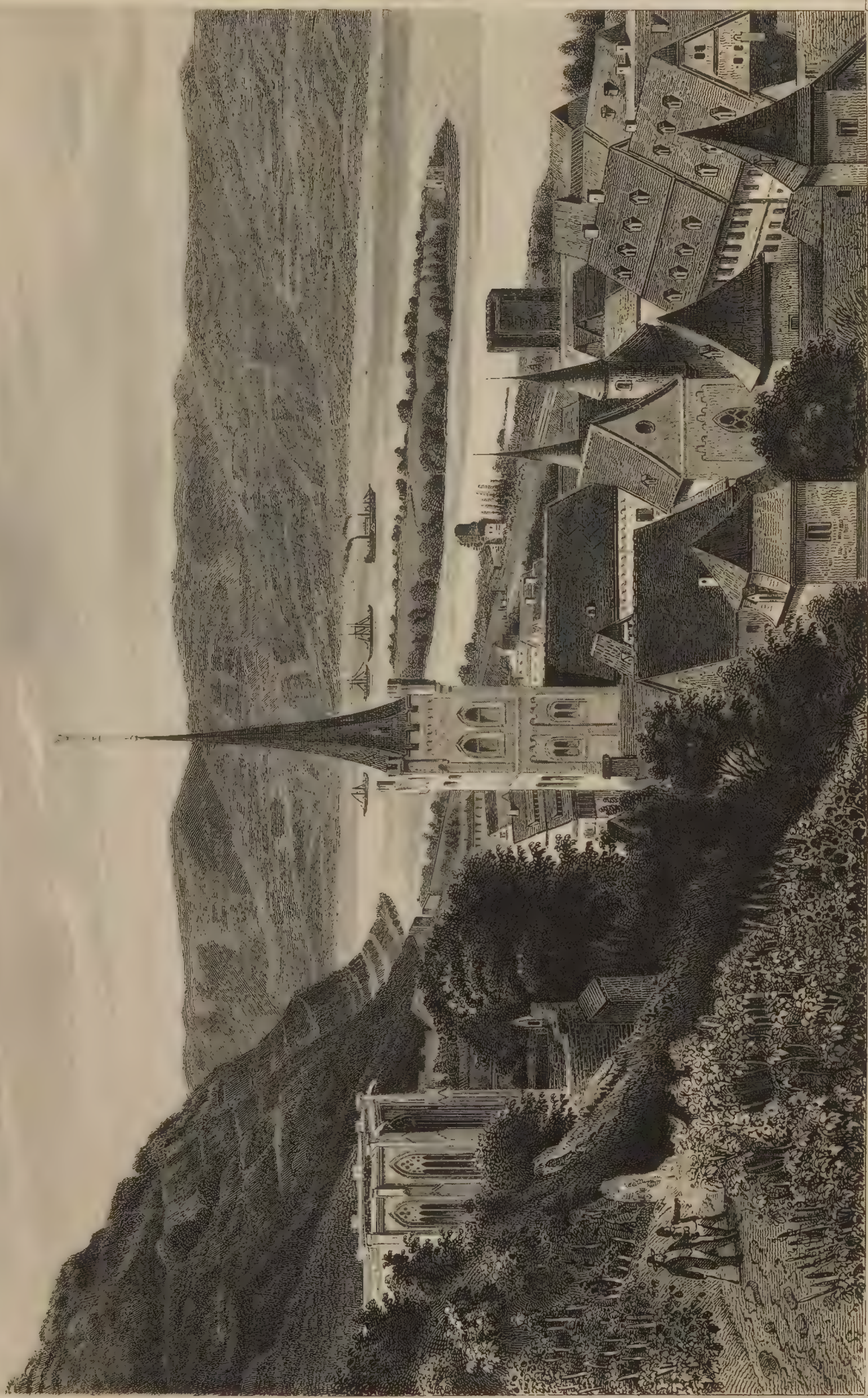
Protected by its heights, commanded by the ruins of Staleck, girdled by its ancient walls with charred towers, lies Bacharach, a great ruin of a great age, sorrowing in decay. Neither steamboats, railways, nor vine-culture, have succeeded in restoring its fading life. Sad picture of time's changing influence!

If one looks at the Churches of the ancient town, yonder the St. Werner's in the pure, virgin-like aspiration of the German style; upon the venerable St. Peter's on the Market-place, in pure Romaic, upon the, Alas! decaying Church of the Holy Ghost, and its wealthy Hospital; upon the old Court of the Templars; if one reflects upon the Saalbau, ruined by French barbarity; upon the fallen, but magnificent, Apostles' Court, these are and were, with the beautiful and primitive timber-built houses on the Market Place, evidences of a vanished glory, such as scarce any other Rhenish town could boast.

Whether the belief is tenable that houses formerly occupied the triangular space, stretching up to the Castle within the walls, now converted into a vineyard, may be doubted, as rocks crop up on the surface, and no traces of either walls or cellars have been found. The assertion that the Rhenish cities were formerly of much greater extent than at present is false. Houses were in early days closely crowded together, and the inhabitants contented with modest accommodation, and so the disparity between the number of houses and inhabitants, is reconciled. Mutual defence was a necessity; hence the manner of building,

The name of the town has caused grief and pain to many heads. Of course the Romans, whether they will or not, had something to do with it. That the left Rhenish Pfahlgraben, (pile-ditches) commencing at the Mosel mouth, and passing behind Staleck existed, and that traces of them still remain is beyond doubt, although the romantic investigator, who has never traced, nor even beheld them with his own eyes, might be disposed to assign them place in the land of dreams, as he has









the traditional Altars on the Rhine. The process is an easy one; but why not investigate on the spot; rather than deny and contradict? Only thus can local traditions be traced to their true source. It would be easy on a summer day to dam up the outlet, - and arrive at certainty! In Bonn an Alterthumsverein (Antiquarian Society) exists, who have means at their disposal. But it is much easier to deny in loud, sounding words, than to disprove positively!

The place was never called Ara Bacchi. Whether it was a Roman colony is doubtful, as no remains of Roman masonry have been found.

Roman coins prove nothing, inasmuch as they were in circulation in *post* Roman days, nor is it yet proved that any have been found in Bacharach. The Roman road, upon the line of which Carl Theodore von der Pfalz is said to have carried the road across the Hunsrück, is questionable.

Is the name Celtic? No Celtic remains have been found in the place. Finally whether the little river *Wochara* in the Trach, or Trechir Gau, referred to by Regino, is the "Münzbach" in Bacharach, and gave its name to the place is not likely, as in that case the name would recur higher up the valley. It appears nowhere in records, but a Protocol of the Town Council calls it officially Heimbach—this in 1668. The Bach (rivulet) is in summer very insignificant, only in autumn, winter or spring, does it become from time to time swollen and noisy, like all other mountain streams.

The name occurs in a document dated Trier 1119, and is there written: Bachrega. If one were disposed to invent derivations the opportunity is given. "Rech" signifies, even now on the Rhine, a precipitous mountain descent, obviously from "rück"—"rücken." But we are opening up a wide field. We will resign, in favour of those who damn one hypothesis and build up another!

That Bacharach is one of the most ancient, and throughout the Middle Ages, was one of the most famous places on the Rhine, is beyond doubt. It lay in the Trach or Trechir Gau, which stretched far along the river side and, with the exception of Boppard, where the Gaugraf resided in the so-called „Königshof", appears to have been the most important place in the Gau.

The villages of Steeg, Ober and Nieder Rheinbach, and



Manubach, defended by Burg Staleck constituted with Bacharach: the little Confederation of the "vier Thäler"; Bacharach being, as already mentioned, reckoned as a "Thal."

If this territory was called a "State", the peculiarity of its free constitution, its remarkable self-government, and independence, fully justify the appellation.

The "Vierthälerrath" (Council of the four valleys) formed the legal governing body, according to the Kurfürsten and Pfalzgrafen; Ruprecht the Elder and the Younger, it consisted subsequent to 1356, of "twenty-four members whereof twelve of the towns, and from each "Thal" three deputies, Bacharach sending three on perfect equality with the others". One of the three chosen by the towns was: "Amtstragender" or "Administrator", and the "Burgomaster" of the "vier Thäler", President. The other twelve were "sesshafte" (estated) Ritters or nobles. The presiding Burgomaster was compelled to take an oath according to the form prescribed. In the year 1559 there were no longer any "estated" knights in the "valleys", and the Kurfürst Friedrich III. modified "the Charter of 1356", so that in future the twelve citizens forming the Council, represented the "Vierthälerrath" (Council of the four valleys). Subordinate to the Council was a Court chosen from the community, consisting of fourteen Schöffen (Jurymen), attended by the "Saalschultheiss" of Kur Köln, and the "Fauth", as the electoral Town-Clerk was called, for the latter a special seat was appointed and reserved. His duty was to maintain the sovereign rights of the Pfalzgraf. Before the verdict in "Malefiz-Sachen" (extreme cases) (usually a sentence of outlawry for a given period) was pronounced, the "Fauth" and the "Saalschultheiss" retired, in order not to prejudice the independence and freedom of the Jurors.

The reason assigned for allowing the members to retain their seats „up to the grave", was the firm conviction: "they are honest men and know the regular round of work."

Such was the report, handed in officially to the electoral government, by the "Vierthälerrath" in the year 1668.

This "Vierthälerrath" had also the duty imposed upon them of attending the "Gabelung" (tasting) at the wine-fairs, four members of the Council, accompanied by certain "Zechherrs" (tasters) proceeded to the appointed "valley" to test the vintages of the year. The test was made immediately after the first "Abstich", (tapping) that is to say after the wine had been run





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off the lees the first time—usually in the spring. After this test had been applied, the best and the worst “Fuder” (Planstrum) or „Zulast” (Carata) were mixed together, and became a “Loos” (lot). In fine weather the market in Bacharach was held “am Rheine”, i. e. upon the free space between the town-wall and the “Hügel”, (mound) on the river-bank, opposite the “Custom Gate”, and in bad weather either in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall, or in the extensive rooms of the “Saal.” The purchaser was obliged thus to take the “Loos”, that is the best and the worst together, if he would have the wine.

The price fixed at the “Gabelung” was then announced to buyers and sellers. The sellers brought samples of their wines, and the “Vierthälerrath” provided “silberne Schalen” (silver goblets) for the buyers. No sale below the “gegabelten Preis” (fixed price) was allowed to be effected, though higher prices might be given, if competition arose among the buyers. The market was proclaimed and closed, by the pealing of bells.

This Winefair was a “Volksfest” (popular holiday); for the vine dressers appropriated all that was left of the samples in “the pot-bellied goblets”, and it may be surmised their gait on the homeward journey was less steady, than on the outward one, though no records of scenes of disorder and violence have come down to us.

When the sale of the Vierthäler vintage was concluded, the “Hunnic” and “Frank” wines grown in the Rheingau were put up to sale; the Bacharach Winefair was for centuries the chief mart for the sale of the Rhenish vintages, until the “favoured grey Friars of Eberbach”, began to export their superb Gräfen, and Stein Berger, and sent their famous Marco-brunn in ships from their cellars, at “Reichartshäuser Hof” to Köln, and thus broke through the time-honored custom.

These markets were frequented by buyers from all parts of Germany, even from the Vistula—the “Weinherrn von Bremen” of the famous “Rathskeller” of the Hansestadt, were never absent—to buy for their citizens a pure and choice “drop” of the Rhine’s noblest wine”.

The magnificent vintages of the Vierthäler had a world-wide reputation, Manubach and Steeg brought “true pearls” to the fair, and their fame endures to the present.

That the Rheingau vintages contributed not a little to the fame of the Bacharach wines is probably true, as the wine is



frequently called after the place of sale, whence may come the well-known doggerel printed by Widtmann at Nürnberg, in 1623, in his musical recreations

In Klingenberg on Main,  
In Würzburg on the Stein,  
In Bacharach on Rhine  
Heard I folks say  
That since many a day  
Groweth the best of wine.

The faithful and diligent historian of the Rhinegau, Pater Bär of Cloister Eberbach, is however mistaken, misled by his prejudice in favour of Rheingau vintages, in ascribing to the Rheingau wines, the merit of being responsible for the fame of the Bacharach and Vierthäler wines. He knew not the peculiar produce: "Feuerwein", which grew exclusively in the "Vierthäler", and was essentially grateful to the palates of the learned Aeneas Sylvius, and that experienced "booser" the Emperor Wenzel. This "Feuerwein" alone, induced the Pope and the Emperor, to "cite" a considerable quantity of it to appear annually at Rome.

What was this same "Feuerwein?" I hear my reader enquire.

Those learned in Middle Age habits and customs are aware that especially in the "Vierthälern", and in certain districts of the Rhinegau, "Bitterwein" and "Aflantwein", was made by allowing wine of the choicest growth to ferment over bitter herbs and elecampane root. It was taken as medicine, or as a digestive after eating, when it was served in small cups. Those feasts with the extraordinary number of dishes, the "frightful" amount of seasoning used, and the amazing compounds—nameless in their unity—and finally, the enormous quantities disposed of in the laboratories of the human stomach, rendered some stomachic necessary. The wines were much sought after for royal tables, and no properly stocked knight's cellar was complete without them, these cellars vied with the larders, and were looked upon as a chief ornament and glory of the Burgs.

If a too plentiful meal had been partaken of; had the Alant and Bitter wine excited the stomach to inordinate energy, then the "Feuerwein" was served, in order to remove the taste of the "aid to digestion", and form a final "bon-bouche."

The fabrication of "Feuerwine" was intrusted to special "Feuermeister" in special localities. To them was confided all matters connected with the casks (Küferinnung), while to the "Schröterinnung", was attached the duty of conveying them from cellar to waggon. If from any negligence a cask of wine was spoiled in moving, they were compelled to indemnify the owner for the loss, by paying the value of the wine.

The localities in which the "Feuermeister" (Firemasters) usually the elders of the Guild of "Schröte", "fired" the wine were small fire-proof vaults. They were low, long and narrow. A cask filled with "Sauerwein" ("most" or grape-juice which had, drained from grapes without pressure) was brought by the "Schrötern" into the "Fire-cellar", and placed upon a layer of stones. When all was in order, when the staves and hoops of the cask had been thoroughly examined, the upper "Sponden" were removed, fire of dry beech-wood was lighted on both sides of the cask at some distance from it, at first the fire was allowed to burn slowly, but finally briskly, and long enough to *boil the wine in the barrel*. When this was accomplished, the fire was kept up for two or three days and nights, and suffered to die out as gradually as it had been kindled, the contents of the cask were then allowed to cool gradually. The watery components of the "most" were thus driven off, nothing remaining but pure alcohol and saccharine matter. When the "most" was perfectly cold, it was passed through a leathern pipe into another cask, and stored in a cold cellar. The genuine "Feuerwein" was thus prepared, and sold for prices in those days enormous. When it had become "sonnenklar" (clear as sun light) it resembled the finest wine of the South, possessing, besides the same colour and taste, the same alcoholic strength. It was still manufactured at the beginning of the last century, became however continually more rare, until it disappeared altogether.

In the year 1806 therefore, it was an event of no small interest for the whole neighbourhood, when the news spread, that the famous wine-merchant Kulp in Caub, intended to employ the old "Feuermeister" David Griebel of Oberdiebach, in whose house „a fire-cellar" still existed, to manipulate a "Fuder" of "Feuerwein." Many came to watch the revival of the forgotten process, the knowledge of which was possessed by this old man alone. The author of the present work was among the spectators, and learned the whole process from the mouth of the hale



old man, and by his own observation, and fourteen days later partook of the "Feuerwein" itself, which, setting aside the manner of its preparation, fully deserved its name. It very closely resembles the Spanish, Portugese and Sicilian wines. This was the last "Feuerwein" ever made, and it is curious that the epoch of its manufacture occurred, as one century was passing away and a new one coming.

We shall it is hoped be forgiven for entering so closely into the above details, as no account of the manufacture is to be found elsewhere, and the Author is one of the few who witnessed a process, now a memory of the past. There is little doubt that the „Feuerwein“ contributed not a little to increase the fame of the wines of Bacharach and its allied valleys, which in themselves are very "Feuerweins", and will bear comparison with any Rhinegau vintage, especially as far as the "wundervolle Blume" (wondrous aroma) is concerned.

Let us return to Bacharach and its lot.

In the middle ages it was usual to call those places in the Rhenish districts, which had an important Burg, and were surrounded by a castellated wall: „Thal“ (valley), and strangely enough, not "das Thal," but "der Thal," so Bacharach was called with reference to the ancient Burg Staleck, a "Thal" until civic rights were granted to it.

Opinions are divided as to the Emperor who granted these rights. During the conflagration in 1689 by which the Rath Haus was consumed, a number of municipal records, charters &c. were burnt to ashes, and probably among them, this most important of all. Whether the rights were granted by the Emperor Ludwig der Baier, or by the Emperor Carl is a question.

It is remarkable that though the French burned down the magnificent Rath Haus, the ornament of the old city, they spared the fine old timber house opposite, belonging to the Gölz family, as well as the grand Church of St. Peter in the Market Place.

The course taken by the fire was round the corner of the Market Place, and down the Untergasse.

The very ancient "Saal", probably of Carlovingian origin, with the exception of the upper story, escaped injury, and was pulled down under French domination in 1809, though the building would have weathered many a century.

Only some of the houses in the Obergasse suffered in the

conflagration, among them the "Apostelhof", a very beautiful building; the old "Tempelherrnhof" was burnt down to its lowest story, it is now used as the Post-Office, the St. Werner's Church which stood nearer to Burg Staleck, lost roof and arches. The "Hospitalviertel" (Quartier des Hospices) the Mint, and all the buildings occupying the ground inside the town-walls, now planted as vineyards—or applied for railway purposes, were consumed by the fire, together with the "Hospitalkirche", of which alas! the merest ruins remain.

The oldest records left of the town do not extend beyond the 11<sup>th</sup> century, and Bacharach is the name, as already stated, under which mention is made of the place in 1119, when it occurs in a document signed by Bruno Archbishop of Trier, conferring a tithe upon the Andreas Cloister in Cöln. That the now decayed town once knew better days, is evidenced by witnesses which though dumb, yet speak with eloquent words, namely the architectural remains.

Burg Staleck was occupied in succession by the Hohenstaufen, the Welfen, the Wittelsbacher and afterwards by many wealthy Burggrafen, who all brought wealth to the town; which for centuries was the seat of the wine-trade, (in itself a source of vast profit) and was the magazine and lading-place for much of the wine which changed hands. The "Zoll" (customs) levied here, for whose service the tower on the island below the town was built, contributed to open out and maintain in vigour other branches of trade. The best proof of the prosperous condition of the place, is rendered by the buildings in the town, to which in the first instance belong the Churches.

St. Peter's on the Market Place, erroneously called the "Tempelherrnhof" or "Templerkirche", since Quaglio gave it the designation, is the largest and most ancient. It is a very pure specimen of Romanesque. The Choir especially beautiful. In the troublous days of the 17<sup>th</sup> century the stained glass windows, said to have been very magnificent, were destroyed. The Church was built in the 12<sup>th</sup> century. No records of its foundation exist; but it was a happy accident that the Church escaped the fire set alight by the French in 1689—Graf Montal was a worthy assistant to Louvois and Melac, in the meritorious work of destruction—which did fell execution on the exquisite Werner Chapel. To these may be added the Hospital Church of the Holy Ghost, upon the right bank of the Münzbach. The



endowment of this Church was extraordinarily large, and the whole of the town between the Fleischgasse and the Münzbach belonged to it, besides many vineyards in the Vierthäler, and extensive estates on the right bank of the Nah in Gensingen, and the neighbouring villages. One of those pious foundations of the Middle Ages called "Gotteshäuser" (God's houses), providing homes for the aged, was among them, its blessings were felt in our days, up to the time when it was burned down. To this wealthy foundation belonged a refuge for poor travellers, where they got a night's lodging and a porringer of soup, an hospital or infirmary, which was however soon closed, and the Gothic Church above-named. No one cares for it, and it is rapidly falling to decay. It has been in ruins and disused for sacred purposes since 1689; has served in turn as a magazine; a smuggler's hiding place, and a timber store. In 1811 several hundred Spanish prisoners, taken in that momentous transpyrenean war, were confined within its walls. How great is the temptation to draw a comparison between the year 1620, when Spinola's Spanish troops, entered the town sated with victory, and 1811, when two centuries later, their descendants, prisoners, entered the town ragged, shivering, famished, and found shelter in a ruined Church, whose roof scarce kept out the rain! Bacharach's good-hearted and charitable inhabitants, forgetful of Spanish tyrannies long past, shewed hospitality to the unfortunates, from whom the poorest citizen did not hold aloof, nor was this benevolence transitory; once exercised; but lasted (in obedience to the commands of Holy Writ) "without grudging" so long as the unhappy sons of the South, stayed on the Rhine, and extended to providing warm clothing, and plentiful supplies of food, for their „prisoners' diet" was but scant. They were kept here for the purpose of cutting a road through the slate-rocks, between St. Goar and Bingen. When they were carried back to the interior of France, tears of gratitude filled their eyes, as they blessed their benefactors, and told of this charity of those, who had suffered at the hands of their countrymen, in 1620 under Spinola.

The St. Michael's Chapel in the Obergasse, is of modern date. The present Roman Catholic Church, belonging to the Capuchin Cloister, was built towards the end of the 17<sup>th</sup> century. The Church like the Cloister, is built upon a foundation of huge, clamped, granite blocks, to resist the force of the current

and of the floating ice in winter. The foundation stone was laid on the 24<sup>th</sup> of the "Brachmonat" (June) 1688. (Brach, brachen) to clear a vineyard of weeds.

Among the beauties of the old town may be reckoned the Rathhaus, partly burnt in 1689. Upon the lower story, especially upon the long arch, uniting the Market with the Unterstadt, the present Rathhaus was built, utterly devoid of beauty or ornament, at the date there were no funds, and need would. A curious local tradition which we must not omit to give, is related of this arch.

In the house, adjoining the Rathhaus on the left, dwelt a merchant, descended from one of the wealthy Lombard families settled on the Rhine. His name: Minola. His house-keeper was an old spinster, cross, quarrelsome, and unlovely to look on. One night the old woman lay long awake; it was winter-time, and the moon shone bright, daylight was near, and she thought she might as well get up and make a basin of onion-soup for herself and her old master; for he was an early riser. It was cold, and she wrapped herself up "right honestly warm", and tried to strike a light with flint; steel and tinder. Whether her fingers were stiff, or her tinder bad, who knows?—the end of it was, she could not get a light. Grumbling she opened window and shutter, and looked out, to see if none of the neighbours had got a fire at which she could light her lamp. All the houses were dark; but from the arch of the Rathhaus a glare of red light streamed over the Market Place. Without thinking any more about it, she seizes her "Feuerstoofchen", (shovel) and goes towards the spot, whence came the glare. Arrived at the place, she sees under the arch a large fire burning, and near it sits a tall, black man; a huge black dog at his side, which glares at her with rolling, fiery eyes and shews her his teeth. The old woman scarcely liked the look of the party; but thought: Oh! this is one of the travelling tinkers and spoon-makers, from the valley of the Eifel, and though the dog growled horribly, she went up to the fire, bade the black man: Good morning, and begged for a few embers to make her fire. Without a word he signed to her to take some. So making up her mind quickly, she took up a poker which lay near, and raked some glowing embers into her shovel; thanked the man, and got out of the way.



By the time she had laid the embers on the hearth, they were perfectly dead.

"The man's a brute and the dog's savage, what does that matter?" said the old woman, "but I'll go again". And she went again, lamented that the embers had gone out, and begged for a few more. The dog growled more fiercely than before, and "the tinker" scowled at her horribly. "Take some more, you old toad"; and added with a terrific shout; "but if you come again I'll wring your neck for you".—"Brute" hissed the old woman, "keep your embers, and pickle them too, you old beast!"

At this the black man sprang up, and the dog with fiery eyes rushed at her. But the old woman had relieved her mind, and quick as lightning, fled from the arch into her house, and locked the door.

As she stood panting with fright, the clock on the tower of St. Peter's Church struck one. Then she knew that she had seen the devil and his dog, so she crossed herself, hurried to her room and covered her head under the bed-clothes. She said all the prayers she knew over and over again; but sleep was gone from her eyes, and when the clock struck six she got up. She had no difficulty now in striking a light. She lights her lamp, and upon going to the hearth, finds to her astonishment that a number of bright, golden, guldens, lie where she had put the embers. She had however no inclination to keep the money, but presented it to the Holy Ghost Hospital, that it might be refined of its hellish spirit.

The old woman often told the tale to honest folk; but never without much crossing of her breast, and many warnings against the devil's embers.

Opposite the Rathhaus is an open space where stood the "Saalbau"—known also by the strange name of "Kummerhof" (Court of sorrow). Whether we are justified by the name "Saal" in assigning a Frankish origin to the building is not clear. The building was square, large and stately, and had walls positively indestructible. The interior was divided into immense halls, and a broad, handsome stone staircase led to the upper story. In the lower story were prisons, hence doubtless the name: "Kummerhof". The Kur-Kölner "Schultheis" (magistrate) lived here, whence probably the title "Saalschultheiss". The assizes were held in one of the large halls. The last Kur-Kölner Schultheiss was

one Kügelchen; father of the twin brothers—famous artists. Gerhard Kügelchen was murdered in Dresden; a fine painting from his easel presented by the artist, adorns the Altar of the Cloister Church. Another of his pictures was presented by the Princess Friedrich to the Protestant Church in Oberdiebach, ruthlessly swept away in 1806 to allow a road to be made—the road however was never completed, as money could not be raised to purchase the private houses, which would have had to be removed. If the project had been realised the primitive timber house, formerly “zum Schwan”, at the end of the Fleischgasse must have fallen. In this beautiful building was the “Saal” in which the “Ritterstube” (Knights Council) sat. A second, and not less beautiful old timber house, the “Gölzi’sche”, stands opposite the Rathhaus at the corner of the Market Place. It escaped, the consuming fire of 1689, almost by miracle.

According to an old manuscript description of the town dated 1688, the “Apostelhof” and the “Tempelherrenhof” were, very beautiful buildings. The former, of doubtful origin, was burned down to its cellars. In the French conflagration the latter lost its upper story, and was restored; now only two parts of the old building are left; the Tower in the yard of the Post Office, and the lofty vineyard house behind. The names still live in the mouth of the “Folk”.

The St. Werner’s Chapel deserves special attention. We will first relate the legend as told us by the Bolländisten.

The Saint, in whose honour this Chapel was built by Cloister “Fürstenthal”; between Rheindiebach and Bacharach, was the child of pious, God-fearing parents in a Rhenish town, Warmrod. (Womrath and the old name Warmraid: Wallmerod in Nassau). Her son fatherless, the young mother gave her child a stepfather, to escape whose cruelties, Werner determined to leave his home, and seek refuge with relations in Steeg. Hard work and harsh treatment fell to his lot here. His hard fate threw him on his own resources, and what man denied him he sought from God. His position grew more hopeless. So he left Steeg, and we next meet with him in the house of a rich Jew at Ober-Wesel, where he helped to carry away earth; for the Jew was digging a cellar.

It was said of the Jews that about Easter-time they always stole a child, and put it to death in the most cruel manner to obtain its blood, with which they sprinkled their door-posts, in



commemoration of the sprinkling with the blood of the Easter lamb in Egypt, and because the destroying angel, who "smote the firstborn of the land", passed over the houses of the Israelites whose door-posts were thus sprinkled; so the blood of the Christian child would protect them from all harm in the ensuing year. Another explanation is given, the Jews are said to have preserved this blood as a sovereign remedy, which they applied under all circumstances.

The woman who had taken him into her house, warned him as the Jewish Feast drew nigh of the danger, but the unsuspecting boy paid no attention to the warning, and commending himself to God, remained in the Jew's service. At Easter 1287, the Jews persuaded him to come to live in their house, and enter their service.

A Christian maiden who served there, saw the Jews bind the pious child to a pillar, head downwards, with a leaden bullet in his mouth, in order to obtain possession of the holy wafer which he had received on Holy Thursday, at the administration of the blessed Sacrament. They repeated this torture upon the pious martyr so often, that the maiden, unable to bear the sight, to save the boy's life, informed the "Schultheiss".

The "Schultheiss" was an unconscientious man. Although he went to the Jew's house, and the boy entreated to be freed from the clutches of his torturers, he allowed himself to be bribed by the Jew's gold, and—Werner was left to his fate.

The Jews now proceeded to open the veins on all parts of his body, and to squeeze out his blood until death released him from his agony. Terror seizes the Jews; for the maiden's suspicions had aroused others. They carry the body of the blessed martyr, who with his last breath had called upon his Saviour, to a boat, with the intention of conveying it to Mainz by night; they were prevented from doing so, and day breaks as they land (at the mouth of the Münzbach) between Bacharach and Rheindiebach, and lay the body in a hollow, overgrown with bushes and shrubs, and hasten to return down the river in their boat. A citizen of Bacharach, whose fields lay near the hollow, attracted by light streaming forth, finds a body covered with wounds. It was taken by the authorities and laid in the "Saal", whilst search for the murderer was made. Great numbers of the people flocked thither; among them three nuns. What surprised all, was a bright light which streamed from Werner's

body, and instead of corpse-like odours, the most delicious perfumes pour forth. All saw that a miracle had been performed, that the murdered boy was a martyr, a Saint.

On the spot where the Werner Chapel now is, formerly stood one dedicated to St. Cunibert. The body of the holy boy was carried thither in solemn procession. He lies in a double coffin, his blessed hands enfolded in bands of silk, upon a cushion filled with violets, and at his grave between May 1<sup>st</sup> and June 3<sup>rd</sup> of the same year, ninety sick persons were made whole.

Thus the legend. The canonisation did not occur until later. The Saint however, has never been duly appreciated!

That an event, accompanied by circumstances generally credited, and confirmed by Oberwesel reports, produced an extraordinary sensation among the people will be readily believed; as also that the deep-seated and cherished hatred of the Jews found in it new food. Fanatic rage was let loose. Within a few days forty Jews were burned, drowned or beheaded, neither age nor sex was a protection against the wild fury of the populace. Not in Bacharach and Oberwesel alone was vengeance taken upon the unhappy tribe; but the persecution of the Jews threatened to break out with fierce violence, until the protection of the Emperor ensured them safety. The revival of the persecution was narrowly escaped in 1428, on the occasion of Werner's canonisation. Several Popes found it advisable to issue admonitory Bulls, and the Emperor Rudolph was forced to adopt stringent measures to stem the current of popular fanaticism, manifested in the desire to renew the persecution, many years after Werner's death.

One thing however is quite evident; that the easily excited religious fanaticism of the age, and the secret influence of lay and ecclesiastical "bull-baiters", sought opportunities of exterminating the Jews—and of a surety they were not always incited by religious fanaticism! The Jews' wealth was ever an incentive to barbarous cruelties, often—alas!—concealed under the mantle of religion. To what devices was not resort had, for the purpose of extirpating the oppressed people, and appropriating their money and estates. This is one of the dark sides of the oft lauded "good old times", from which, in spite of their many bright sides, may the Lord deliver us!

The St. Werner's Chapel belongs unquestionably to the highest class, and most perfect specimens, of Gothic architecture



extant. It is unique in its way. It consists of three choirs stretching up in lofty and virgin chasteness. Wind and weather have commenced their work of destruction unhindered. Not many years ago the beautiful ruin threatened to fall. The town roused itself, and though means were scant, did what it could and what was absolutely necessary, to prevent the catastrophe. Again it will be left for years to defy the elements—sad, if it fall to utter decay, and succumb to the pitiless destiny of all things temporal.

It was the common desire of the Clergy and the faithful laity, to erect a worthy shrine over the bones of the blessed Saint on the site of Cunibert's Chapel; but the work was impeded by the resolution, that it should be exclusively paid for by the alms of the faithful—although indulgences were published, although multitudes of pilgrims came, and climbed the hundred steps to the shrine of the Saint, to pay their devotions, or passed it, on the road to other holy places, still the progress made was slow. Once indeed the fund collected, which too much confidence in human honesty, had treasured up in the little shrine, was stolen under suspicious circumstances, and progress again delayed. Very slowly, piece-meal, and at long intervals, was the work completed. The disquietude of the times and the unhappy condition of the country, wrought too against the Chapel. When the shell of the Chapel began to fall to ruin, portions of the Saint's body were carried to France, with the consent of those in whose hands the decision lay, and when the Spaniards took the remains of the body; none knew whither, the Chapel lost its importance, and at the destruction of Burg Staleck, huge fragments of stone crushed both roof and arches. Incessant wars interfered with the restoration, and so it became a ruin, admired by every lover of the beautiful. According to existing records, the porch must have been especially fair and artistic; for its destruction was universally deplored. Of the Architect nothing is known. Ludwig the "Streng" (Severe) is said to have founded it; though it is more probable that he contributed largely to the funds, than that he was the actual founder.

Both town and citizens profited by these pilgrimages. Alms were lavished on the Churches, which with the Churches in the "Thälern", were served by a numerous and well-paid body of Clergy under one Vicar, who had charge. Staleck had its own Chapel.

Again, when the Pfalzgrafen kept court there, when Ludwig the "Baier" (Bavarian) resided within the walls—a beneficial influence must have been exercised upon the prosperity of the town, and the granting of charters and privileges to the citizens followed. It is a fact, rare in the history of towns, that we here meet with no records of disputes between the Town Council; the Guilds—or citizens, of which in the chronicles of other less important places, there is no lack. Even the nobles, to whom in case of need Staleck, would have furnished a place of refuge, appear to have been more friendly disposed towards the citizens than we find elsewhere, or indeed than lay in the spirit of the age. Much is however shrouded in darkness, for instance the connection with Köln; for the history of the present made by the Emperor Otto I. to his brother Archbishop Bruno, is neither clear nor straightforward, and appears to have had more foundation in imagination than in fact. The city freedom was probably granted by Ludwig the "Baier", and it is probable that the Emperor Ruprecht caused walls and towers to be built, and thus united the town with the Castle.

One of the most brilliant epochs in Bacharach's history, is the period between the 9<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> of May 1314.

Germany was then divided into two great camps—"Up Lützelburg!" "Up Habsburg!", were the cries. The Election was disputed, votes costly; they were to be had for money now, as on many other occasions.

Rudolf the Palatine who resided in Staleck, was bent upon the election of the Habsburger, and backed up the Duke of Saxony "the Virneburger", and the Elector of Köln. These three appointed to meet in Bacharach on the above-named days, to negotiate with Leopold of Austria. He, the party most concerned, must not be absent; for with him it lay to declare; how much he was willing to pay for the crown, either for himself or for his brother. So affairs stood in "the holy Roman dominions of the German nation!"

Each was attended by a numerous escort, reckoned, as in later days Napoleon's troops were counted, not by men, but by "horses", so the Palatine had guests enough to entertain; but this was by no means the end of it. The Archbishop got 40,000 Marks of silver, each of his Councillors, the Ministers of those days, 2000. There came besides, others, also with many "horses"; to wit the Bishops of Strasburg and of Lüttich, the



Provosts of Bonn and Wetzlar, the Grafen von der Mark, von Sponheim, von Virneburg and a large number of knights. Staleck, extensive as it was, could not contain them all, the Palatine and the Archbishop hit upon a device. The "Saal" could lodge many, and the "Kellerei" by the Oberthor, was of such extent that no difficulty was found in accommodating all. The Palatine's cellars however "bled" so freely, that both Cellar-master and "butler" had tales to tell for many a long year after. The "gentlemen" of those days were endowed with right healthy appetites, and could eat without detriment to their drinking capacity. The "pepper", so plentifully used in the cuisine, kept thirst alive and active. The inventory of what was "eaten and drunken" during those memorable three days, exceeds all that the liveliest imagination could conjure up.

This assembly, and others, held when Ludwig der Baier resided in Staleck, were culminating points of brilliant life in the town, never attained subsequently. Chronicles of feasts filled many pages of the journals kept by the few educated persons. Pfalzgraf Rudolph's unfraternal conduct towards the Emperor plunged him into sore trouble, ending in his loss of the Rhinepfalz, of which however the Emperor never took possession, though he frequently resided in Staleck. In 1321 he laid siege to Castle Fürstenberg, because his sister-in-law Mathilde and her children, looked upon the relinquishment of the Palatinal estates as enforced, and therefore illegal, as they had been settled upon her as "widow's portion". The days of gloom for Bacharach and the Thäler, began with their mortgage to Trier; Ludwig wanted money for his coronation and had none.

From three sources alone was money to be had—from the Jews, the Lombards and the Clergy. Especially did the spiritual Princes, like the others on the Rhine, dive into the purses of the people.

A proverb says: "Death costs nothing and is paid for with life". Baldwin of Trier possessed great store of wealth; but if he lent of his wealth, he must know why, "Landerpfänder" (mortgaged estates) were his favourite securities; for rightly administered, their "dues" paid respectable interest. The proprietorship therein occasionally lapsed! And so he lent the newly elected Emperor his coronation expenses, amounting to 58,300 pounds "Häller", receiving as mortgage the Electoral possessions with the Castles of Staleck, Fürstenberg, the Pfalz in the Rhine,

and Juttafels or Gudenfels above Caub, he soon made over one half the mortgage to his nephew, King John of Bohemia. According to the conditions laid down, the two holders of the mortgage remained in possession of the estates, until the debt was liquidated by the "dues" received. This was a melancholy prospect for Rudolph's successors. The Emperor Ludwig nevertheless acknowledged their rights; but they had much need of patience; for, as may supposed, the rendering of the dues was irregular.

Bright days for Bacharach returned when the body of St. Werner was raised, and exposed for the adoration of the faithful. This happened in 1428 when there was no lack of pilgrims, gifts, and alms, whereby the completion of the Chapel was made possible. We must not omit to mention that the town occupied an honorable position in the Städtebund.

At intervals the town enjoyed brilliant seasons, as in 1349 at the marriage of Anna, the beautiful daughter of the Pfalzgraf, Rudolph the Second, with the Emperor Carl IV., and again at the Assembly of the Princes in 1408. These were as above said brilliant moments interrupting the even flow of life; but the cessation of the wine-fairs caused deep wounds in the well-being of the town, which healed with difficulty; for they were festered.

The eve of the Reformation was one of extraordinary excitement for the Palatinate, for Bacharach, and for the Thälern. We must here observe, in parenthesis, that the villages of Steeg, Manubach, Ober and Rheindiebach had been all surrounded with walls, towers and moats since the 14<sup>th</sup> century. Manubach alone boasted of seven round towers, the last (the site of it is still called: "am Thürme") and strongest, was pulled down in 1812 for the sake of the stone. The last of the towers at the western extremity of Oberdiebach, fell about the same time. A ring round both villages still exists, and is called "der Graben" (the moats). One spot, at the far side of Oberdiebach, is called "hinter der Mauer" (behind the wall).

The unlucky crown of Bohemia, for which the Kurfürst Friedrich V. angled, brought misery into the land, and was the commencement of severe and bitter troubles, which spread over the country far and wide. In October 1620 Spinola took Staleck, Bacharach, the Castles of Stalberg, Fürstenberg and the Thäler. Not the oppressive burdens laid upon the people; not the pillag-



ing alone was it, that bowed down the land; the persecutions for faith's sake, and the attendance at Mass, enforced by the swarm of Monks who accompanied the Spaniards, were harder to bear, than the actual losses sustained. The name by which the "folk" designated them, and the French in 1688—1689, is so applicable as to deserve record here. The former they called: "die Spanische Molche" (Spanish salamanders) the latter: "die Pfalzvergifter" (Palatinate poisoners).

In the beginning of 1632 Staleck and Bacharach fell into the hands of the Swedes, advancing from Mainz. The Rheingraf Otto Ludwig von Dhaun, commanding the "gelben" (yellow) Regiment of the Swedish army, took both after a valiant resistance. If the Spaniards had been "üble Gäste" (disagreeable guests); the Swedes were none the less so.

One terrible visitation followed another. The departed army of Bernhard von Weimar was succeeded by that of Gallas, and his "Cravaten" (Croats) as the "folk" named them who rendered their memory *imperishable* if not—*blessed*. The French, who had once been driven back, took Bacharach in 1396, and remained in undisputed possession until the spring of 1640. The French domination was most terribly oppressive to the citizens, more particularly when, as the song declares: "they got warm in the nest". A Bavarian army, "not the best of brethren" drove out the French, "pillaged lustily", and left the town to be taken possession of by the "Weimarers". In the autumn of 1640 "the *beloved Spanish gentlemen*", as a M. S. of the period describes them, returned. They kept both town and castle in their "unlovesome power" until 1644. Then the French again appeared before the town, laid siege to it and to Staleck, and "with their unholy bullets did they much harm".

"Mouse and mother", says the M. S., "foe and friend".—The Kölners", it goes on to relate, "came up the river in battle array, against whom the French did make valiant stand, withdrew finally, however, into the castle and left the town to the Kölners. *Brought* nought but thirst with them, and *took, what they laid hands on*. The peasants from the Thälern had sought safety with their cattle in the town; but the French took the best of the beasts into the Castle, and the Kölners got fat on the flesh of the rest. Bad times these! Tried, they did, to set fire to the town, and their General, Nivenheim was he called, had promised to protect it on condition of being paid 2000 Thalers of Köln

coinage—Got it too, he did, but nevertheless set on fire the town, and much saving did it cost to prevent it from being left a vast heap of ashes. The French too of Staleck aided right well to put out the fire”.

They contrived to retain possession of their “little nest” up to the Peace of Westphalia, when the unhappy and deceived “Winter King”—or “Snow King’s” son, Carl Ludwig, seized it and found a much reduced and impoverished inheritance.

In spite of every attempt of the new lord, to stay the wheel of fate rolling down upon the Palatinate, he fell into the French net, because the warning example of his father had faded from before his mind’s eye. It was the ruin of his land, the perdition of his people; for the “great Louis of France, the fourteenth of his name”, when the Imperial war broke out, treated the neutral Palatinate as enemy’s land, and when the Elector’s protests availed nothing, and he at length joined the Emperor, then did the Palatinate become enemy’s land in good sooth, and desolation set in, such as scarcely had been, and from which it hardly recovered, ending only with the Orleanistic wars. As Graf Montal of Montroyal on the Mosel, the faithful agent of Melacs and Monclas decreed: “*de bruler et de briser la ville de Sobernheim*”, so did he decree the same fate for Bacharach.

It was in January 1689, (with horrible refinement of cruelty it had been determined to burn the town during the severest cold of winter) that, following the precedent in the case of other Rhenish towns, the turn came to Bacharach. Staleck’s hour struck first. Enormous masses of powder were stored in the castle vaults. These were distributed over various parts of the Burg, where the strongest resistance would be offered. When the ruins were sprung, a fearful explosion took place, which rolled reverberating through the Rhine valley—fragments were hurled over the whole town. Most of the houses on the Market-Place were thrown down, the roof and arches of St. Werner’s pierced and broken, and the part of the town situated on the mountain much injured. The vineyards on the Schlossberg disappeared beneath the ruins.

The explosion was succeeded by columns of flame, and Staleck was in the condition in which we now find it.

The second act of the terrible drama was the destruction by fire of the town-towers. It was superfluous to set fire to the town a second time; for on all sides the houses leaned up



against the towers; but after the town whose inhabitants had taken refuge on the heights of the Vogtwiese, (now Vogelwiese), upon the "Küheberg" in the "Wolfshöhle", (now Wolsel) and on the other side of the river, had been pillaged a second time, fire was set to the buildings, which the tower-fires had not reached.

Let us turn aside from the contemplation of this monstrous barbarity, from the endless misery and wretchedness, to which the wanton destruction of provisions, and the severity of the weather, lent redoubled horror.

The Burg was left a ruin, Bacharach was little else.

Though the dwelling-houses were rebuilt; though the industry of the unhappy inhabitants cleared the Schlossberg of its ruins, and again planted vines, the town never recovered the blow, and to the present day mourns its decay; its permanent decay, a picture upon which the eye can rest but with deep sympathy and heartfelt sorrow!

It is strange in the course of a narrative to retrace the path trodden once, to return from the end to the commencement, but no other course is open, as the history of the town is so intimately connected with that of Staleck.

Having arrived, after a toilsome climb along an exposed path from the St. Werner Chapel, at the ruins of the Burg Staleck, the first thing that fascinates the spectator is the view up the Rhine valley. Stretched out before him lies the ancient Bacharach, calm, sad; as were it lost in melancholy contemplation of all it has undergone, ere its streets became so silent and desolate. True the eye rests upon the Werner Chapel, upon the magnificent Market Church, and upon many an ancient and beautiful timber-house, which escaped the ruthless "Pfalzgiftern" and their flaming torches; and haply follows for a moment the course of a railway train as it speeds along, and leaves the old town without renewed life; upon the majestic steamers which hurry on like mighty swans, past the dark walls and the hollow-eyed towers. Beneath us lies the calm Rhine, still as a sea hidden in the bosom of the hills, and round the rugged rocks, and on the forest-crowned mountain sides, climbs the verdant vine, planted by the diligent vine-dresser in the clefts of the slate-rocks, where with love and with care, he tends and waters it.

To the left, towards Caub, the rocks bound the Rhine sea, and the white spot, on the heights in the background to the south-east, reminds one of the glorious "Niederwald". It is a shooting box of the Duke of Nassau. Lower down upon the left bank, the oak trees of the "Kammerforst", on the banks, the "Bodenthal" vineyards, and beyond these the ancient village of Lorch, and the little hamlet of Lorchhausen.

Let us turn now to the ruins of a great past; to the walls of Staleck.

The ruins are very extensive. Immense walls, more particularly those of one of the oldest towers—a round one. Far away beneath our feet stretch the cellars. Some of the walls enclosing large spaces, still tower loftily up. It is evident that even powder was as unequal to the task of levelling these memorials of a "strong age", as is the tooth of time, which during seven centuries has gnawed in vain at them.

When were these walls built? By whom? No answer breaks on the ear. Were they erected by the Grafen of the Trachgau? We know that their principal residence was in Boppard. The Gau was administered in 1044 by Graf Berthold, in 1075 by Graf Bezelinus. They were possibly the father and grandfather of Graf Goswin, who in 1135 took the name of Staleck? Who shall pronounce a decisive: Yes, when all documentary evidence is wanting? But did not Staleck exist before this Graf? His line seems to vanish, for in 1140 a certain Graf Hermann held the Burg, the Vogtei (prefecture) of Bacharach, and the "Thäler" in fief from Kur-Köln, and though he was called Graf von Staleck, he is also mentioned as Graf von Katzenelnbogen. In 1142 King Conrad III. transferred to him the Rhenish Pfalzgrafschaft.

Hermann von Staleck was a true son of his age; quarrelsome, litigious, and given to appropriate Church property, he could not long expect to escape chastisement. The bann under which he was laid by Arnold, Archbishop of Mainz, was ignored, and the wrath and threats of the Emperor disregarded; for—the Emperor was in Italy. Again and again he vented his hate upon the Archbishop. But the Emperor came home and sentence went forth; an old Frankish law was still in force, enacting that disturbers of the public peace: "should carry a mangy dog." The Court pronounced this sentence, and Pfalzgraf Hermann—anno 1155—was forced to carry the dog from



Kaiserslautern to the village of Enkenbach. The blow to his pride was too heavy. He laid aside sword and armour, took the cowl, and ere a year was past, he had—died of a broken heart.

Such is the literal account given. The Pfalzgrafschaft now passed into the possession of the Emperor's half-brother, Conrad von Hohenstaufen, who accepted, Hermann's vacant fief, from Kur-Köln. He resided at Staleck and the fief made was converted into an "apron-string hold" and hereditary fief, for the benefit of his wife and daughter; for that in opposition to the Emperor himself, he had remained firm to the Archbishop in a Diet held at Mainz.

In the Castle the secret marriage of the fair Agnes von Hohenstaufen, with the Welf Heinrich, was celebrated. Though it excited the fierce wrath of the Emperor, and marred his plans, blessings grew out of it; for it smoothed the path of reconciliation between the inimical houses of Welf and Hohenstaufen. The decease of the two fathers made Heinrich von Braunschweig a mighty Prince, and his fortuitous marriage with Agnes, united the two houses, though alas without further effects resulting. Heinrich would have been an opposition Emperor to Philipp von Hohenstaufen, had he not been on the Crusades.

Upon his brother Otto fell the sorrowful lot of fighting out the bloody campaign against Philipp—a campaign closed by the sword of the Wittelsbacher, shedding the heart's blood of the Hohenstaufen. Heinrich returned to Burg Staleck, fell out with his imperial brother, was reconciled with him, and valiantly supported the cause of the doubly banned Emperor. The Pfalzgrafschaft descended to Henry's son, of the same name, who however died young without issue.

The Pfalzgrafschaft was bestowed, as escheated imperial fee by the Emperor upon Ludwig von Baiern, and as his son Otto took to wife Agnes, daughter of the deceased Heinrich I, so the whole of the Pfalzgraf's property fell to Otto, of the house of Wittelsbach.

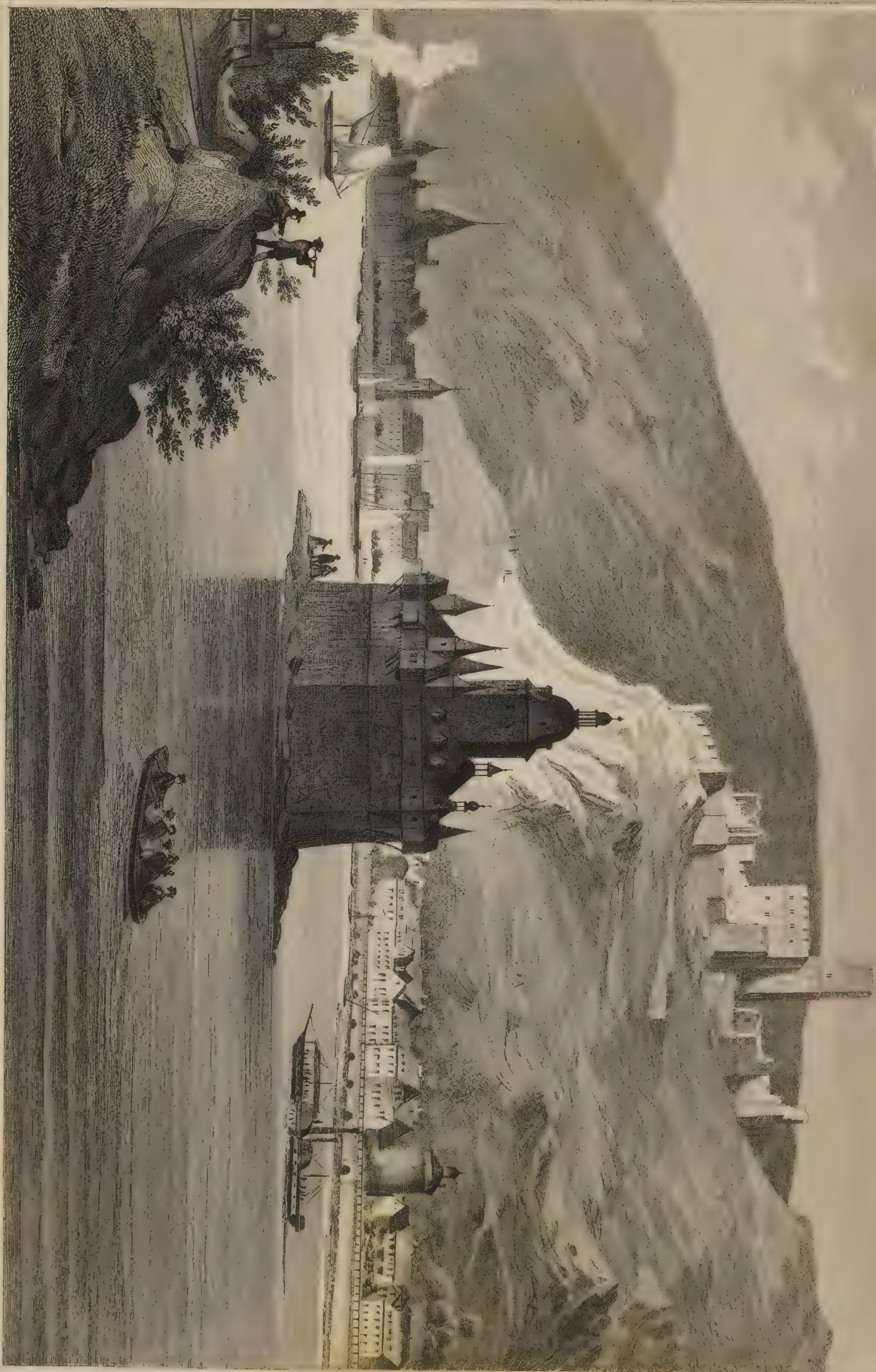
Conrad was the last who resided constantly at Staleck.

In the year 1211 we find Herr von Staleck, and a few years subsequently, the representative of a side line of the powerful house of the Grafen von Sponheim, calling themselves: Sponheim-Bacharach, holding the Burg in fief.

Then follow a succession of Burg-Grafen, members of the







*Land und der Stadt.*



noblest Rhenish houses, indeed of the noblest houses of Germany.

We have spoken before of the magnificent state kept up in the Burg, when the Emperor Ludwig the Baier, resided within its walls. Assemblies of Princes were held here. Exalted Church dignitaries, among them, even various Cardinals, sojourned in Bacharach doing reverence to the blessed St. Werner. How often have the din and tumult of war echoed within her walls; courage been displayed in her defence, before fire arms and „Feldschlangen“ (cannon) were turned against and crumbled them, and the fell power of gunpowder completed the destruction. A long succession of years, peopled with heroic forms, passes before the mind's eye, one scene of German history was played here; a bloody one too, and though the fair Agnes, of Hohenstaufen's, elder line, laid her head on the Welf bosom, we cannot forget the melancholy contrast afforded by Ludwig the „Streng“, who wandered restlessly, and sad through the vast halls; for that in a paroxysm of mad jealousy, he had caused his beautiful and chaste wife to be beheaded in Donauwörth, regardless of her vows of innocence. What consolation could he find in founding Cloister Fürstenthal as atonement for his sin? But little I trow. As often as he gazed from his Castle windows, and beheld the walls of the Convent, so often must the bleeding form of Maria pass before his despairing soul, which even the building of St. Werner's Chapel, could not set at rest.

It is a curious fact that the Burg should again have found its way into the possession of the royal family of Wittelbach, it now belongs to her Majesty. Queen Elisabeth, widow of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia.

In Bacharach hopes were once entertained that it would be restored. The hope has vanished.

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## THE PFALZ IN THE RHINE.

### ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD, CAUB AND GUTENFELS

Going from Oberwesel up the river, or coming from Bacharach down it, a lovely picture greets the eye as we approach



Caub; I mean the Pfalz, built in the bed of the Rhine. It is probably quite unique. That it was built in the likeness of a ship, there is no doubt: but a Burg (fortification) it is not, for it has neither battlements nor embrasures. Where were the defenders to stand? In the centre is a pentagon tower, and round about it rises one little tower after another—almost resembling Chinese architecture. What was it? What its use? Who built it and when did its water-proof, and massive walls, rise from their rocky foundation? rocks so firm that for centuries the waves of the Rhine have broken on them, and ice masses hurled against them, powerless to move or disturb.

Such questions crowd upon the observer, but no satisfactory answer can be given, they are indeed almost unanswerable, as but rarely is the veil of darkness raised from over them. About the ship-like form there can be no doubt, it must strike everyone. The pentagon tower is the mast; bulwarks and deck are both there. Even the figure-head at the ship's prow is not wanting; it is the heraldic lion, with a crown and two tails, of the Palatinate. He stands rampant holding the Palatine shield, on which are quartered the Wecke (small loaf) of the Sponheims and the crowned lion of Kur-Pfalz. "It is built on the modern" armour-plated system"—its "shadow cast" long before!—only that the armour does not consist of iron-plates; but of hard, red, iron clamped, sandstone, blocks; firm and fast it is, and on the pointed prow the waves of the river break impotently, however fierce the current, and huge the masses of ice. The strange fantastic erection, serviceable neither in peace nor war, has been clothed with a fable utterly wanting in truth, namely that every *lawful* heir to the Palatinate must have been born here. What a strange cobweb of the human brain?

The name Pfalz = Palatium, would justify the assumption that it had been a palace, a princely abode, and thus perhaps raise the veil which shrouds the origin of the building; this name is *not old*. The primitive one was: Pfalzgrafenstein, or Falkensteinsau (Au = Island, from Ob, Ube, Uwe = river) from the fact that the castle is built on a small rocky island. The name was first used when the Falkensteiners (whose ancestral castle lies on the Donnersberg) were masters of Caub, and yet they were not the founders of the pentagon tower, which forms the fifth corner of the wall, and offers the chief resistance to the power of the ice and floods. The real use for which the

Pfalz was erected was the same as that of the Mausthurm in Bingen—a so called “Warschauer” (watch-tower), with a bell, rung to give warning to the Customs-officer that his services were in requisition when a ship or raft came down the river.

This tower is however not the most ancient nor the first built on this spot. There stood one on the same site in the 13<sup>th</sup> century. It probably became a ruin at the close of the century, for at the beginning of the following, the Emperor Ludwig built the present tower, to the great vexation of the sailors; for evasion of the dues was rendered impossible, inasmuch as the navigable channel lay between the tower and the shore. Especially was the tower a thorn in the flesh of the Cloisters lying up and down the river, and probably too to the Archbishops of Trier, Cologne and Mainz; for many a delicacy turned to bitterness in their mouths by reason of the dues paid on it. This was probably the origin of the challenge sent by Pope John, Twenty Second of his name, to the Archbishop and Kurfürst of Trier, to attack and raze the tower, a demand with which the belligerent Archbishop justly hesitated to comply. The Lion of the Palatinate had sharp teeth, which the spiritual lords had no inclination, even in such a case to feel. Moreover as a considerable revenue was involved, the lion would of a surety have used both claws and teeth. Money matters were in those days, as they still are, very ticklish points.

No records exist, so the questions when and by whom, the tower was surrounded by walls, will remain unanswered. Palace, residence or princely seat, the Pfalz was not; for the interior was not adapted thereto. Though the middle age Burgs were generally small, and the inhabitable rooms narrow and confined, such indeed as with our nowadays notions no family could inhabit. The interior of the Pfalz is so exceedingly cramped that the theory must fall through. Even the court-yard is small, all round it arches are carried; a kind of “casemate.” Above these run galleries, with wooden huts, equally narrow, and scarcely sufficient to afford meagre accomodation, to the spare garrison of Hessian invalids, by whom the customs duties, the ringing of the bell when ships or rafts passed were performed. A well in the yard is fed from a source deep below the surface of the Rhine. The name “Palzgrafenstein” is a modern innovation.

In a document of 1316, concerning a mortgage of the Pfalzgraf Rudolph I. to the Graf Gerlach of Nassau, the Pfalz is



described as: "die Burg uff dem rhyne" (the Castle on the river) In a document of 1352, in which the Emperor Karl IV. pronounces a decision in some electoral disputes, the Pfalz is called: "Pfallenz-Grafenstein." Was it formerly a Burg? Who in the absence of all records shall decide? The timber-built huts, and the four towered roof, were added after the Thirty Years' War, when the Burgs, Gutenfels and Pfalzgravenstein, were converted into hospitals for the Electoral Invalids, of whom about twenty were lodged in the Pfalz. The newly enlarged and arranged lodging over the entrance, which is protected by a massive gate and portcullis, was occupied by the commanding Corporal and his family. The Rheinlander, much given to scoffing, declares that when the Invalids inhabited the Pfalz, the inhabitants of Caub: "toll'd the bells for the Jews funerals." In those days of blind and highly reprehensible hatred towards the Jews, this was a sore reproach, occasionally leading to bloody pates. It arose thus: "Every boat, however insignificant, was signalled on passing the Pfalz, by the ringing of a bell. The Jews in Bacharach had no cemetery of their own; but used one in common with the Jewish community in Caub. When now they carried a corpse in a boat, past the Pfalz, the Invalids, as usual, rang the bell, and thus arose the scoff so vexatious to the Caubers.

The Pfalz invariably shared the fate of Gutenfels, or Guttafels, and Caub, in the Thirty Years' War, and in the wars which devastated the Lower Pfalz, though it appears not to have been considered worthy of special beleaguer or bombardment. When Gutenfels fell then, without a sword thrust, the Pfalz fell with it, which accounts for the walls shewing no evidence of destruction or restoration. Military importance it had none; hence probably the reason why when Napoleon demanded the razing of Gutenfels, no reference was made to the Pfalz.

That legends attach to the strange erection may well be supposed. It was, so we are told, a favourite scheme of the Emperor Heinrich, Sixth of his name, to incorporate the Pfalzgrafschaft with his own family possessions. The Palatinate was indeed the very pearl of the Empire. The realisation of the project seemed all the more certain, as Pfalzgraf Conrad, who abode either in Burg Staleck or in Bacharach, had no male heir; but one little daughter Agnes, fair as the angels painted by the old masters in their altar-pieces. If the Emperor could but marry her to some member of his family, his object was

attained. Such territorial lustings, even with Emperors, are rarely gratified, and the plan was not realised; though an Emperor sought her hand, and her father refused it not, the plan was frustrated by another power—the power of—Love.

The fair and lovely Agnes had seen the brave and knightly Heinrich von Braunschweig; he had approached her with a heart teeming with love, and the bond was sealed, without either having considered the difficulties besetting their path, which drove the fulfilment of their hopes into a dim and grey distance,—even if not into the region of the impossible. Traitor tongues bore tidings of this secretly nurtured passion—encouraged by the maiden's mother, to the ear of the severe and violent Pfalzgraf. In fiercely, raging anger he confined mother and child in the “burg uff dem rhyne”, where, as he thought, he could bid defiance to Heinrich's cunning, as did the stout walls to the river's waves. He placed firm reliance upon the loyalty of the Knight to whom he committed charge of the tower. But—who can withstand coaxing words uttered by rosy lips? The gate was opened, and disguised as a Page from Castle Staleck, Henry crept into the Pfalz, and the next day a boat carried thither a priest of Caub with his Registrar, and the Knight who had charge of the Burg, was witness to the sacred ceremony which indissolubly united Agnes and Heinrich. The Priest signed and sealed a document, attesting the validity of the marriage, and Conrad in his Castle Staleck, suspected nothing of all that had passed, amid the rush and roar of the river's waves.

The wildest wrath subsides with the ebbing hour. In Staleck all was dull and desolate. Only the harsh voices of men were heard, the joys of domestic life were unknown. Pfalzgraf Conrad could bear it no longer, and the portcullis of the Pfalz was raised. A gaily flagged ship cast anchor, and the Pfalzgraf entered the Burg, where he was joyfully received—with beating hearts—by mother and daughter. It was in the days when Autumn dyes the leaves of the vine crimson and gold, and the crackling wood on the hearth sheds a genial warmth around. And such peace reigned in the hearth of the Pfalzgraf as had been strange to it since the separation from wife and child and these had a care that his joy should not be broken. Anxiously his eye rested upon Agnes; for her cheek was pale as it had never been. He bethought him that the fault was his



own; he had confined her in this dreary dungeon, and sorrowfully he demanded of his wife, what ailed the maiden. The hour was come when the veil must be raised. Weeping, the mother threw herself at her husband's feet, and confessed all that had happened, and said that though Agnes' cheeks were now pale, they would regain their old bright hue, soon as she had laid a grandson upon her father's knee, and she placed in his hand the deed, drawn up and signed by the priest of Caub.

The storm raged, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, but when and where have the eyes of a lovely woman wept in vain? When and where have the prayers of a beloved child been said in vain? The storm was hushed, the thunder rolled away, the lightning flashed no more, and on the bosom of husband and father lay wife and child, and Heinrich, the happy husband of the fair Agnes, kneeled at their side, clasping the hand of the reconciled father, whose blessing was not withheld.

So far the legend. The statements that the Kurfürst confined his wife and daughter in the Pfalz for security's sake, that her first-born, the first Pfalzgraf born here, was laid by Agnes on the knee of her reconciled parent, who forthwith declared that henceforward each lawfully born heir to the title of hereditary Pfalzgraf *must be born* in the Pfalz, were invented by Vogt in his Rhenish legends, to give some foundation to the traditions.

Many have attached historical importance to the spurious assertions. In the course of time the Pfalz has twice gained some historical renown, for twice the German army crossed the Rhine in her immediate vicinity, en route for France. Once in March 1793, when King Friedrich Wilhelm II. of Prussia sent his army to stem the current of revolution, which with uncontrollable force had overflowed its channel, and again in 1814, on the 1<sup>st</sup> of January, when Blücher threw a bridge across the river. Both events gave evidence of the thoroughly German spirit of the bank boatmen, and of their devotion to the national cause. It is false that the famous Field Marshall took up his position on the Pfalz, in order to direct the passage. Where; everyone who has seen the Pfalz must ask, where could he have stood? He might just as well have attempted to stand in mid air! It is far more probable that he stood above Caub, on the other side "des dicken Thurmes", (of the fat tower) where the new houses now stand. Blücher was not even in Caub during the

whole night. The passage of the vanguard consisting of Lützows Hussars, and Fusiliers of the Regiment of Brandenburger's Infantry, was effected under the command of Major, subsequently Minister-President, Graf von Brandenburg, and Captain von Arnould, they were about 200 strong, and were ferried across in all quietness by the Caub boatmen, and advanced without opposition. Their eagerness to set foot on the Rhenish soil they were about to free was so great, that notwithstanding the intense coldness of the water, they sprang out of the boats and waded ashore. Once the bridge broke, before it was sufficiently far advanced to admit of being used, but the quick and practical Russian bridge-builders, soon succeeded in repairing the injury, and ere day-light of the new year dawned, the Prussians under General von Hühnerbein had crossed, and about 2 P. M., the necessary complement of cavalry and artillery was on the left bank of the river, and on the march through Bacharach, and the Steeger Thal, for the mountain plateau. Blücher with his staff now followed, lodged that night in the Weissen Ross, kept by the Widow Lang in Bacharach, and next morning set out on his victorious march, whilst in rapid succession Prussian troops of all descriptions, and Russian regiments with artillery and ammunition, belonging to General Graf Langerou's division of the army, crossed the river. It was a grand sight to watch the passage as the author did. How the pontoon-bridge constructed of tarred sail-cloth, rose and sank like a huge snake, as the soldiers in their gay uniforms, with bands playing and loud Hurrahs, marched or rode across to the shores, so long alienated from Germany under a foreign yoke. Most of the Russian regiments were accompanied by magnificent bodies of Chorus-Singers, whose sweet and touching melodies alternated with the exhilarating strains of martial music. This lasted for weeks—highly peculiar and as highly interesting, was the crossing of a mounted Regiment of Baschkirs on the 5<sup>th</sup> of January, and just as curious as was the sight of these sons of Northern Asia, was the song of the forty singers, who mounted on little rough hardy horses, rode in advance of the regiment. When the Electoral village of Caub was made over to Nassau, the Pfalz went with it, and the Electoral Invalids were removed. The little bell of the Pfalz, and the old guns that stood on the Gutenfels, were sent to the Marxburg near Braubach, where the former may yet be heard, where the latter



"covered with the noble rust of centuries", rest in peace. The Pfalz is kept in good repair, an act deserving of praise.

Caub, which since the last conflagration has extended up and down stream, offers on its Rhenish side, a pleasant view. The site, on which between the Rhine on one side, and the towering slate-rocks on the other, the houses are built is narrow. The village is without question one of the most ancient on the Rhine, it can hardly be doubted that it was founded under the dominion of the Romans", the less so as it lay near the Roman defensive works, the so-called Pfahlgraben. As to the origin of the name several hypotheses have been put forward; ancient documents throw little light on the subject, as the orthography of the name varies materially. Now it is written: Eube, now Hube, (the actual signification of this word is: Hufe, a measure of land, whose extent permitted it to be tilled by the labour of one horse's "hoofs", now Caupun and now Chaube, and finally Cuber (Camp). The latter orthography justifies us in seeking for traces of a Roman encampment on the spot. Again we find it written Cupa = Kufe, and this name is supported by a tradition, or rather legend, running thus: In the days when the dwellers upon the Rhine banks still lay enshrouded in the gloom of heathenism, there came down the Rhine a messenger of Christ named: Theonest, he floated down the stream, standing in a "Weinkufe", (wine-tub) as in a boat, and piloted his strange craft, fully trusting that it would float ashore somewhere—a sign from the Lord, that on the spot where it rested, he was to commence his work of piety and conversion. Upon the site now occupied by Caub, the "Kufe" spun quickly round and round, and was thrown by a wave high up on the bank. Then the blessed Saint knew that this was the field of his labours, appointed by the Lord. He landed, drew his "Kufe" ashore, built a wall of loose stones from the river-banks, placed his tub on the top as a roof, and his cell was complete. He now began to preach the Gospel to the few fishermen who dwelt about the spot, the little colony was soon increased by new-comers, and a village arose. For the temporal well being of the people he also exerted himself, introducing among them the culture of the vine. Out of gratitude, and in commemoration of their benefactor's strange ship, they called the place Cuba or Kufe, and subsequently the municipal seal of Caub was the representation of a man floating in a "Kufe," or tub, upon the water.

At the period of the division of the Rhine-land into "Gaus", Caub fell to the Emrichgau. As in other districts, so here Imperial Grafen became possessors of their Gaus, the original Imperial fiefs lapsing.

We subsequently meet with the Grafs von Nüring or Nüringen—for so the Burg, the remains of whose tower still stand upon the Lorch heights, is said to have been called—(?) in possession of the Burg and village of Caub. The place at that time consisted of two parts, namely, the part surrounded by a wall Dorfe, (Villa) in the middle of which stood the Market-Place and Church, and a Courtyard (Hübē), lying near the "Zolle" (Custom-house), and afterwards extending to Siebenhausen's "dicken Thurm" (fat tower) thus forming a kind of suburb, which later still was included in the circuit of the walls. When male heirs of the line of Nüringen failed, the "Erbtöchter" (daughter and heiress) married to one Munzenberg of the Wetterau, succeeded to the "Burg und Stadt" (Burg and township) of this ancient house, and at the extinction of the line of Munzenberg, the property descended to the Falkensteiners. In the 13<sup>th</sup> century the Pfalzgrafen obtained possession of "Stadt und Burg Caub" by purchase." The "Zoll" stood even in those days. Although now and again Caub is called in records "Stadt" (township) it is quite certain that Ludwig der Baier first conferred city-privileges upon it in 1324, and indeed precisely such as were enjoyed by the town of Boppard. Herewith was the foundation laid of a strong and powerful citizenship, and the internal prosperity of the place encouraged.

The tempests of war which surged through the valley of the Rhine, were all the less likely to spare Caub, inasmuch as the Castles of Gutenfels and Pfalzgrafenstein were strongholds, the tolls and dues levied there, almost too irresistible. One of the cruelest scourges to which Caub was subjected, was the destructive march of the Normannens, whereof no records exist; the six weeks blockade by the Landgraf Wilhelm von Hessen, is commemorated in an inscription cut in a stone tablet. Both town and castle suffered severely, but the Hessians were forced to withdraw without having taken the place, Pfalzgraf Ludwig put the Burg into a defensive condition, and helped to rebuild the city. In 1820 Caub made acquaintance with the "Soldateska" of the Marquis Spinola, who took it and threw a Spanish garrison into Guttenfels; from whom the inhabitants of Caub met



with no gentle treatment, the "Hispanian salamanders" as the Chronicler calls them, having written their records in letters of blood, on the memories of the Pfälzers (Palatines). They were not however left in undisturbed possession, for the Hessians, drove them out, and in their turn were driven out by them, until Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, crossed the Rhine at Wörthe near Bacharach, and took Caub and Gutenfels. The window at which the King sat during his residence in the castle was shewn until lately. The Orleanistic war fell heavily upon Caub and Gutenfels. For were they not Electoral property? and Montal sojourning at Montroyal on the Moselle, hurled the fiery torches of his Master Louvois, far into the Palatinate. As Bacharach was consumed by fire, so too was Caub. Her wall fell; but Gutenfels only became a ruin, when the storms of the Revolution had rolled away.

Mention has been frequently made of Gutenfels, called also Guttafels. It stands upon a proud height 250 feet above the level of the Rhine, and was a strong fortification, larger and more capable of defence than many others on either side of the river. As to the period of its foundation, or who was its builder, nothing is known. Mention and that is all, is made of it in records of the age—. Its earlier name was Cube, a name which the Burg shared with the town it protected; with "Rhein-zoll" (Rhine dues) whose payment it more than suggested. It consisted of two separate buildings, like other Burgs of the same description, of an Upper and Lower Castle. How the name Cube was changed into Gutenfels or Guttafels, is thus explained in a legend:—The powerful Lord and Master: Graf Philipp I. von Falkenstein had a daughter, named after her Grandmother; Jutta or Guda; in the fullest sense of the word she was "the rose of the Rhine"; for a creature endowed with greater charms, lived not among the blooming daughters of those who wore a sword, and were called Lords, in German lands. Minstrels sang of her beauty and amiability in ecstatic strains, and far beyond Germany's boundaries, sang the "Minne" of her fame. Many a knightly and valiant heart beat loud at the words. Among others was Richard von Cornwallis, to whom the glorious crown of Germany descended in 1256. In the course of his travels along the beautiful shores of the Rhine, Guda's renown took him captive, and he sought opportunity to gaze into her lovely eyes. He crossed the threshold of Gutenfels,

and when he beheld her; the peerless beauty, his heart was enthralled, and she responding to his love, was ere long carried home by the happy husband, from this day forward the Burg was called Gudafels or Juttafels.

This legend has some historical foundation, so that the traditional origin of the name may be correct. Pfalzgraf Ludwig II. came into possession of the Burg, and the territory appertaining thereto, this subsequently constituted the Unteramt (secondary bailiwick) of Caub. From this time the Burg had her own Burggrafen, (Burggrave) among whom were members of the noblest knightly families of the Rhine. The Burg suffered so severely during the blockade, under the Landgrave of Hessen in the so called: "Bavarian feud", that the Pfalzgraf Ludwig II. was compelled to restore it at very great expense. In commemoration he caused a large slab of slate to be put up over the entrance to that part of the castle; subsequently called the "Spanish cemetery", which was in all probability the Castle garden. The slab bore the inscription: "Anno Domini M.C.C.C.C.VIII Ward Gutenfels wieder erbawen Durch Pfalzgraf Ludwig mit Frawen." (A.D. M.C.C.C.C.VIII Gutenfels was rebuilt by Pfalzgraf Ludwig and his wife.) This slab has been alas! lost. Reference to the sieges; takings and retakings of the Castle during the desolating Thirty Years' War has already been made. Gonsalvo de Cordova took it in 1621, and as the Spaniards remained longest in possession, the account of the funerals of the dead and slain is explained. That the name was not purely fanciful was shewn in 1839, as skeletons were then found in the ground at the planting of a vineyard. After the terrible Thirty Years' War the Burg was in a most ruinous condition, and when the Invalids were consigned to it, it was necessary to build new apartments for the Commandant, the other three officers being lodged in the less damaged parts of the Burg. The garrison was small, and divided between the Burg, the town, and the Pfalz. Colonel von Rosenberger was the first; Captain, Baron, von Obercamp the last. (1794) Commandant. The Invalid garrison rested upon their laurels—if they had any—until 1795. Then the storms, arisen in the West, roared over the tottering walls of Gutenfels and shook them to their very foundation; for 400 French soldiers marched unperceived from Oberwesel, and took up a position on the Leiterberger Scheider Kopf, opposite the Castle. The Invalids trembled; for



the French *might* have cannon with them? The French Commander demanded immediate surrender of the Castle; of all in and about it. To risk a hero's death was a serious matter,—and so in less than two hours, the greater part of which was occupied in the going to and fro of messengers, a capitulation was agreed on. The following day, on the spot now called the "Hauptwache", the Electoral troops, in a spirit of true self abnegation, laid down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. The officers remained in the town on parole, and the Invalids were taken by the French to the village of Henschhausen. In the course of a few weeks, for some unknown reasons, the French withdrew with a hearty farewell to the brave heroes of the Palatinate. Then new courage infused itself into their souls, and they marched boldly up and recaptured the fortress, which in the absence of all foes they valiantly defended until the dissolution; as an Invalid Station in 1803, when Hesse Darmstadt, Baden, and Nassau Usingen divided—the Invalids amongst them. When the last of these heroes fell, history, ever ungrateful, has neglected to record.

Three years later Gutenfels fell—not entirely; for her beautiful ruins still stand. That they stand and are preserved, we owe to a man, who at no small cost, purchased many Burgen to save them from destruction. We owe this man a large debt of gratitude. May we be forgiven, if we wound his modesty, by recording his name: Herr Archivar Habel of Schierstein.†

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## BURG SCHÖNBURG, AND OBERWESEL.

One peculiarity of the Rhine landscape, and one which immensely increases its picturesque beauty, is the winding course the river takes, and the effects produced by the tortuous channel, more especially below Bingen, where its waters collect in a valley surrounded by lofty mountains, and form as it were an inland sea. In ascending, or descending the river, the effect is the same, when Caub, the Pfalz, Oberwesel, and Schönburg are first caught sight of. More particularly beautiful does the basin appear, when the Loreley ravine passed, we round the projecting rocks, and Oberwesel with its fine Churches, its towers and





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walls, its heights crowned by Schönburg—grand in its ruin—fill up the distant foreground of the picture. Where the hills close round in a circle, Caub appears to lean caressingly against the strong fortress of Guden, or Jutta, Fels, and the ancient Pfalz swims as it were in the flood. On all sides the variously shaped hills are planted with vines; especially near Oberwesel, valleys running far up into the hills, amid which, the narrow pass, characteristically called the “enge Hölle”, is famous for the magnificent vintage produced on its precipitous sides.

Let us tarry a while in the town, and casually remark the echo from the opposite hills, on which the “folk’s” wit is apt to regale itself by enquiring: “What is the name of the Burgo-master of Wesel?” When echo replies—“Esel” (ass). The view of the town is pleasing, it is surrounded by strong walls, commanded by a proud Burg, and guarded to the north by the Ochsen-thurm—a tower as strong as it is beautiful. The town stretches itself in a southern direction, to the lovely Gothic Church, at the extreme end. The Church dedicated to the Liebfrauen is commonly called, from the red sandstone of which it is built, “die rothe Kirche” (the red Church).

The defensive walls and towers, the ruins of the Burg, and of the town-towers, shew the spectator that “peace has not always been within her walls”, and history can tell of many bloody battles, arising partly from internal disagreements, partly from external disorders, and lasting until the violent convulsions of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, reduced it to its present condition—that of a decayed country-town, mourning, like so many others, on the fair Rhine, over its departed fame.

The Peutinger tablet, which refers to the place under the name: “Wosavia”, scarcely leaves room for a doubt as to the Romans having firmly established themselves here; although scarcely any traces of those dark days are left. We all know how completely our German fathers, cleared away evidence of the hated strangers and tyrants, when once they had escaped the iron yoke. Tradition tells us that the dwellings of the Romans soldiers and colonists, were collected about a mighty Roman Castella; that they introduced the culture of the vine, and devoted themselves to salmon-fishing; that Christianity flourished here in the 3<sup>rd</sup> century and; that the Christian Mother of the Emperor Alexander Severus, was assassinated here.



How may this be; how much is history; how much tradition? It is not probable that the Romans, whose second "limes" or wall of fortification, was carried across the hills at whose foot Oberwesel lay, would have left this point undefended, a point, to which the narrow valleys afforded entrance to the warlike German tribes, coming from the heights.

We have no record of the destruction of Roman power on the Rhine, which could be made to refer to this place, and only under the domination of the Franks; especially of Karl the Great, do we find mention made of Oberwesel's (Ficelia, Wasalia, later Wesalia) Königshofe (Saalhof, Saal), in which noble Franks sat as Prefects, Judges, and Governors, to administer law and justice, in the name of the King.

At the Gau-Eintheilung, (Gau division) the town was incorporated with the Trechis, or Trach, Gau, whose Graf however did not reside in Oberwesel, though he may occasionally have administered justice in the Königshof, and personally received the money arising from the autumn wine-sales. At this time no Burg crowned the heights.

The necessity for such a place of security was first felt during the disastrous Normannen incursion on the Rhine. This was in the 9<sup>th</sup> century, and probably a long period elapsed ere the ravages of these predatory marches, and the dread of their return, were overcome or forgotten; ere men's thoughts turned to the expediency of establishing new colonies, and ere the powerful of the land secured their own safety, and that of their homes, by erecting strong Burgs in inaccessible spots. There were however other reasons for doing so in Oberwesel.

The Prefecture of Oberwesel was, as already remarked, in the hands of the Grafen of the Trachgau, subsequently under the Dynasties of Arnstein; and when Schönberg was built, the knightly line that flourished there, the Knights, or Grafs von Schönburg, was probably the family to whom we find reference, under the name of Schönberg, Schomberg and Schomburg. They were Burggrafen, and as such, exercised jurisdiction over the town.

The Emperor Friedrich II. obtained the office of Burggraf for himself, or rather for the Empire, on payment of 300 silver marks; henceforth the Burggrafen were imperial officers, whose duty it was to maintain sovereign rights, in the Emperor's name, over the town, which the Emperor exalted to the rank of a

“freien Reichstadt” (free imperial city). The freedom and privileges conferred by the Emperor’s gracious favour, exerted a marked influence on the development and prosperity of the city. The government, carried on by magistrates elected by the citizens, increased their self-respect, and urged them to renewed efforts to further their commercial importance. That the powerful Grafen von Katzelnbogen caused themselves to be made citizens of Oberwesel, speaks volumes for the advanced condition of the town, and, even though motives of policy may have dictated the expediency of the step, it is nevertheless, a proof of the importance of the town.

It is a curious phenomenon in the history of law, that the Emperor Heinrich VII. in 1312, mortgaged the free-city and the city of Boppard, to his brother, the Kurfürst Baldwin, “der Löwe von Trier” (the lion of Trêves), as compensation for war-expenses discharged by him. This was naturally not a matter of indifference to the citizens. And they put in vehement protests; in vain, even the active opposition they shewed, had simply the effect of causing Baldwin to quell any rising by force of arms. The citizens soon saw the impolicy of their course, and sealed a peace for which Baldwin’s grasping spirit made them pay dear. In future their lot was a hard one, and only under the rule of his successors was their condition ameliorated. The detestation of the galling yoke of Triers was not however extinguished; for in 1389, it burst out in a flame of wild and fiercely burning revolt. The Kur Trier magistrates were expelled, the town elected its own officers, and again exercised all the rights and privileges belonging to them as free, imperial citizens. They were not ignorant of the fact that such disaffection would not be favourably regarded in Trier; but, as they had surprised the garrison, and taken possession of the castle, they believed themselves capable of bidding defiance to the Kurfürst.

The warlike spirit and force of will, once peculiar to Baldwin had not fallen in the same plenitude upon the Kurfürst Werner von Bolanden, or Falkenstein, and the valiant citizens maintained themselves for a whole year against the besieging Kurfürst—a defence deserving of all praise, considering the feeble means at the citizens’ disposal, and the immense resources of the mighty Kurfürst. They were however obliged to capitulate before the “big guns”, which, according to the “Limburger Chronik”, the Kurfürst turned against them. Peace was made, and the citizens



were lucky in being allowed to keep a share of their ancient privileges, as a reward of their valour, which Baldwin, had he been there, would of a surety not have accorded them.

The yoke of bondage hung about their necks by Kur-Triers was galling enough, and the fact that: "beneath the crozier 'tis well to live", was shewn to be open to exception; at least in Oberwesel the saying was not verified; for shortly before the outbreak of the French revolution, when the obstinate resistance of the town had been overcome by the French in 1689, the Oberweselers rose up against the Archbishop of Trier, who, as the mortgage had not been paid off, being still their lord, was forced to send a body of 500 men with artillery and cavalry, against the town, which only then capitulated, upon seeing the serious consequences to be apprehended from continued resistance. This was the last struggle of former imperial freedom, the final flash of the courage of past days; and even then a mere reflection of bygone times; for what could Oberwesel accomplish in the face of modern artillery?

Other days had dawned, days, when even in Oberwesel under the eye of the Kurfürst of Trier, free enquiry and clear views of the truths of Christianity could not be checked. Johann von Wesel (his surname is said to have been Richard or Ruchard or Ruhrod) and a lay brother of Steeg, near Bacharach, represented this awakening to spiritual life, at the same time that Huss in Bohemia, was agitating against the power of Rome.

Winard von Steeg was burned at the stake for promulgating the doctrines upon which the Reformation was builded—and tradition relates that this "heretic's trial" was held upon the waste ground on the Rhine bank, below the mouth of the Münzbach, the place is called to this day: "der Ketzer" (the Heretic); Johann von Wesel, who was a Church dignitary of Worms, was condemned to life-long imprisonment in a Carmelite Cloister, and died in a short time from the severity of his treatment, and sorrow, for that he had not gained a victory for truth.

Here, as in other places, where men have loved to reap where they have not sowed, the imperial "Kammerknechten", the Jews in Mainz, Worms, and elsewhere on the Rhine who had amassed wealth met with no gentler usage. The Jews of Oberwesel were said by the "folk" to have murdered the holy boy Werner. The deed was in fact accomplished else-

where, what mattered that? The Jews were massacred and their property divided, whereby brotherly equality was rigidly observed. From what remained, the Werner Chapel, on the town-wall, was erected.

The beautiful "rothe Kirche" (red Church), as it is popularly called, or, as its dedication name requires: the Liebfrauenkirche, was built by Archbishop Baldwin of Trier between 1307 and 1331. The slender and beautiful form is less striking from the amount of external decorative work, characterising so called Gothic architecture, than from the chaste proportions and elegance, whilst the interior is all the richer, more especially is richness of ornamental detail displayed in the "Lettner" (Lectorium). It is adorned by some exquisite old paintings of which, alas, some have been stolen. At the restoration of the Church, a number of frescos of the same date as the foundation, were discovered under the white-wash. The Church, dedicated to St. Martin, situated in the upper town is of older date, and was the original parish-church. It was probably built about the end of the 13<sup>th</sup> century, and is attributed to the Grafen von Schönburg. It would probably be difficult to find any documentary record, though there is little doubt that a portion of the building-costs were defrayed by the town.

With the commencement of the era of fire-arms, the influence and importance of towns, so far as their self-defensive powers were in question, fell to decay, just as the Burgen were sacrificed to their destroying force. Wesel's prosperity consistently declined, and the epoch of the Thirty Years' War, with all that immediately preceded and followed, was not calculated to increase prosperity; but rather completely to annihilate it. Capture, expulsion, and recapture, such as Bacharach repeatedly experienced, produced here the same effects as there, and when the castle and towers of Bacharach sank before the consuming torch of the French, the spiritual lords of Trier were as impotent to save Oberwesel, as they were elsewhere. The Rhenish shores were to be rendered defenceless—the Minister Louvois in Paris would have it so, and as he commanded, so it fell out. The town, which was not Electoral, was spared.

Since those days Oberwesel has become silent and poor, like many of her sister towns on the Rhine. Vine-culture is the chief employment of the inhabitants. Whether the railway, and the connection, established by road, with the Hunsrück, will



benefit the quiet little town lies in the dim lap of the future, the prospects opened out are not very promising.

In Oberwesel was a Saalhof, a "Königliche Hof" (a King's Court), at the time of the Frank Emperor. These "Saalbaue" (Courts) were strong, handsome buildings. They were occasionally called after the more ancient names of Palaces and Burgen.

In this building long disappeared, resided the Imperial officer, probably with the title of Graf, whence arose the designation Burggraf, whose title and office were hereditary. Here in Oberwesel arose the line, which, after the erection of the castle named *Schönburg*, is frequently met with in historical records as, Grafen von *Schönberg*. As the Oberweselers constantly grew more unmanageable, independent and obstinate, the Grafen transferred their residence from the town to the castle, in order to insure their own safety, and the better to command the place. The citizens, who possibly arrived too late at the conviction that the Burg might be dangerous to them, attempted to prevent its erection, and when they were unsuccessful, undertook on several occasions to capture it themselves; in this also they failed, obtaining instead, what they certainly did not seek—namely more tyranny, and tightening of the reins held in the Graf hands.

That the Grafen did not build the Burgs—for there are manifestly two, a principal and a secondary one—exclusively out of their own pockets, appears evident from the Burg having been a Reichsburg (imperial Burg), subsequently held by them in fief, and in virtue of their office.

Not only in the insurrectionary spirit of the citizens lay the ground of their frequent risings; but it may be sought besides in the oppressive rule exercised by the Burggrafs. Their wild lawless manners were the result of their arrogance. The Emperor was far away; they acknowledged no lord over them. To defray the costs of their luxurious lives, great wealth was demanded. The temptation to appropriate imperial funds for their own use was great, and so it often happened that the rule of rendering to the Emperor, what was the Emperor's, grew to be an exception. Still worse did matters become, when the bitterest party-spirit separated the Grafen from the Emperor. And to this pass it came in the time of the Emperor Friedrich II., when the Burggrafen espoused the cause of the Welfs, bade

defiance to the Emperor and kept possession of the revenues. The thread of the Sovereign's patience was broken, and he sat down before Burg and town, as the latter too had enrolled itself amongst the partisans of the Welfs.

Both Schönburgers and the Oberweselers probably foresaw, that the end of the struggle would be their own demolition, so were not loath to come to terms with the Emperor.

More merciful, than they were justified in expecting he would be, was the Emperor. True, the Schönburgers lost their rights as Burggrafen, and their Prefecture of Oberwesel, for which however the Emperor indemnified them with three hundred marks of silver, and forgave them the fine of 1000 marks subsequently. They remained in possession, that is in tenure, of the Burg, retaining their estates, more especially a considerable extent of vineyards, and some large revenues, in order that their dignity and the pride of their house might not be impaired. They appear as feoffees of Kurtrier, in the deeds of mortgage, already referred to, of the Emperor Heinrich VII. When Wesel rose up in revolt against this mortgage, the Schönburgers do not appear to have participated in the wild project; for Baldwin von Trier, the man with the invulnerable head and the hard heart, had of a surety dealt with them less mildly than did the Emperor Friedrich II.!

In 1639 the Swedes took the Castle, without however destroying it, so as to render its restoration impossible. What availed the restoration? In 1689 the Burg, like all her sister Castles on the Rhine, was set on fire by the orders of Montal, the faithful servitor of Melac in carrying out all the diabolical commands of Louvois.

Within the walls of this Burg was rocked the cradle of a great man—Graf Friedrich Hermann von Schomburg, or Schönberg.

His youthful years were spent in his father's Castle, but it was too narrow for the aspiring spirit of the boy.

His famous hero's career he opened in Holland, where he became the companion in arms of Friedrich Heinrich of Orange,—and where he first displayed skill and talent as a military genius. Covered with glory he entered the French service, and ere long earned the Fieldmarshall's bâton. We next meet with him in Portugal, where he fought for, and obtained the recognition of the rights of the House of Braganza. Returning



to France he was forced to fly at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1688, by which the Protestants—Schomberg was a Protestant—were deprived of the rights and privileges secured to them by the Edict. He was received with open arms by the Kurfürst of Brandenburg, who knew how to appreciate the value of the pearl he had found.

Here too the famous man made for himself a road leading to fame and honour; for the Kurfürst named him not only Governor of Prussia, but Minister, and Commander in Chief of the forces; these offices sufficed not to fascinate the man—who indeed was no man of peace, nor loved the calm and peaceful flow of private life.

William of Orange summoned him to his side when about to land in England. He fought against the Stuarts, and against their pretensions, everywhere victoriously, and utterly extinguished the last ray of hope cherished by this Royal House.

In Ireland he gained some brilliant victories; but death surprised him at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, to the great grief and sorrow of his exalted friend William of Orange. His body was taken to London, and interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey—a resting-place of which he was worthy. The whole population of England mourned the death of the hero. All sovereigns in whose cause he drew his sword, loaded him with the highest honours. From France he received, as before said, a Marshal's bâton; Portugal raised him to the rank of Grandee, and made him a Duke, and England raised him to the Peerage and acknowledged his foreign title.

The male line died out in 1713, Graf von Degenfeld, who owned large estates in and about Bacharach, married the female representative of the line, and came into possession of the rich feifs of the extinct house. He quartered the Schomberg arms with, and assumed the fame-crowned name, in addition to his own, calling himself henceforward Degenfeld-Schomberg. Until the settlement, and separation of the left Rhine lands, from Germany, the family kept the estates in Oberwesel and Bacharach; but when the French arrived, (the seat had been transferred to Geisenheim) all were lost, as the French republic seized the property of the German nobles who did not reside upon their estates. In order to save what could be saved, the family sold at a comparatively low price, the remaining property to a







Levelling



former agent. When it became fashionable to purchase and restore a Castle on the Rhine, after Prince Friedrich of Prussia had rebuilt Rheinstein, Prince Albrecht of Prussia bought the ruin of Schönberg, and for a while it seemed probable that its ancient beauty and magnificence would be restored; but time passed on, the fashion fell into abeyance, and the hope of seeing it restored, is passed with the fashion. The wine of Oberwesel is justly renowned, especially that from the "engen Hölle", and that grown on the so called "calvinischen Berge", so named after the "calvinischen Schomburgern" (Calvinistic Schomburgs).

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### THE LORELAY NEAR ST. GOARSHAUSEN.

The Lorelay, for such is the only correct orthography of the word, towers here to a majestic height, her foot rests far below the surface of the Rhine, whose deepest channel is in this locality. Where is the traveller who has once journeyed along the fair banks of the river, on whose soul its memory is not indelibly impressed!

Yet before proceeding with my story, I must crave my dear readers to permit me to rest awhile, and discuss the name with them. To whom is Heine's sweet ballad unknown? Who, to whom the gift of song is given, has not sung it to the popular melody? And yet upon Heine rests the guilt of having completely perverted the signification of the name. According to him, the maiden sprite of the legend is called: Lorelei, and since his day, her name is so written upon many a lovely picture, and notably upon one of the sculptor Bauer's happiest statues (in Kreuznach). The maiden is not called by the "folk": Lorelei; but the rock upon which she sits, whilst she makes her ravishing music, they call: Lorelay, laying considerable emphasis upon the last syllable—hence Lay of Lore—and in truth, the sweet fairy songstress is called Lore in the old collections of legends, and by the "folk"; but, asks the reader, what does Lay signify? In the Upper Rhine country all kinds of slate are called indiscriminately: "Layen". For instance. the slates used by children are called far and near: "Layen"; and as the stone generally, between Bingen and the Siebengebirgen, where other forma-



tions commence, belongs to the grey-slate, the Rhine boatmen call every rock which rises threateningly above the surface of the water, not rocks, not crags, but: "Lay"—the word however has a further signification: all roof-slates are "Layen", the roof so slated a "Layendach"—the quarry or slate-mine, for instance that at Caub—the "Layenbruch". Just so "Layendecker" is used for "Dachdecker" (slater), and from the slate formation prevailing in the hills, the range gets its name: "Layengebirge". Such are the facts, and he who writes is a son of these mountains, and will vouch for it. "Lorelay", hence "Lay-Berg" (slate-rock) of Lore is the only correct definition, and "Lay" is of the feminine gender. In the words of the "folk"—grandly up towers; the "Lay of the Lore", grandly does it present itself whether one comes upstream from St. Goar, or downstream from Oberwesel. It is one of the most beautifully shaped mountains of the Upper valley of the Rhine, and the spot is characterised by an expression of wildness, "uncanniness" and mystery; a district where the legendary flourishes, where the numerous dangers besetting the navigators of the rivers, lend ready aid. ¶ In olden days a malicious sprite haunted the rocks, so befooling the boatman that he ran his craft on them, and was mocked by a six or seven fold echoing repetition of his own agonised cry. Soon however the poetical imagination of the folk took possession of the boatman's legend, and transformed the evil spirit of the rocks into a wondrously ensnaring heathen Maiden, whose song borne on the waves of the Rhine; the music of whose lute; the irresistible power of whose magic love, so enslaved the reason of the boatman, that—forgetting his vessel—it struck on the rocks and perished miserably. The wail of sorrow from the "folk", touched the heart of the pious Bishop of Mainz, and induced him to wander forth and attempt to break the magic spell, by the holy power of his spiritual office; but even he, the unfortunate,—enslaved by the wiles of "Lore", became her victim, and ventured not to exorcise the fair being who had enthralled him heart and soul. But all those who had fallen before her wiles and her artful love, thirsted for vengeance—and this vengeance was unconsciously executed by the fairest youth of the country-side.

She saw him, and her cold, passionless heart was suddenly inflamed with love towards him. One evening, she sat high amidst her rocks, gazing up the river, for his boat had just put

off from the shore near Wesel, and she awaited him anxiously. Her whole soul was poured forth in ecstatic melody, deeper, sweeter, more bewitching than ever. Twilight had thrown her veil over mountain and river. Down the stream floated he whom she awaited. His inmost soul was ravished by the wondrous melody of her song,—his boat strikes upon the rocks; capsizes, and with one cry all is over, the depths of the river receive him whom she had so anxiously awaited. She hears the cry, recognises the voice; filled with horrible fear she bends forward, and falls from rock to rock into the surging river; but her restless spirit is baned to the rocks, and every cry which smites on them she must repeat, until she is killed by the memory of the terrible event.

The above, is the original boatman's legend, of which Heine's is a variation of his own, he has too treated the legend, without seeing in it the deep poetry of the conclusion. Clemens Brentano has had the credit given him of being the father and originator of the story, this however is impossible, as long before Clemens Brentano sang his song, the legend was a popular one among the people, especially among the sailors and fishermen. It may possibly be interesting to many readers to see the ballads side by side. Heine sings:

1.

Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,  
Dass ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

2.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt  
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

3.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

4.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame  
Gewaltige Melodei.

5.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;  
Er sieht nicht die Felsenriffe  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

6.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn! —  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lorelei gethan!



## TRANSLATION.

1.

I wist not, what can be the reason,  
So mournful myself I find;  
But a tale of the olden season,  
I cannot get out of my mind.—

4.

With a golden comb she combeth  
And as she combeth, she  
With a low, low moaning, moaneth  
A wondrous melody.

2.

In the cool twilight's glimmer,  
All peacefully flows the Rhine,  
The crests of the mountains shimmer  
In evening's last sunshine.

5.

In his skiff the fisher sailing,  
Hears but the song's wild woe!  
Sees but the maiden wailing,  
Sees not the reefs below.

3.

On the ridge a most beautiful maiden  
Sitteth, wonderful fair,  
Golden, bright, jewel-laden  
Combing her golden hair.

6.

Alas! alas! for the hour  
The dreamer's upturned eye  
The boat the waves devour  
She hears the boatman's cry.

7.

I see the surges tower,  
I hear the last last cry  
Such, such is the song's wild power  
The song of the Lorelei.

*Yorke Worthington. R. A.*

## BRENTANO.

1.

In Bacharach am Rheine  
Wohnt' eine Zauberin,  
Die war so schön und feine  
Und riss viel Herzen hin.

4.

Und sprach zu ihr gerühret:  
"Du arme Lore Lay!  
"Wer hat Dich denn verführet  
"Zu böser Zauberei?

2.

Und machte viel zu Schanden  
Der Männer rings umher,  
Aus ihren Liebesbanden  
War keine Rettung mehr.

5.

"Mein Schatz hat mich betrogen  
"Hat sich von mir gewandt,  
"Ist fort von mir gezogen,  
"Fort in ein fremdes Land!

3.

Der Bischof liess sie laden  
Vor geistliche Gewalt  
Und musste sie begnaden  
So schön war ihr Gestalt.

6.

"Drum lass mein Recht mich finden,  
"Mich sterben wie ein Christ,  
"Denn Alles muss verschwinden  
"Weil er mir treulos ist.

7.

Drei Ritter lässt er holen:  
 "Bringt sie in's Kloster hin!  
 "Geh', Lore, Gott befohlen  
 "Sei Dein berückter Sinn." —

8.

"O Ritter lasst mich gehen  
 "Auf diesen Felsen gross,  
 "Ich will noch einmal sehen  
 "Nach meines Vaters Schloss.

9.

"Ich will noch einmal sehen  
 "Wohl in den tiefen Rhein  
 "Und dann ins Kloster gehen  
 "Und Gottes Jungfrau sein!"

10.

Der Felsen ist so jähe,  
 So steil ist seine Wand,  
 Doch glimmt sie in die Höhe,  
 Bis dass sie oben stand.

11.

Es binden die drei Reiter  
 Die Rosse unten an  
 Und klettern immer weiter  
 Zum Felsen auch hinan.

12.

Die Jungfrau sprach: "Da wehet  
 "Ein Segel auf dem Rhein,  
 "Der in dem Schiffelein stehet,  
 "Der soll mein Liebster sein.

13.

"Mein Herz wird mir so munter,  
 "Er muss mein Liebster sein!"  
 Da dehnt sie sich hinunter  
 Und stürzt in den Rhein.

14.

Die Ritter mussten sterben,  
 Sie konnten nicht herab;  
 Sie mussten all verderben  
 Ohn' Priest und ohn' Grab.

15.

Wer hat dies Lied gesungen?  
 Ein Schiffer auf dem Rhein,  
 Und immer hat's geklungen:  
 Lore Ley! Lore Ley! Lore Ley!  
 Als wären es immer drei.

Let us turn now from story to fact! Among the high rocks the water is as still and calm as the "tongue" in a "scale", hence the boatmen and fishermen call such sheets of smooth water: "Waage" (scales). The water is cool, for the sun rarely shines on it, so that it is a favourite spot for the salmon during their passage up the river. Ever since the 6<sup>th</sup> century, fishermen have built their huts here. Subsequently the salmon fishery increased, and the Emperors took possession, maintaining that the rights of fishing appertained to the crown. With salmon-fishing privileges they rewarded their vassals and adherents, who farmed out the mesne-tenure to their own profit. In 1418 the Emperor Sigismund conferred such a fief. If records are to be relied on—we may believe that as much as 8000 pounds of



salmon were frequently taken in the course of a year, shewing how immense must have been the number of fish ascending the river. Now-a-days the quantity has very considerably diminished. Whether the constant disturbance of the water by the steamboats, has caused the diminution is to be doubted, the probable reason is that on the lower Rhine, especially near Emmerich and Wesel, nets are stretched across the whole breadth of the river, and thus entire shoals of the ascending fish are captured. When, as is the case, a series of such nets are stretched one above the other, it is scarcely possible that a single fish can escape. The salmon fishery is now let for a term of years by the government, and considering the large rents paid, the fishery must still be profitable. In the "Waage" all kinds of fish are found, it seems to be a favourite resort. For many years an old Invalid has lived in a rocky hut opposite the Lorelay, and with the long-drawn notes of his bugle, wakes the echo opposite—firing off his old carbine for the same purpose. The Steamboat Company gives him a small annual pension, and many a traveller anxious to hear the famous echo bestows some coins upon him—enabling the old man to make a comfortable living in his old age. It is curious that in Merian's Chronicle, 1655, mention is made of the echo, which it is also stated, may be awaked by the sound of a horn, or the discharge of a musket.

Anyone who visited the Studio of the Sculptor Hopfgarten, in "the ruin" in the grounds of the Biebrich Palace, will recal the model for a statue of a so-called: Lorelei. It was proposed to finish this in sandstone, and to place it on the extreme point of the Lorelay crag. The idea was abandoned at the Sculptor's death—and, t'was well it was abandoned.

The narrow channel stretching from the Lorelay to Bingen is extremely dangerous. It is here that the ice is usually stopped, and being forced forward by the accumulated pressure from above, wedges firmly, and piles itself up, thus effectually closing the passage. The consequence is that the volume of water above rapidly increases, rising ever higher, until the banks overflow, and the safety of the villages on the banks is imperilled. Instances are recorded when cannon-balls have hardly succeeded in dislodging the mass of ice, accumulated at the foot of the Lorelay crag.







Kunst d. Zeit

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RHEINFELS WITH ST. GOAR, THE KATZ (CAT) AND THE MAUS  
(MOUSE) OPPOSITE.

After passing the Lorelay on the downward voyage, the Steamboat soon arrives at the whirlpool, "the Bank", and one of the loveliest panoramas in the whole valley of the Rhine is unfolded before us. Here, as it often does elsewhere, the river resembles an inland sea surrounded with hills; these consist partly of bare and precipitous slate rocks, partly of vine-clad slopes. Upon a narrow strip of the shore the houses of St. Goar are crowded together, overtopped by the stately Stifts Church, and by mighty walls, one forming a part of the fortifications of Rheinfels. A broad road, shaded by ancient walnut trees, leads in a northerly direction to the ruined Castle. If the glance is directed in an easterly direction over the mountains, it will rest, after passing over the vinedressers' village: Welmich, upon the ruins of Burg. Thurnberg (perhaps too Deurenberg) derisively called by the "folk": the Maus, will be visible. Pursuing still an easterly direction, opposite St. Goar, will be seen St. Goarshausen, whose homes seem to rise with almost impertinent, insolent, boldness from the very waves of the river, and towering up high above them, the ruins of Neukatzenelnbogen or, as the people in reference to the Maus, call it: "the Katze." The picture is one of magic beauty, and Freiligrath's words to Uhland, which he wrote here: "Heil dir Romantik!" (Hail to the Romance!) are fully justified. A remark is attributed to Franz, Emperor of Austria, on his journey to or from the Congress of Aix la Chapelle; "that in the whole breadth of his Empire, there existed no scene, whose beauty equalled that of the landscape including St. Goar and the Lorelay". The remark smacks a little too much of local patriotism to merit implicit confidence, as the Emperor, who is well acquainted with the Danube country, and with the Tyrol, can scarcely have made such an observation, passing beautiful as the Lorelay and the valley of St. Goar, undoubtedly are.

St. Goar and Rheinfels, are historically so closely connected, as to render their being discussed separately impossible, St. Goar is of earlier date than is Rheinfels—unless the Hessian engineer is correct in asserting, that he had discovered Roman remains in the foundation of the chief tower, and in the fortified walls of Rheinfels. It is not impossible that; as at Stolzenfels Ro-



man fortifications have been found, resembling the Pfahlgraben on the right bank of the river, so on the left bank the Roman General (Drusus?) may have recognised the importance of the position, and built Castella and watch-tower here; but we have only the words of one witness, and according to an old axiom of law: "both must be heard."

Many facts speak for the great antiquity of St. Goar. That the spot was early chosen as a favourable site for a colony, there can be little doubt—this may have induced the "Previrer" to build their huts here, where the Rhine is never closed by ice, and the fishery may be carried on all the year round; more especially profitable is the salmon fishery. Whether the primitive village was named Trichorium or Trigorium, and gave its name to the chief settlement of Trachis, Trechir, Trach Gau, we will not presume to decide, but that Sanct Goarius, the Monk and Hermit, whose heart desired the spread of the teachings of Jesus Christ, settled in the neighbourhood of human dwellings, and sought an abode for his missionaries, cannot be questioned, any more than that his name was given to the place to whose inhabitants he had preached the Gospel, and on whom he had worked "Miracles." The old heathen name disappeared, it must have done so early—and, Christianity within her walls; as an act of gratitude, the name of the man who had died, and rested among them in his death, was adopted to commemorate him. Another evidence of the great antiquity of the village, exists in the shape of a strange, stone, idol, whose history is unknown. That it is Celtic can hardly be doubted. It is matter of surprise that the "Antiquarian Society" of the Province permits its exposure to 'wind and weather, that a place is not found for it in the Rath-Haus of the town, where it would not suffer from the elements' power. In the 6<sup>th</sup> century from the birth of our Lord, a strange struggle took place in the British Isles and in Gaul, as to who should carry the message of salvation to the heathens of Germany. Many missionaries came into the lovely land of the Rhine; to the Upper valley came Gallus, his assistants and successors; but in the Middle valley we meet with Disibod, Rufinus, Medardus, Ingbert. Winfried (Bonifacius), with the Monk Goarius, who occupied a prominent position among them. It is quite certain that Goar was a native of Aquitaine, a member of the Order of St. Benedict, and in the best years of his life, devoted himself to the

sacred cause in these regions, where, according to an inscription carved in stone, in the Stifts Church, in 511, he died and was buried.

A hollow, made by man in the rocks, is pointed out by the "folk" as the cell of St. Goar. It is situated near the so-called "Bettes" above the village, nearer to Oberwesel. This part of the river is known as the "St. Goarsbett." Subsequently to be nearer his flock, he emigrated to the town.

The legends of the faithful, relate the history of 35 Miracles performed by the Saint, among them the curing of the fair Fastrada's toothache (spouse of Charlemagne). These miracles at his grave have ceased as the writer can tell; for being in St. Goar and tormented with a horrible tooth, he had it drawn to obtain peace—and he who drew it performed no miracle! Just as the teachings of the Saint were a spiritual blessing to the place, so did his memory prove a material blessing to its inhabitants; for the numerous pilgrimages to his grave brought so many travellers, that the place rapidly increased, and grew in prosperity. St. Goar with Church and Kloster, were under the control of the Abbot of Prüm in the Eifel, who appointed the Grafen of Katzenelnbogen, as Schutzbögt (Commandants) of St. Goar, he resided in "the alte Burg" within the town—it was reputed to have been an Imperial Hof (Court) or "Saalbau". Here too was one of the places where the dues, hemming the trade between Mainz and Coblenz, were levied. No records exist, throwing any light on the origin of the Castle, that it was formerly an Imperial Pfalz, has only grounds of probability to support it. There is no question that it was the seat of the Commandants, until one of them, Diether III. Graf von Katzenelnbogen, took it into his head in 1245, to build a Burg upon the lofty height commanding the whole landscape, the Burg he built, and called Rheinfels.

Charlemagne confirmed and ratified the presentation made by his father to Prüm. The Commandants now became fief-holders, and in the course of the century they expanded into sovereign princes. Subsequently the fief was divided by war and victory.

Burg Rheinfels was a source of advantage to the town, but there were dark sides too to the connection between them. Within the first ten years of its existence, the Burg was the cause of a violent siege being laid to the town—the dues levied



and the hindrances placed in the way of free navigation, had grown too oppressive.

In Mainz the noble-minded Walpode had called the Städtebund" into being, it was the magnificent fruit of free independent spirit, latent in the minds of the citizens, destined to tread down and annihilate encroachments and oppression, or in plain language; to put down noble highway robbers—its strength grew and increased so rapidly, that their strongholds were besieged and razed.

The "Zoll" (dues) levied in St. Goar, afforded endless opportunities of putting arbitrary pressure upon the merchants, and in the hands of Diether III. of Katzenelnbogen, Burg Rheinfels was a rock of the Confederation. After all friendly negotiations had failed, the Städtebund took more active steps—remembering the proverb: "A grain of deeds is worth more than a sack of counsels."

The "Bundestag" (Diet of the Städtebund) had both courage and power; no special interests to be jealously watched over, and was no impotent and hydra-headed monster. Walpode of Mainz was a man with marrow in his bones, and good, sharp teeth with which to bite, and he cared nought for the mob of knights, of whom each was a duodecimo sovereign, whose will had the force of law. The "Bund" soon numbered 70 members, and the Rhenish Princes, the Pfälzer, Mainzer, Trierer, and Cölner, Kurfürsten, found it more advisable to join the Citizens, than be attacked by them, and they did so. Rhenish "unity" was established, and such a vigorous onslaught on "the noble passion" for highway robbery made, that the knights became conscious of unpleasant itching sensations about their necks, and though now and again they gave defiance to the Bund, they grew less arrogantly presumptuous, and on the whole more circumspect.

Diether von Katzenelnbogen—in whom the itching sensations were probably strongly developed—had indeed joined the Bund, but the Zoll at St. Goar, and his Burg Rheinfels to support him, proved a temptation too powerful for his honesty when rendering the dues collected; he found too that levying dues increased the weight of his purse. This falling away it appears had been anticipated by the Council of the Bund, and as remonstrances were of no avail, the army was commanded to attack town and Castle; those however, within, defended

themselves so valiantly that the besiegers withdrew. This was a triumph for Rheinfels which did its defenders all honour, until;—but we must not digress from the thread of history!

From this period St. Goar's importance increased considerably. The Saint attracted many princes and people. The Emperor Charlemagne's sons made peace within the Chapel walls; he himself, the great Emperor, tarried here with his wife Fastrada whose fate was happier than that of her Mother-in-law. Ludwig der Fromme (the Pious), King Twentibold, the Emperor Heinrich IV. sojourned for longer or shorter periods in the town. A Pfalzgraf von Thuringen celebrated his nuptials with a Gräfin von Arnstein here in 1130, and the "Löwenritter" (Knights of the Lion) chose the town as their "Capitelstadt", and held an Assembly here. Princes and Electors paid St. Goar their tribute of adoration, and thus increased the number of Pilgrims to his shrine. In the course of the 12<sup>th</sup> century, the town was surrounded with walls and towers, and was made capable of defence, as was shewn in the disturbances at the Coronation of Philipp, when Otto laid siege to it.

In 1479 when no male-heir of the line of Katzenelnbogen was to be found, the estates passed into possession of the Landgrafen of Hesse. When Philipp "der Grossmüthige" (the Magnanimous) divided his lands, Philipp II. got the Niedergrafschaft Katzenelnbogen, to which Rheinfels and St. Goar appertained. He transferred his residence to Rheinfels. The presence of his Court increased the prosperity of St. Goar. The Reformation had been ushered in by his father. The storms of the Thirty Years' War broke fiercely over St. Goar and its Burg. The Kurfürst von Trier made vain attempts to obtain Burg, Town, and estates for himself. Still worse for the town were the disputes of the Hessian Princes. Pillage, and religious oppression, emanating from Hessen Darmstadt, and the plague, had carried off 500 citizens; true, the Swedes spared the town; but all the more complete and terrible were the ravages committed by the Spanish and Imperial troops, who occupied both Burg and town in 1646, then withdrew, returning immediately, and remaining long enough to suck the very life out of the inhabitants, whom they forced to drain sorrow's cup to its dregs. The plague, which again broke out, utterly ruined them. And yet the measure of their misery was not full! Hassenkessel at the head of 6000 men besieged the Hesse Darmstadt garrison,



and reduced both town and Burg to the last extremity—when, pursuant to the terms of armistice, the garrison capitulated. And now the impoverished city was utterly exhausted. The fortifications had suffered, they were restored; and the people were left to look after themselves.

If the town had again known the blessings of peace and quiet, she might, in the sun of a princely presence, once more have recovered; but the torch of war blazed up—alas! but too soon, on the heights of Hohenfels, and the town again groaned under her troubles. Although French efforts had failed to reduce Burg and town in 1692—Ludwig the XIV's lusts were yet unsated. Rheinfels on the Rhine, Montroyal on the Mosel—were the keys of the Rhenish provinces. Nevertheless General von Schlitz, yclept von Görtz, in the fortress—and Lieutenant Colonel du Moat in the city, were men prepared to sacrifice themselves in performing their duty. From December 17<sup>th</sup> 1692 to January 1<sup>st</sup> 1693, they withstood a siege of unexampled severity, without Tallard having obtained the smallest advantage, and when the news of the approach of a relieving army was brought him, Tallard in all haste raised the blockade, and retreated for safety to Montroyal on the Mosel.

A tradition of these days is still current among the people, according to which, Tallard, unable to get his cannon into safe quarters before he took to his heels, buried them in the forests about St. Goar. If there is truth in the report, the Frenchman accomplished the concealment most cunningly, for despite frequent search, no trace of them has been discovered; hence it would appear that the report is an empty one. Tallard was not the man to place his guns in a place palpably insecure, so long as there was a possibility of getting them out of danger's way. Again an opportunity of recuperation was afforded the town—alas! peace was not vouchsafed to it, none; so long as Rheinfels was not a ruin.

In 1702 the town was once more sorely visited, for both town and Burg were in rightful possession of the Hessian line of Hesse-Rheinfels, and Hesse-Kassel had simply the right of occupying the fortress in time of war. In 1693 when the French withdrew, Hesse-Kassel refused to surrender either fortress, town, or "Grafschaft" (territory) to Hesse-Rheinfels; asserting that the Landgraf George had secretly sold the fortress to the French. This was alas! but too true! The honourable act

had not however been fully ratified. At the peace of Ryswick, French diplomacy was successful in the effort to cause its restoration to Hesse-Rheinfels—a spirit of magnanimity called forth by the conviction that the “Landschacher” (huxtering of land) would be completed in the end. A consummation however not brought about. When the war of the Succession broke out, Imperial troops held both town and fortress, and Hesse-Kassel demanded her chartered rights. As above stated, she flew to arms, and in 1702 besieged both town and Castle, of which after a severe siege, and after much contention she regained possession; but not until the Emperor interposed, did Hesse-Rheinfels again enjoy her own. In 1758 the French surprised town and Burg, whilst the Hesse-Kassellers were enjoying themselves at a ball. They kept both until the Hubertburger Peace, a considerable portion being blown up by the explosion of a powder-magazine, during the French occupation.

In 1794, when the French took the left bank of the Rhine,—it became a matter of importance to take Rheinfels. It was occupied by a garrison of 3260 men, and provided with all requisites for withstanding an attack, but no sooner did the French advanced guard shew themselves, than the Hessian Commandant was seized by a violent attack of “cannon-fever”, withdrew hurriedly, and left everything to the French. It is hardly credible, but literally true! The French actually took Rheinfels without having drawn a sword. Three years subsequently they razed it to the ground. The walls, as they stood, and the ground enclosed by them were sold as: *Domaine* (State-property) for 2500 francs—and in 1845 were purchased by Prince, William, now Emperor, of Germany.

The view from the ruins is glorious; a retrospective glance at their history, gloomy and saddening. In order to complete the history of St. Goar, reference must be made to one of its peculiarities, a peculiarity replete with cheerful reminiscences, the so-called *Hanselorden*.

The Order, whose foundation is referred by the most ancient “*Matriculation-Books*”, to the time of Charlemagne, is an institution of a nature half serious, half comic. Even if the story of its institution by the “Great Carl”, may be banished to the land of fables, the Order nevertheless existed in the 13<sup>th</sup> century. In 1470 we find mention of it as an “*uralter Brauch*” (a primeval custom), and the period of its foundation was prob-



ably contemporaneous with the "Zechen" (Guilds) of Bacharach, and the Rhine-valleys. In 1626, after the Spaniards and Hesse-Darmstadters had taken the town, George, Landgraf of Hesse-Darmstadt, caused the ancient Statutes of the "Hanselorden" to be ratified by the "Oberamtmann" (Senior Magistrate) Johann Wolf, called Schrautenbach, Knight, and Imperial Chamberlain, of Weitelshausen. In this document the Order is called: "Burschbant" and therein is stated: "What was right in time immemorial, is now; that travellers, whether of high or low degree, and amongst these more especially traders and merchants, must "verhansen" i. e. be invested with the collar appertaining to the Order, at the Customs, and it be moreover hereby decreed, that neither trader nor merchant, be permitted to sell his wares until he have been received into the Order, or "sich verhanset" (initiated himself). "The Statute further provides, that every one admitted shall pay the sum of 27 Abbus to the Order, and 3 Abbus to the poor". May the etymology of the word "verhansen" perhaps be traced to the "Hansa", and this "Verhansen" (initiation), and admission to the "Burschbant", and "Halseisen" (iron-collar), refer to an admission into the "Hansa" (Hanseatic League), and to an acknowledgement of its principles? Is it possible that what in the course of time became a "merry joke", had once a deep, serious significance of another nature?

The Statute itself had the full force of a Market rule, or Market-law, over whose enforcement the members and masters of the Order had to watch. Two eventualities were amply provided for: the poor, and—drinking.

The comic side was this: Every individual, on the occasion of his first coming to St. Goar, who stayed a night in the town, more especially in the Hotel "zur Lilie", was carried off to the Custom-House. A brass collar was then put round his neck and made fast.

From among the company present, he was compelled to choose a sponsor, by whom he was asked whether he would be baptised with water or with wine? If he chose baptism by water, a bucket of Rhine-water was poured over his head, if he chose the latter, the company adjourned to the Hotel, after the candidate had given an alms for the poor. The Landlord then arrayed himself in his robes (Ornat), and read to him the duties and rights of a Knight of the Hansel Order, which he forthwith swore to observe. Among the duties required to be

fulfilled were: to drink as little water and as much wine as possible, and never to drink out of an empty glass; among the rights of a Knight, was the right to *fish upon* the Lurlei, and to *hunt in the Rhine*. After the administration of the oath a brass crown, (said to have been once gilt) was placed on his head, and then a magnificent goblet of rare wine was presented to him, which he had to empty four times. 1) To the health of Charlemagne, 2) to that of the Queen of England, 3) to that of the Landgraf of Hesse, 4) to that of the assembled company; his name was then entered in the Matriculation book, alms for the poor again demanded, and then—chiefly at the new member's expense, right valiantly drunk. In the Matriculation book many of the best names of old and modern days, will be found.

From Rheinfels the glance sweeps over the hills opposite, high upon which stands Burg Thurnberg (or Deurenberg), as it is also called. It is small, but formed the boundary of the Kurtriers territory, and of the village of Welmich. It was begun by the Kurfürst and Archbishop Boemund; but completed in 1363 by the belligerent Kuno von Falkenstein, who played the citizens of Bingen such base tricks, and whose fame is recorded in such remarkable words in the Limburger Chronik. The Grafen von Katzenelnbogen were by no means rejoiced at the proximity of the cunning, warlike, and personally valiant dignitary of the Church—who ranged himself sword in hand, in the ranks of the "Church Militant", though they scoffed at his little Burg, and called it "the Mouse"—from the ease wherewith it could be attacked from their Castle of Rheinfels. The name has lived ever since in the dialect of the people, and the Burg Neukatzenelnbogen above St. Goarshausen, was baptised "the Cat". Neither of them however, succeeded in catching "the Mouse", and who knows how much trouble Kuno von Falkenstein might have given, had he not died in the Burg in 1388. His entrails, as a gravestone records, are interred in the Church at Welmich. Thurnberg was subsequently the residence of the officers of Kurtriers, and was afterwards allowed to fall into ruin. The appearance of the ruin is not such as to justify the assumption, that it fell a victim to the gnawing tooth of time, but rather that it has been forcibly destroyed. Did it not fall before the evil genius, which swept through the land in French guise in 1689?



The ascent to the Burg is steep and difficult, once accomplished, the view well rewards the trouble. It is very beautiful. The more ancient part of St. Goarshausen is probably much more modern than St. Goar, and is indebted to its salmon-fisheries and its shipping, for its origin. On account of the whirlpool—"the Bank"—the sailors usually required assistance, and the so-called "Halfen, or Halfer=Helfer", (helpers) who dragged the ships through with the aid of horses, were at all times indispensable people. With great courage the inhabitants, when the population increased, and the little place was surrounded with walls, subsequently built their dwellings almost in the middle of the stream, and if dams and strong towers had not been constructed to stem the force of the current, all might easily have been washed away, during the winter floods, caused by the blocking of the ice at the Lorelay. City privileges were granted to the place in 1324 by the Emperor Ludwig, "the Baier." Burg Neukatzenelnbogen, called: "die Katze" is of more recent date; Graf Johann von Katzenelnbogen built it in 1393. Closely connected with Rheinfels and St. Goar, and with the Houses holding them, it shared their fate on many occasions, was however probably regarded as an auxiliary fortress, or place of refuge in time of danger. Only scanty historical records of it exist. It participated in the numerous changes of Hessian dynasties, and did the "Zolle" better service than did Rheinfels. It was inhabited longer than any other Rhenish castle; for it was occupied by a Hessian garrison up to 1806; did not however survive the revival of the "queue." When the "blaue Ländchen" passed into other jurisdiction, the garrison was forced to withdraw, as the castle formed the boundary, at the angle of the Rhenish territory. The French who seized the "blaue Ländchen", blew up the Castle about the close of the year 1805, and sold the ruins, "to be disposed of at the will of the purchaser". It passed into private hands, and it is much to be regretted that nothing is done for its preservation.

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*Bonnhöfen und die Fundstätten "Bruder"*

Verlag von J. Neumann, Neudamm



## THE BURGEN STERNBERG AND LIEBENSTEIN, AND CLOISTER BORNHOFEN.

The lovely picture belongs in very truth, to the most beautiful of the beautiful Rhenish landscapes. High up on the summits of the hills, are throned the ruins of two once mighty Castles, and below on the banks of the river, stands the Cloister; the site of past and important events, with the few houses about it.

The origin of most of the Castles is shrouded in almost impenetrable gloom, as is that of Sternberg and Liebenstein, though it can scarcely be questioned, that both one and the other were Imperial Castles given in fief by the Emperor. Just as the Rhinegau, commencing with the Niederthal, which opens into the Rhinethal at the Heilessen-Insel below Bacharach, and ends on the right bank of the Main, once formed part of the "Tafelgütern" (bordland) of the Emperors—so the numerous "Reichsburgen" (Imperial Castles) on the Rhine and the Nah, justify the assumption that these "Tafelgütern" extended far inland. It is a confused history, upon which only now and again does a ray of light fall,—and perhaps is connected with the curious circumstance of the Emperor's keeping Easter in one of the Rhenish towns. Was it haply the duty of the "Präsenz"? As early as the 12<sup>th</sup> century we meet with the family of von Sternberg—their names are mentioned in records of those days, they owned large estates on the Rhine and on the Nah, and resided in one of the largest Burgen of the small town of Sobernheim, where the arms of the family may still be seen, cut in stone on a large slab over a gateway, which also bears, the curious inscription: "Hier ist das Haus der Vehme" (Here is the house of the Vehmgericht). In the district, bearing the name of Sternberg, the family possessed large estates; though they lay immediately about it, the name of the Burg is not recorded. Ernolph von Sternberg was a vassal of the Emperor Heinrich IV., to whom he made over "sein Dorf Hirzenach". The Emperor presented it to the Abbey of Siegburg, with the proviso that a Cloister should be built in Hirzenach. The condition was fulfilled in 1110, and was the origin of the wealthy "Probstei" Hirzenach. Ernolph endowed the Probstei with various other estates, and became its "Vogt" (Prefect).



These facts almost confirm the supposition that Er-nolph was either Burggraf, or Imperial Commandant in the Castle of Sternberg. The whole of the Burgen on the Rhine levied dues from the ships, so too did Sternberg. "Zoll" (dues) and Burg passed out of his hands into those of relatives, the Knights of Bolanden, who lived on the Donnersberg, their hereditary seat being not far from Kirchheim-Bolanden, in the Rheinpfalz, in the neighbourhood of the still existing Bolander Hof. In the meantime, before the castle-tenure and the "Zoll" (dues) of Sternberg, came to the von Bolandens, Rheingraf Wolfram was in possession of them, and lived in Burg Stromberg which, not inappropriately, was named the Fürstenberg, though actually it was an Imperial Castle. How these families were related is difficult to shew; that they were, is apparent from their undisputed hereditary title to the estates. They all enjoyed the "Vogtei" of the Abbey of Hirzenach, were however manifestly only heirs to the fief, (not proprietors of the land).

Udo von Wiselo (Weisel near Caub) was Burgmann of Sternberg in 1190. He took the name of von Sternberg, and was founder of the line of the Ritters von Sternberg, the older house having become extinct at the death of Ernolph von Sternberg. He was merely Burgmann (Commandant) and "After-Lehens-träger", (arrière-vassal, mesne-lord), of von Bolanden, and when Wernher von Bolanden, sixth of his name, died childless, the fee descended to Heinrich von Sponheim, who was related through his wife, to the von Bolanden. By him the "Vogteirecht (right of Prefecture) over Hirzenach, was sold to Ernolph the Second, doubtless a son of that von Sternberg calling himself Burgmann, Udo von Wiselo, Ernolph either sold or returned the Vogteiship to the Abbey of Siegburg.

In 1315 the Emperor Ludwig the Baier, sold or mortgaged half the Burg for an immense sum, to the Kurfürst Archbishop Balduin von Trier, and in subsequent years the other half. Some chroniclers assert that it was mortgaged to Diether von Isenburg, and redeemed by Balduin. This version would account for Balduin's opposition to the taking possession of the Burg by the Ritter Beyer von Boppard. The Beyers von Boppard were forced to submit—whether voluntarily, or after a blockade—is unknown. They resigned their claims in favour of Triers, which remained in the possession of the Burg.

The Sternberge auf (upon) Sternberg, are divided into two lines; the Schenks von Sternberg, and the Sternbergs proper. No fewer than thirteen noble families had feudal rights in Sternberg.

Burg Liebenstein, the hindermost of the two Castles, was built in 1260 by the Ritter von Bolanden; and passed with Sternberg, to the Grafen von Sponheim, who "mortgaged it, together with the forest of Hagen; *one fourth of the town below the Castle*, and half of the Castle itself, to Schenk von Sternberg in the year 1289, and probably the other half in 1294. In 1300, Konrad Jud von Boppard owned one third of the Burg.

In 1340 the Liebensteins and the Schenks, as vassals of the Sponheims, divided the Burg between them. About the year 1423 the Schenks von Liebenstein died out, and Nassau-Saarbrücken conferred a part of the Castle upon the von Liebensteins, in fief. Another part was bestowed in fief by the same house upon the von Thorne. In the 16<sup>th</sup> century the Knights von Mudersbach, and the Knights von Stein, enjoyed feudal rights in Liebenstein. When the von Liebensteins died out in 1637, the Ritter von Waldenburg claimed the estates. At the extinction of this family, the Burg fell by inheritance to the family of von Preuschen, by whom it is now held.

Such immense confusion exists in the testimony afforded by records, as to the ownership of this Burg, that it is next to impossible to arrive at the truth, the confusion is worse confounded, by Kurtriers having held Liebenstein in fief in 1377. The incessant feuds between the Commandants von Sternberg, and von Liebenstein, suggested the erection of the strong wall, completely dividing the Castles, which still stands intact. Whether it put an end to the feuds is questionable. Tradition assigns another origin to it.—

When the two Castles and the "Stadt", (town) were destroyed is unknown. Chroniclers state that Gerlach, Archbishop of Mainz sojourned in Liebenstein in 1362, during a feud, with the Grafen of Nassau. A fact which throws no light on the gloom!

Give ear now to the tradition which has given the name of the "Brüder" to the two Castles!—

Once upon a time there lived in the Castle of Sternberg an old Ritter, to whom his wife on her death-bed left two sons; on these boys hung the whole soul of the Knight. An orphan niece watched with filial love over him, and did the honors of



his house. The maiden was young and beautiful, a delight of the eyes to all who saw her. During the absence of the brothers the fair child grew into a lovely maiden. Was it to be wondered at, that when they returned both were smitten with love for her? Though the spark of love kindled and burned bright in both hearts, it was manifested by each in a different fashion. The elder of the twain was calm, earnest and reticent, burying his feelings in the depths of his own soul, and displaying his love by retiring devotion; the younger, fiery, quick and passionate, wooed the maiden with all the warm glow of his ardent nature, and soon there was little doubt, that on him she had bestowed her love. Deep as was the sorrow and sadness of the elder brother, he hid his trouble and bore it with him. He beheld her happy, and would not disturb her peace; but to be a constantly suffering witness of it, was more than he could bear, and right welcome to him was the proclamation published in the Rhenish Provinces, summoning all faithful soldiers to take up arms—for the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre, from the hands of the Infidels. He was one of the first to attach to his shoulder the sacred badge worn by the Crusaders, whilst the younger brother was in Frankfurt, celebrating the Easter Feast with the Emperor. On his return to the Castle, she beheld with trembling, the Cross on his shoulder; for overcome by the mighty eloquence of the Blessed St. Bernhard, and the persuasions of his friends, he too had enrolled himself in the ranks of the Christian warriors.

“Shall I be as one bereaved of all his children?”, cried the old man ringing his hands. “Shall my trembling head descend with sorrow to the grave, and my shield be broken over my coffin?”

And the Maiden? — her tears—like an exhaustless well, ceased not to flow. But they had no influence on the bold knights; neither the sorrow of the old Ritter, nor the tears of the Maiden, could move them to unfaith to their vows.

And the reverend Father, throwing himself down before the elder of his sons, prayed him: “Depart not thou from me, stay, that thou mayest close my eyes, and defend thine inheritance, to seize which, traitor hands are already stretched forth!” And the tender heart of the son could not resist his Father’s prayer, despite his longing to leave the spot where

he had hourly to renew the struggle, which preyed on the very marrow of his bones.

The younger one bade farewell to his love, and to his father, and followed the Emperor Conrad's banner to the Promised Land.

And the stillness of the grave came upon Sternberg, for all were buried in sorrow—one the Maiden, mourned without hope—she saw in her lover's departure, the grave of her Knight. Constant and daily intercourse with her, gave strength to the inward battles fought by the elder knight—and daily renewed, the more must he mourn, conscious as he was, that he, upon whom descended such fullness of love—was not worthy of it.

Stern as was the life he led—he began at length to grasp his position. Upon her love he could never count, and so he sought seriously to subdue his passion for the girl. To be his Father's support, the loved one's protector, was now his aim—an aim worth all self-sacrifice, and all the struggles with personal feeling, these he endeavoured with the full force of a noble and manly mind to conquer and thrust down, and trample out by force of will. Whether his efforts were so successful as to have deceived the keen feminine eye, we must question.

The sorrow of the carelessly deserted maiden grew in the course of time less poignant, and at intervals there came moments, when the conviction that she had been deserted, would flit across her mind; moments when she would compare the calm, devoted love of the elder, with the passionate adoration of the younger one; moments when she would weigh the intrinsic merits of either; and finally, moments, when deeply moved by the self-sacrificing spirit displayed; by his deep and true worth, a scarce recognised or acknowledged, conviction, would obtrude itself, that in such, and only in such love, could true abiding happiness consist.—But when for a moment she grew conscious of having given admittance to thoughts like these, she would tremble and shudder at her infidelity, to the pledge of constancy, she had vowed to her lover.

The conviction regnant within her mind grew evident to the father. With terror he looked forward to the misery that would inevitably follow the return of his younger son, and silently he debated with himself what course to pursue. Should the brothers again reside together within Sternberg's walls, he foresaw that the ungoverned spirit of the younger, would give rise



to unspeakable trouble, and his very soul was moved at the thought.

And so the idea of building a second Castle, nearer to the mountain, where the rocky plateau would render it inaccessible from all sides, occurred to him. He destined it for the abode of the younger of the twain. He carried out his plan and built the Burg, and because he built it to maintain and uphold fraternal affection, he called it: Liebenstein (the rock, stone, of love). And when the Burg was finished, the eyes of the old man closed, and death put his seal upon them. His intention was explained in a written record.

Deeply mourned the elder of the two sons, and the affianced bride of the younger.

Upon her breast lay however another and a heavier weight. —No tidings of him, who was fighting in far distant climes, had been brought. Had he fallen in fight, or was he all unmindful of those at home? Who should say, who solve the riddle?

Many returned from the land where their Lord wandered, and tidings of those who were fighting the fight of faith on sacred soil, was brought to them in the Rhenish provinces; amongst other intelligence brought, was one piece which reached Sternberg, and was of a nature to bow down the stoutest heart.

The young Ritter von Sternberg, so ran the tidings, was on his way home, no longer far distant, and bringing with him a fair young wife whom he had espoused in the Holy Land.

Pale as death stood the unhappy two in Sternberg, and neither dared to utter the thoughts agitating their bosom. In the one, the deep gnawing agony of love betrayed; in the other, the fiercest wrath at the infidelity, to which a noble heart had fallen a prey.

And it proved alas! to be no vain and malicious report brought from afar. He came, and with him was a lovely Greek, whom he had taken to wife.

Rage at the treacherous and dishonorable conduct, glowed in the brother's soul, and he launched full many a hard and angry word at the Crusader. In place of admitting their justice, and confessing his guilt, his anger burst forth, and one word gave rise to another—until all hope of reconciliation was past, and the brothers rushed from the hall—there, where the silvery light of the moon trembled amidst the oaks, under the

open canopy of Heaven, swords flashed, and blows fell thick as hail.

When the battle was at the highest, and each thirsted for the blood of his brother, there appeared suddenly, the betrayed bride, with pale cheek and streaming hair—throwing herself between the combatants she cried: Is the cup of sorrow not yet full?

And overpowered by some magic influence, the arms were paralysed and the swords dropped.

“Is the cup of sorrow not yet full?” she again cried. “Shall the wrath of God be called down upon the Burg, as chastisement for a brother’s murder done for my sake? By the love of your Father, I implore ye to make your peace! In a Cloister I will make my peace with Heaven!”

Her words smote both. Swords were sheathed, and the young knight wending his way sadly up the hill, took his bride by the hand and led her to Liebenstein. The drawbridge fell rattling behind them, and never more did they cross the threshold of Sternberg.

The following day the deserted bride retired to Marienberg, and in fulfilment of her pledge, became the Bride of Heaven.

In Sternberg stillness reigned, the stillness of the grave; but in Liebenstein, wild and roystering mirth was the order of the day—and night. The tinkle of the lute, and the melody of songs of unknown lands, were borne across to Sternberg, and pierced the heart of its lord like a dagger’s prick—and in order no longer to be a witness of such scenes, he caused the wall of partition between Liebenstein and Sternberg, to be built—during its erection it was the subject of endless ridicule and scoffing, among the Liebensteiners, and when it was finished it divided the brothers externally, as effectually as they had long been actually separated.

No permanent happiness clung to Liebenstein. The Greek gave herself up to the manners of her own country, and finally took flight with her paramour; no tidings of her were ever received, and a wall of partition was built up between the brothers. The younger died early, and the elder took the cowl in the Cloister of Bornhofen, and—it was a strange coincidence, that when once the tolling of a passing bell was heard in Marienberg, a bell was tolling in Bornhofen for a departed brother.



The Poet Heine has given us a poetical version:

I.

Oben auf der Bergesspitze  
Liegt das Schloss in Nacht gehüllt;  
Doch im Thale leuchten Blitze  
Helle Schwerter klingen wild.

2.

Das sind Brüder, die dort fechten  
Grimmen Zweikampf wuthent-  
                                brannt! —  
Sprich, warum die Brüder rechten  
Mit dem Schwerte in der Hand?

3.

Gräfin Laura's Augenfunkeln  
Zündeten den Brüderstreit.  
Beide glühen liebestrunken  
Für die adlig holde Maid.

4.

Welchem aber von den Beiden  
Wendet sich ihr Herze zu? —  
Kein Ergrübeln kann's entscheiden:  
Schwert heraus, entscheide du!

5.

Und sie fechten kühn verwegen,  
Hieb auf Hiebe niederkracht's.  
Hütet Euch, ihr wilden Degen,  
Grausig Blendwerk schleicht des  
Nachts!

6.

Wehe! Wehe! Blut'ge Brüder!  
Wehe! Wehe! Blut'ges Thal!  
Beide Kämpfer stürzen nieder,  
Einer in des Andern Stahl.

7

Viel Jahrhunderte verwehen,  
Viel Geschlechter deckt das Grab,  
Traurig von des Berges Höhen  
Blickt das öde Schloss herab.

8

Aber Nachts am Thalesgrunde  
Wandelt's heimlich, wunderbar:  
Wenn da kommt die zwölfte Stunde  
Kämpfet dort das Brüderpaar.

The poet has boldly left the tradition, as it exists among the people, to shift for itself, and utterly ignored the interposition of the 'Maiden. Although the story closely resembles another German legend, the two Castles in such close proximity, and nevertheless divided by a wall, afforded a favourable opportunity for the poetic minds of the "folk", to fill up the gap in the historical record, the more as remarkable events here stretch out a hand, encouraging any attempt to solve the riddle.

Below the Burgen, mid the shade of lofty walnuts, and surrounded by the verdure of luxuriant vines, lie the Bornhofen Cloister, and a few adjacent houses, evidently built with a view to the autumnal pilgrimages, and in obedience to the old monkish proverb: "Where God builds a Church, the Devil builds a beerhouse".

On the site occupied by Cloister and Church at Bornhofen, in the 13<sup>th</sup> century there stood a Chapel, containing a far famed and revered portrait of the Blessed Virgin –miraculous power was ascribed to it, and it was the originating cause of the pilgrimages annually made to it. The period of the French

domination materially diminished their frequency, a cause strengthened by the abolition of the Cloister; all the more numerous have they been in modern days! Whether the Chapel belonged to the "Stadt" lying below Sternberg and Liebenstein, is not ascertained; but it is probable; for one would otherwise be tempted to enquire, where else was it? True in this case, we must not think of a "Stadt" (town) in the modern acceptation of the word; but rather represent to ourselves a few houses about a Chapel, to which some Emperor may originally have granted municipal privileges, which would again appear to have connection with the "Reichsburgern." Whether the "Stadt" bore the name of Bornhofen, or whether some few "Höfe" (farms) were built around a plentiful and bounteous "Born", as the "folk" calls a spring, constituted the town in the first instance, may well be left to the imagination of the reader. Sufficient for us is it to know that Bornhofen existed in the 13<sup>th</sup> century. It is unanimously admitted that a Burgmann of Sternberg, Hans III. Brömser von Rüdesheim, was the founder of both Chapel and Cloister; under "Cloister" we must not represent to ourselves an extensive building, but rather a simple "Clause" (cell) for the officiating Priest. Archbishop Johann Hugo (von Orsbeck) built the present Church and Cloister between 1679—1684, and allowed the Capuchin friars of Welmich, to take up their abode in the building.

They had been attracted hither by the pilgrimage, and had been forced to content themselves with the scanty accommodation of the Clause, were obliged however, to leave the walls of the Cloister, though the pilgrimages not only continued; but increased in number, more particularly of late years. With reference to these pilgrimages, the writer will be forgiven for relating an incident in which he was personally interested, and which is indelibly impressed on his mind. It was in the autumn of 1842, at the season of the Bornhofer pilgrimages, that he visited with some friends the Burg Sayn, and rested for some hours in the cool of the evening on the heights—the full moon shed its brilliant light over the waves of the Rhine.

All was calm and still—when the evening breeze bore the sound of beautifully harmonious melody upon the ear, the nature of the music only became apparent, as a ship carrying pilgrims, rounded the rocky promontory. They were returning from Bornhöfen and singing the glorious old choral hymn;



"Grosser Gott, dich loben wir," whose simple, and purely "folks" melody, speaks so powerfully to the heart. The holy calm pervading the scene, the beauty of the evening, the clear and harmonious voices borne by the waves of the river, united to form a whole, incomparable in its deep, lasting effect—indescribably beautiful was the echo of the song, as it was gradually lost in the distance.

And now a merry story may succeed—for whose truth the writer will vouch.

The last Propst von Hirzenach, a certain Herr von Quadt, was jovial, as he was sociable and hospitable; on the anniversary of the day of the Church's dedication, he usually gave a grand dinner to a large number of his friends among the Clergy and laity. After dinner, the Propst was wont to entertain his guests with a variety of clever juggling tricks, and physical experiments, to which his knavish humour lent zest. He possessed a considerable collection of instruments and apparatus, most of which, being of a mechanical turn of mind, he made himself. Among other articles was a heavy brass tap, which was closed at the end usually fitted into the cask. It was so constructed as to contain several glasses of wine, which by turning the cock could be run off. Among the guests invited on one occasion, was the "Guardian" of the Capuciners of Bornhofen, a gentleman whose bulk was so great that the narrowness of his robe considerably interfered with his comfort. As now there is a reason for most things, so did those best acquainted with the good Guardian, know that this same obesity was not the result of abstinence from either solid or fluid sustenance—his bearing at the feast of Herrn von Quadt, was not such as to induce them to alter the opinion.

The Rüdesheimer served by the wealthy host, had the effect of making the good Guardian's face beam, and his eyes sparkle with inward satisfaction.

The Propst now produced some of his apparatus, especially adapted to trick and deceive those, upon whom the Host was about to practise.

Each submitted willingly to be made a victim, to the unceasing amusement of the others.

The Guardian unable to see through or account for many of the effects produced, watched the proceedings with the greatest

attention—which the amusing Propst succeeded in diverting by a variety of expedients.

At length, holding the polished tap in his hand, he approached the Quardian, who leaning back in his arm-chair with hands folded over his mighty paunch; and apron more than ordinarily inflated, represented the perfection of true satisfied contentment, he said. Dear Brother Quardian my 1848 Rüdesheimer has been to your taste. You well know that not only is it a magnificent wine, but a costly one too; therefore allow me; I see you are incommoded by what you have taken, to draw some of it off—the hole I make I will heal as quickly, you shall not suffer any injury from the operation!

With the words he placed the end of the tap against the Quardian's stomach, struck the head a blow with his hand, so smart as to make the brother shake in his chair, at the same time begging his neighbour to hold a goblet under the tap. During the Propst's speech the Quardian grew uncomfortable, but on hearing of making a hole, drawing off wine, and healing the wound, he grew cold as ice, and—when now the Propst actually turned the tap, and bright, clear wine flowed into the goblet, he nigh fainted. and only the peals of laughter that followed the feat, reassured him.

With an inimitable assumption of gravity the Propst took the goblet, tasted the contents, and observed: Verily it is the same Rüdesheimer—Brother Quardian, this cask—and herewith he pointed to the “fair, round, belly”—is well seasoned. You have now the opportunity of enjoying the good wine a second time.

Again roars of laughter resounded through the hall, and those in the immediate neighbourhood of the Quardian observed, that his hand wandered nervously over that part of his stomach against which the Propst had driven the tap. Not until he had thoroughly convinced himself of the fact, and until the Propst explained that wine was contained within the tap itself, did he regain his equanimity, wipe the sweat from his brow and join heartily in the recurring peals of laughter.

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## BOPPARD.

It is of a past, pregnant with years and events, of which Boppard's towers speak to us, and such language as the eye interprets, is generally comprehensible, though requiring some special explanation and aid, as it invites to new search and enquiry.

A past, rich in years and in events, the town can lay claim to, and nobody will dispute the claim with her, not even should the word "rich" be taken in its material sense.

True, it now shares the lot of many of her sisters higher up the river—St. Goar, Wesel, Bacharach, and causes the same impression on the mind of the visitor—an impression of „decay” is but too clearly stamped upon them all. Compared with its middle-age extent, the present condition of the town is strangely sad. "Fallen Majesty" is under all circumstances a melancholy sight, awaking and calling forth special sympathy, when the fall is not the result of self-incurred blame. And against this place no such accusation can be brought. It flourished at one time as a commercial city, and grew in manly strength under the weight of innumerable Zölle (dues), and when the knightly "Schnapphähne" (robber knights) rendered all Rhenish roads insecure; but the land, once thrown up by the Rhine, revenged itself. In its very sand runs its life not in one sense alone; for, since the Peace of Westphalia, commercial politics have changed, and Holland has deprived the Rhine, of what gave to these places their joyous and fresh life. His "Moff, Moff-rufen" has not failed of significance.

Bandobriga is probably of Celtic origin. How "Boppard" has been corrupted from it is difficult to explain. The Romans housed here of a certainty. It is shewn that the 12<sup>th</sup> Legion had a camp, and the "Praefectus militum Ballistariorum" a seat here. In those days the "Roman-town" was much smaller than its German successor; for the walls once surrounding the Roman Station, are still visible in the inner town. Of their fate we know nothing, nor of the fate of the "Romish colonies" in the Rhenish provinces, more especially of their complete "destruction" by the Teutons—enshrouded as it is, in the impenetrable veil of mystery, which, seek how we may, we fail to raise.



Kunstler 802

*Bamberg.*

Verlag von J. C. Neumann, Neudamm in Wiesbaden.

Statistik v. Carl Mayer's d. d. Bamberg





The developing life of the Middle Ages, could not be banded within the boundaries of a Roman fortification—and extended its dwellings beyond, in the direction of the Rhine, up and down the banks of the river, when traffic increased, walls and towers were built for safety and protection.

In the middle of the town rises a rock, upon which (hence its name) the Königsburg stood. The “Königsbach” and the “Altburg” are local reminiscences of an Imperial palace, wherein the Emperor occasionally resided, as is proved by a series of documents dated thence.

The Gaugraf inhabited the Königshof, more especially he of the Trach, Trechir or Trichir Gau. The building appears to have been a description of fortified castle, and to have had a garrison for its defence. For many years members of the family of Beier von Boppard, who were by no means insignificant scions of Rhenish nobility, were Commandants. Of their fidelity and devotion to their accepted duties, one fact will serve as evidence, it is recorded by Marquard Freher, according to whom at the siege of the town in 1497, they set fire to the buildings themselves, when they found it impossible longer to defend them. Sooner should they be destroyed by them, than fall into the enemy's hands. And they sank and fell to ruin!

Among the Vögten (Prefects) of Boppard, the Grafen von Arnstein occupy an honorable position. About the year 1156 they owned “the Castle”, under which without question the “Königshof” is to be understood. They defended both town and Burg valiantly against the attack of Arnold, Archbishop of Trier, in 1257. The garrison would however have been unable to resist the besieger successfully, had it not been for the relief afforded, in spite of all ecclesiastical warnings, by Gerhard Archbishop of Mainz, who appeared as their saviour just at the critical moment. With well-founded enmity in their hearts, the Trierers withdrew. In their extremity the courage of the citizens showed itself in brilliant colors, but the town was utterly exhausted, and many peaceful days were demanded for its reinstatement, and for the healing of the breaches in her fortifications. These days came, and were not few, when King Richard held luxurious Court in the Königshof.

The Town was an Imperial one, and enjoyed not a few marks of Imperial favour, but they were forced to resist the yoke of the ecclesiastical ruler of Trier, which he lost no opportunity



of seeking to hang about their necks. Not until the Emperor Heinrich, "the Lützelburger" mortgaged the town to his brother Archbishop, (of Trier) was their freedom secured. For very substantial reasons, the independent and enterprising men of those days, refused to submit to be treated as "goods and chattels", and to be mortgaged by an Emperor. The Bopparders offered resistance, as valiant as it was determined. From any other yoke than that of "the lion of Trier", they might probably have freed themselves by shaking off the mortgage; but Balduin retreated not—nor left unfinished what he had commenced. His vassals, the nobles of his land, were satiated with hatred of the "Spiessbürger", and risked everything to attain the object sought by their lord, and to glut their own hate, and Boppard finally capitulated; but not until 1327—when to hold out longer would have been folly and self-immolation.

Balduin was accustomed to keep possession of what he had once obtained, and at the same time to secure himself. Scarcely had he taken the town ere he began to build a new Burg, and—it was a strong one; for now must the citizens—who were in the highest degree discontented with the much bepraised crozier government—be made "jochbändig" (broken). True he was successful, but there sprouted up nevertheless, the desire to regain their lost freedom, and the hour struck; when the citizens relying on their own strength, rose up against the tyranny of the spiritual yoke, and against the "Zoll" levied by Archbishop Balduin—which not only weighed heavily upon the individual; but interfered with the trade of the town.

Sanguinary fights within the town-walls followed. The citizens took the archiepiscopal Burg, took so much of the garrison as had not taken flight, prisoners, and drove the Archbishop's servants and officers out of the town.

Honour and mortgage rights, and the bright Zoll dues, which also had weight in Triers, were now in question. Archbishop John's wrath was inflamed against the "insolent citizen folk", so he assembled a large army, and invested the town. And it was the year 1494.

Were not the citizens duly prepared for a long siege, or was the attack violent?—the end of it was they were once more compelled to submit their necks to the hated yoke, and bear the punishment, awarded by the law to disturbers of the public peace, and not "mercifully were the sons of Absalom dealt

with." The citizens offered nevertheless a so oft-named: passive resistance" up to the year 1501. Only then did the long enduring dream of self-government fade out, to be followed by the recognition of the supremacy of Triers—a recognition, having but little of loving obedience to qualify it!

Evidence of the flourishing condition and piety of the citizens is given by the numerous Churches and Cloisters. The beautiful parish-church, dating from the days when the 13<sup>th</sup> century was still young, speaks volumes. Though the numerous nobles residing in the town probably aided in the work, there is little doubt that the citizens contributed the chief funds, and the town, recognising the charge committed to it by its pious forefathers, carefully preserve the beautiful building from decay,—it contains many peculiarities of architectural skill! It is a pity that we know so little of the clever architects of those days. It is and a piece of manifest ingratitude on the part of their contemporaries, that they have not left us a record of even the names of those, whose humility did not allow them to blazon their names abroad. Their brethren of the present day do things otherwise—adopt measures which prevent their names from being lost in oblivion!

Among the wealthy and powerful nobles who had settled in the town, the numerous and influential "Sippe" (House) of Boppard, occupied the most prominent position. Their beautiful Burg still shews their importance in past ages. It lies closely adjacent to the Franciscan Cloister, and appears subsequently to have fallen to this Order, as an Hospital or Infirmary was organised by them within its walls; this event however probably did not occur before the line became extinct. The Knights Templars, who were much at home on the banks of the Rhine, owned the "Tempelherrnhof", important not only from its wealth; but from the number of its members. Mention is made of them, as coming from Boppard to the siege, by Ptolemais, a distinction their valour alone could have obtained for them. The nobility of the town, numerous, powerful and wealthy provided for their unmarried daughters by founding a conventual institution, whose Charter was confirmed by the Emperor Heinrich V. It was made in 1123. The institution was named Marienberg, its situation is lofty and beautiful, thither flee even in our own day human "Gepresste" (afflicted, decrepit) but irrespective of sex, and only such as suffer in body—and—they



take no vows. One ordinance is still enforced, the one concerning diet and food—the physican at the head of the prosperous Hydropathic Establishment being Abbot! The situation is exceedingly lovely, the supply of water large and the air magnificent. Proof of nobility is no longer demanded; for in our day, the Thaler proof is a more substantial one—and is in force here.

In the days of the years of its prosperity, the Cloister was simply called the “hohe Kloster” (high Cloister), the name was not derived from its elevated situation; but from the aristocratic fame it enjoyed—many members of noble and princely Houses from Rhenish lands and distant countries, took refuge here from the storms of wild and barbarous times.

In the year 1738 the consuming power of fire devastated the buildings of this once famed Institution; but they have been thoroughly and handsomely restored, and adapted to their present use.

The extensive Saint Martin’s Cloister on the south side of the town, has also been converted to other than its original purpose. The famous traveller in China and Japan, Th. Fr. von Siebold resided at times in it, and cultivated in greenhouses constructed for the object, the beautiful plants and flowers of the far East. Science in general, owes much to this unceasingly active and self sacrificing man; for our acquaintance with Japan and its Flora, we are especially indebted to him. Only in late days have the keys to the entrance of this land, so long closed to us and open to the Dutch only, been found. European cannon have been the “Dietrich” (skeleton-keys) which have, in a fashion peculiar to themselves, broken open the strongest locks.

In modern days a Protestant community has been established in Boppard, they possess capital schools &c. and a very nice Church.

But, as before remarked, Boppard has shared the fate of many smaller Rhenish towns. The town, like all the others, has a past, without hope of a future, beyond bare existance. They all serve to adorn the banks of the fair river with their Churches, and—ruins, whilst the days of their splendour rest in their deep graves.

## BURG LIEBENECK

NEAR OSTERSPAY.

Above the village of Osterspays on the right bank of the river, Burg Liebeneck peeps into the kettle-shaped valley of the Rhine, which apparently is closed in below and above. To whichever side the eye turns, in a broad circle on the left bank—only vineyards, on the right side, interspersed with masses of rock and clumps of trees, on all sides, only vineyards. Osterspays alone, which once with Liebeneck formed a feudal tenure, buries itself in the shade of fruit-trees. Osterspays was formerly “*reichsritterschaftlich*” (held by a Knight of the Empire.)

In looking at the expanse of land within the bend of the river, occupied by carefully tended vineyards, and called the “Bopparder Hamms,” it will hardly be believed that this place vied in insecurity with the site occupied by the Clemenskirche, between Rheinstein and Soneck. Only when one can for a moment forget the vineyards, and the care bestowed on them, and then take into consideration the long stretch of uninhabited country on the left bank, is it possible to conceive how, even in the days of the Hohenstaufen Friedrich “the Rothbeard”, the place could be named: “*Conventum Latronum*”, or in plain English “the robbers meeting place.” So late as our own days an honest man’s skin grew cold, on approaching the Bopparder “Hamm” or the “Bopparder Berge”, or higher up the river the “Clemenskirche”, nor did this same “goose skin” rise up at the bare recollection of tales of horrid deeds perpetrated—but from known and—perhaps—experienced facts.

On hearing such tales, the traveller’s glance naturally wanders in search of some Castle; but finding none in close proximity, fixes his eye upon the towers of Liebeneck, and thinks: There of a certainty might be the hiding-places of these highway-robbers be found; the terror of pilgrims, merchants and Jews, there in the Hamm” they were wont to assemble.—Of all this history knows nothing, and the most careful investigation in the neighbourhood has afforded no trace of any such oral tradition. Whether the then inhabitants of Osterspays, and of other places in the vicinity, could boast of hands perfectly free from guilt, may well be questioned. We will leave the past to answer for its own deeds. Certain it is that Liebeneck was not



one of those accursed robber Burgs, inasmuch as, to begin with, it was no Burg at all, but a watch-tower built for the purpose of keeping guard, and watching whether Osterspays was threatened with danger from the robbers assembled at Hamm. That a small mounted garrison lay in the tower, to aid in time of need is self-understood. Evidence of this is afforded by the ancient part of the castle; clearly added to at three different periods. Hence it comes that no record speaks; but men say, it is of comparatively modern date, perhaps one of the "youngest" castles on the Rhine, this is however only approximately true, as it is quite apparent that additions have been made to the castle, at two distinct and comparatively recent periods—this however does not justify us in denying the great age of the oldest part.

That, as is stated, a "Hof" stood on the site of the present "Burg" or near it, is probable; that the Burg rose out of it is not a fact; it grew to its present dimensions by additions made to the old tower—until its present extent was attained. Tradition states that on the site of Liebeneck formerly stood an old, long forgotten, Burg Grauborn—it is worthy of no credence, as the earth itself affords no record—that is to say no old foundations have been discovered—to say nothing of the fact, that not the slightest written evidence of even the name of Grauborn exists.

The ground on which lie Liebeneck and Osterspays, belonged to Nassau-Saarbrücken, by whom it was given in tenure to the Freiherrn von Waldenburg-Schenkern, together with the seigniorial rights over Osterspays. Whether this family held these rights before it owned the estates is not discoverable—the family was a very ancient one, and died out with Freiherr Carl Friedrich von Waldenburg-Schenkern in 1793.

The Geheimerath, President G. E. L. Freiherr von Preuschen previously to the death of the last Waldenburg-Schenkern, obtained the reversion of the fief, and in 1793 took possession of the estates, receiving as an immediate vassal of the Empire, the homage and oath of allegiance and obedience, from the inhabitants of Osterspays. Freiherr von Preuschen distinguished himself, by settling the long litigation between the various lines of the House of Nassau, and by the introduction of a code of laws concerning the law of inheritance, which he drew







Kunstsch. 622

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up. Circumstances are changed since then, but the family is still in possession of Liebeneck, and has preserved it from ruin.

## THE MARXBURG

NEAR BRAUBACH ON THE RHINE.

Like a pyramid rises the mountain, at whose foot stands the village of Braubach, and whose summit is crowned by the Marxburg. It is in good preservation and quite complete, the object of its completion was not that it might become the residence of some noble family. No merry hearts might rejoice there upon its lofty heights, no brilliant feasts be celebrated within its walls.

Slowly and sadly do the hours of its unhappy inhabitants drag their weary length along. It is a State prison in which, many a one has bitterly rued his deeds of wrong or folly. A garrison of Invalids, weary of life, under the command of a Staff officer, guards the Burg and its inmates. Seven cannons stand on the Bastions, of which two bear the initial N. and the ominous date 1813. They are used for signalling the escape of a prisoner, a rarely occurring event, or thunder greetings down the valley of the Rhine, should the sovereign of the country, or any august guest pass by, otherwise they are silent, as all in and around the Burg is silent, with a stillness unbroken by any sound, save that of the chime of the evening bell, echoing mournfully along the valley.

No record of the early history of this Burg is obtainable, nor of him who builded its stones into massive walls. Nor can we afford an explanation of the origin of the name. Ancient, very ancient it certainly is, does not however appear to have been an Imperial Castle.

In 1643 when Johann der Streitbare, (the Belligerent) Landgraf of Hesse Darmstadt, caused the building to be enlarged, a number of arrow-heads, bows and other arms were found, which justify the assumption, that in olden days the Castle had submitted to a severe siege, without our however having the slightest record of the combatants, or of the circumstances which



had led to the investment. Town and Burg appertained most probably to the estates of the Grafen of the Niederlahngau, justifying the assumption, that they were held in fief, not however that the Burg was an Imperial one. One Conrad Kurzbold, a Gaugraf, to whom reference has been made before, owned Braubach, no mention is made of the Burg, probably because—it was not yet built.

Heinrich V. on his flight from Burg Klopp near Bingen in 1105, sojourned here. His stay was but short as he soon left it again, and fled to the Reichsburg Hammerstein. This may confirm the suspicion that it was no Reichsburg, but only a Castle built by one of the Lahngau Grafen, for the defence of Braubach. The vicinity of Bingen and Ingelheim, may have conduced to hasten Heinrich's departure. It is not recorded that the weight of his wrath fell upon the place, as it did upon Hammerstein.

After the extinction of the House of the Niederlahn-Gaugrafen—the Vogtei (Prefecture) fell to the Grafen von Arnstein, and when in the course of time this house became extinct, the line of Eppstein in the Taunus succeeded to it. By them Burg and town were given in fief to the Pfalzgrafen; for the von Eppsteiners gained the reward of their zealous endeavours—and obtained from the Emperor Rudolph of Habsburg, city-rights for Braubach. The charters were confirmed by all succeeding Emperors.

In 1283 Gottfried von Eppstein ceded that portion of Burg and town, not owned by the Pfalzgraf, to the Ritter Hermann von Marterod, and Heinrich von Allendorf, in the form of a fief. He likewise granted Graf Eberhard von Katzenelnbogen the right of obtaining possession of the fiefs, held in Burg and town by the Knights, von Schönberg, Schenke von Sternberg, those of von Huneschwin (written also Huneswin). This right was probably obtained; for since this time the names of the Eppsteiners disappear from all documents referring to Burg and town, and the Grafs von Katzenelnbogen appear as undisputed proprietors. That Kurpfalz retained her rights is certain. The conditions of tenure of such "Gauerbenhäuser" (hereditary houses); and gradually of all the Burgs, become hereditary, in virtue of fiefs granted, are frequently so confused and ravelled, that it is almost matter of impossibility to define them clearly. Often such a fief was confined to the right to one miserable

little chamber; the duties and privileges, of like importance to both lord and vassal, were attached to its tenure. Further it is a fact that the Kurfürst Eberhard of the Pfalz, obtained the tenure of both Burg and town in 1293. From its proximity to the place of Election; the Kaiserstuhl near Rhense, it was a position of immense value to the Kurfürsten (Electors) of the Palatinate, inasmuch as they abode here, and like the Trierers in Stolzenfels, and the Mainzers in Lahneck, hence carried out their schemes and plans. Thus at the time of an Imperial Election, a brilliant and bustling life prevailed in the Castle, and the mutual visits and feasts, paid and given, by the august Princes and their ambassadors, who strove for the Imperial crown, and finally the web and woof of threads, spun by cunning diplomatists, interrupted the usual calm of the Burg life, and formed a contrast, probably glaring enough.

The rights of the Katzenelnbogeners over Burg and town lapsed to the heirs of the house of Hesse, and from 1567—1584 Philipp II. Landgraf of Hesse inhabited the Castle, and built Schloss Philippsburg as a seat for his widow. At the division of Hesse under the Landgraf Philipp des Grossmüthigen (the Magnanimous), two thirds of the Marxburg fell to Hesse Cassel, one third to Hesse Darmstadt. At the Convention of 1627 Hesse Darmstadt came into sole possession. Landgraf George II. mortgaged it to his brother Johann dem Streitbaren, by whom it was selected as a residence. He expended much on the restoration of the Burg, on which time had done its work. He not only beautified the interior, but as before observed extended, the fortification. At his death the Burg again fell to the ruling house of Hesse, and remained in their possession until 1803, when in obedience to the "Recess of Regensburg" Nassau-Usingen obtained it. How much the Burg suffered during the devastations of the Thirty Years' War, is quite unknown, though it would appear that the restorations undertaken by Johann den Streitbaren, were rendered necessary by this cause. In the absence of all records, it would scarcely be comprehensible that the French, who destroyed and burned down all the Burgs in 1689, would spare the Marxburg.

The history of no Rhenish castle is fuller of gaps, and more unsatisfactory, than is the history of this one, which has nevertheless, always been kept in a state of repair, giving histor-



ical importance and attracting attention to it. There is no trace of any legend connected with the Castle.

## THE KOENIGSSTUHL NEAR RHENSE

ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE RHINE, "NEAR THE STREAM".

Near to the ancient little town Rhense (called by the folk Rees) four Kurfürsts or Electors "of the holy Roman Empire of the German nation" shook each other by the hand; for there where the wild mountain stream, the Lahn, flows into the Rhine sat in pomp and power he of Mainz in his Burg Lahneck; upon the lofty Stolzenfels reigned he of Triers; in the Burg of Rhense he who was lord of the land; the Cölner, and in the elevated Marxburg the only temporal lord of the four; who for all that, was none the less mighty and powerful; the Pfälzer, held his Court.

The times were times full fraught in the Empire—when its head, the Emperor, was gathered to his fathers by Him, who is Lord of the quick and the dead,—and the necessity of electing a new head arose.

On the Rhine, it was "a privilege sanctified by ages", must the Emperor be "gekürt", (elected) and indeed at Rhense, on the Electoral or Imperial Chair.

This was a "neighbourhood" which in such days "was some thing reckoned of", and was made the most of by the four Electors, who in any case determined the event for which they had carefully prepared the way. Here in the preliminary councils the Emperor was usually chosen, for each of the four could, as "the Mainzer" once arrogantly but truthfully boasted, "shake an Emperor or two out of his sleeves", if it happened that he upon whom the choice fell, manifested no disposition to accede to the many concessions demanded of him by the Electors, who under the pretext of acting for the welfare of the Empire, had but their own at heart.

That at such times there was a coming and going, a negotiating and a sending of embassies from and to the four Burgs; that secret information was sent to the favoured candidate, and replies returned by him; who, knowing the condition of

affairs in the Empire, who, we repeat, would doubt? The spot on which the previously arranged Election took place, *pro forma*, and from which it was proclaimed to the nation, was the Kaiser or König Stuhl (Emperor's or King's Chair) below Rhense, quite close to the bank of the Rhine.

The date of the erection of this curious building is unknown, it may however safely be supposed to have been there before the Burgs were, which we have good grounds for assuming were built by the four Rhenish Electors; for so early as 1368 when the assembled Kurfürsten sat here, we are told: "for ages past" the election of the Emperor had taken place on this spot. In consideration of important rights and privileges accorded to it, the town of Rhense was pledged to maintain and keep in repair the venerable building, the: "Stuhl".

It was built of Rhenish limestone found in the neighbourhood. Nine columns of the same stone—one in the centre—supported an arched ceiling and formed a hall. The diameter of the Hall was 24 Rhenish feet. The height of the ceiling from the ground was 18. Externally the roof was flat and smooth, and protected by a simple parapet, within which—open to the free canopy of heaven—were eight stone seats—seven for the Electors, and one destined for the Emperor. "Under God's free Heaven", for so old custom would have it, must the Emperor be chosen, before God and the people. That no protection from wind and weather was provided, proves that the ceremony of election was not one of all too long duration. A too hasty or precipitate election was never dreamed of—preliminary councils had forbidden such a misadventure.

Hither the seven Kurfürsts were summoned. They were guests of the four who resided here. The vassals in their train surrounded the Stuhl, and outside this circle stood the "folk", enjoying the brilliant spectacle.

Fourteen stone steps led from the hall to the tribune, from which two massive doors excluded the throng. Opposite the upper door hung the shield of the Empire, and beneath it stood the Emperor's primitive seat. The suspended shields of the Electors distinguished the seat appointed to each.

Up to the destruction of the venerable monument by the French, Rhense kept the "alten Reichsstuhl" (ancient imperial seat) in repair. Thenceforth it lay ruined, a precedent followed



by the Empire, as if it had been doomed to perish with its "Kurstätte".

When the Rhenish provinces were freed from the thralldom of French domination, the idea of restoring the venerable Königsstuhl, whose site was marked by large stones, gained ground.—A number of men in Coblenz united to see it carried out. A call was made upon the inhabitants of the Rhenish provinces. Contributions poured in, and in the space of a few years the building stood, the semblance of its former self—and every traveller, whether by boat or by rail, glances at the spot which once played so important a rôle, in the history of the German Empire.

They were important events, some of those, whose scene was laid here, though no ancient document records them save in the "Gesta Balduini" it is asserted: "it is an old custom, an ancient usage, that the Kurfürsten assemble here and do elect an Emperor": After the death of Heinrich VII. disagreements arose among the Electors themselves, one side voting for Friedrich of Austria, the other side for Ludwig of Bavaria.

Storms arose and raged through the Empire. Germany was divided between two Emperors; the Kurfürsten soon foresaw the misery to which such a state must lead, and again they assembled at the Königsstuhl—where he of Bohemia alone was absent. In 1338 the "Kurverein" (Electoral Confederation) was organised, by which the Emperor Ludwig was induced to take part in the sitting of the Council. The object of the assembly was to crush papal power, and persuade the Emperor to abdicate the throne in favour of Carl of Bohemia. Failure followed both attempts.

Again he of Bohemia called the Kurfürsten together at the Königsstuhl, and now he was successful in persuading them to elect his son as Emperor Karl IV., his death required a fresh assembly, by whom Edward of England was elected. The honor was refused, and a like rejection followed the choice of the Markgraf von Meissen—whereupon the Election was fixed to take place in Frankfurt on the Main, instead of on the Königsstuhl—Günther von Schwarzburg was elected.

His death, in a mysterious fashion, followed in 1349, and once more the Königsstuhl was the scene of an assembly; but no election was made, and in Frankfurt the unworthy Wen-

zel was chosen a Romish King. He was crowned in Aachen in 1376.

How unfortunate the choice was, was soon shewn, and the necessity too of freeing the Empire from so unworthy a ruler. It is a strange coincidence that Wenzel's election was not declared at the Königsstuhl, nor his deposition published from it, but opposite the sacred place, in a Chapel near Ober-Lahnstein; after the Kurfürsten had waited ten days in vain for his appearance, in obedience to a summons they had addressed to him.

Pursuant to an Edict published by the Electors, he was declared deposed from his throne.

The day succeeding, the Electors of the Empire proceeded to Rhense, attended a solemn mass, and then ascended the Königsstuhl, in order to appoint a constitutional head. The choice fell upon the Pfälzer Ruprecht; whose death speedily followed in 1410, and a new Election must be made. The Electors met not on the Königsstuhl but in Frankfurt.

When he upon whom the choice fell, Max I., arrived at Rhense on his coronation progress to Aachen, he landed with the attendant Kurfürsten, ascended the Königsstuhl with them, and took the oath of allegiance to them and the Empire.

This was the final, sacred, imperial act solemnised on the venerable Königsstuhl, henceforth it was but a silent witness of bygone glory. Its significance, even if considerably diminished, still lived for the Rhenish provinces, more especially for Kur-Cöln; for here it was that in 1414 a pacification was made between Theodor von Mors and Wilhelm von Ravensberg, who were in dispute about the archiepiscopal throne of Cöln. The successful mediators were the brother of the Ravensberger, the Archbishop of Mainz, and the Stände (States) of Paderborn. The year 1455 witnessed another assembly at the Königsstuhl, again a Cölnish one, but summoned for the purpose of considering a question of general interest—the suppression of knightly highwaymen.

Graf Johann von Westerburg had attacked a caravan of Cöln merchants on their way to the Fair at Frankfurt, had plundered and taken them prisoners. The indignation excited by this act was intense. The Town-Council of Cöln appealed, and the Kurfürst was forced to interpose. He called an assembly of the Reichsfürsten (Princes of the Empire) at Rhense, and



the Graf von Westerburg was summoned to appear before them. Not only was he compelled to crave pardon and pay 12,000 florins as indemnity; but to take an oath to forsake the unrighteous system of highway robbery.

No further assemblies were held at the Königsstuhl, which lapsed into undeserved oblivion.

The French, who never forgot anything connected with the ancient splendours of the German Empire, so completely destroyed the Königsstuhl, that in the year 1688 very little remained of it, and these scanty remains were removed by the Rhensers themselves in 1798.

So early as 1624 the Königsstuhl was in a ruinous condition. At this time the town was mortgaged to the Landgraf von Hesse, who compelled the Rhensers to rebuild it. The restoration, haply because compulsory, was performed in such a manner as to render the destruction by the French, no difficult matter.

Private individuals in Rhense had preserved fragments of the carved stone-work, which they willingly gave up at the restoration of the building in our days. They have been very judiciously inserted in the walls.

Honour and thanks to those by whom this memorial of the Elective Empire of Germany was raised—the more as the expense was defrayed by the voluntary subscriptions of those who felt its significance!

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## BURG LAHNECK NEAR LAHNSTEIN.

Near the little town of Lahnstein, opposite to Stolzenfels and just on the angle formed by the mouth of the Lahn, at its junction with the Rhine, there rises a steep, rocky height, upon whose summit stands Burg Lahneck, commanding the two Lahn-ecks. It lies on the right bank of the Rhine—hence upon Nassau soil.

About and around a great centre tower, precisely like the so-called “*rauhe Thurm*” of Stolzenfels, are ranged the remains of the walls of Burg Lahneck. They afford sufficient evidence of its primitive strength and extent. The tower consisted of





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*Lubneck.*

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five vaulted stories, its walls, nine feet thick, must have bidden an enemy bold defiance. Luxuriant vegetation covered its roof. The situation of the upper portion of the Burg must have rendered it nearly impregnable. It stood on a square, carefully hewn rock, whose security was further increased by strong walls and deep ditches. Compared even with Stolzenfels, the Burg might boast of being one of the strongest of the land. Two round towers commanded this part of the castle. The remains of the Chapel hang over a yawning precipice. The plan and masonry bear witness to the antiquity of the Burg, which was probably built at the same time as was Stolzenfels; the plan of the tower gives rise to the assumption that it was built by the same architect, with a keen eye to local requirements. It was an imperial Burg, and an historical hint is given which apparently proves, or at least suggests, that it was the dowager seat of Uta, widow of the Emperor Arnulph. In the 9<sup>th</sup> century she endowed the Erzstift (See) of Mainz, with the fief of the Burg; after the death, without issue, of Conrad Kurzpold, Graf of the Niederlahngau, by whom it was held in tenure. Uta appears to have belonged to this house, as she followed the example of Wiltrude, Mother of Graf Conrad, who liberally endowed various spiritual Stiften (Cloisters). Among others she endowed Cloister Seligenstadt, with an estate in Lahnstein, and the entire tithes of the place. Whether the See of Mainz was indebted to her for Lahnstein is uncertain, though it is certain that the town belonged to the See in 1128. That the Emperor, notwithstanding the endowment, still maintained his supremacy, may be concluded from the fact, that Garf Ludwig von Arnstein was Imperial Vogt, and resided in the Castle in 1156. After his death the Burg, together with Ober- and Nieder-Lahnstein, appears as an imperial fief held by Kur-Mainz. The confusion prevailing in documents relating to the history of such a Castle, is so great, as readily to lead the investigator into a dense labyrinth of assertions and contradictions, whence he will scarce extricate himself. The portion built upon the hewn rocks is unquestionably the oldest, and about this heart the other towers &c. have subsequently been built. It is manifestly of great antiquity, probably older than Stolzenfels. When Stolzenfels came into the hands of the Trierers, Electoral jealousy demanded the enlargement of Lahneck. Whatever one spiritual lord possessed remarkable in any way, the others would, should and



must possess, not only out of jealousy, but from the necessity of securing safety.

Lahneck's importance will be more fully discussed when Stolzenfels comes under notice. The Burg was intended as a defence against the Archbishop of Trier, a protection to Lahnstein and its "Zolle", a stay to the Mainz territory on the Trierer frontier, and a worthy, safe, and—from its position, influential abiding place for the Kurfürsten, during the imperial elections at Rhense—reasons enough for expending much on the Burg. In order not to remain behind the Trierers of Stolzenfels, the Mainzers dealt not sparingly with their Burg.

As early as 1225, and again in 1265, reference is made to a Burggraf bearing the name of Friedrich, without reference being made to his line. In 1295 Graf Johann von Sayn is named as Erbburggraf (hereditary Burggraf); who was succeeded by Graf Wilhelm von Katzenelnbogen. The ever rampant spirit of coarse violence, compelled the Archbishops to attach a continually increasing number of vassals to their Burgen—and thus all became Gauerbenhäuser. On the one side the possibility was arrived at of keeping in check, and under surveillance, the unquiet spirits, and on the other side, a better defence of the Burg was ensured, inasmuch as all were united by common interest, who impropriated in the Burg.

For the above reasons Archbishop Peter Aichspalter, a wily and able Imperial Councillor, added to the already enfiefed Knights: Brenner and Hundswin von Lahnstein, von Allendorf, von Gronau, Katzenelnbogen, von Laxheim, von Rüdesheim, Grans von Rynberg, von Schönberg and von Neuenhain. The list notwithstanding, was still not complete; for we meet with Graf Diether von Katzenelnbogen, Rupert von Birneburg, the Ritters Dietrich von Kempenich, Schilling von Lahnstein, the Grafen von Isenburg, and the Ritters von Wunningen and von Runkel, and subsequently those of von Langenau, and von Geisenheim were added to them. All were impropriated in the Burg; all liable to service in the field. When the Archbishop resided in the Burg, all were bound to be present, and constituted a brilliant Court. How costly must have been the household establishment may be imagined. Luckily the archiepiscopal cellars and larders were plentifully supplied, it is however impossible that all—together with esquires and servants of the Archbishop, who maintained full state, could have

lived in the Burg. Happily the two Lahnstein's were not far off.

At the time of the feud between Albrecht of Austria, and Archbishop Gerhard II. of Mainz, the Emperor took the Castle. No terms of peace could be obtained from him hereafter, as he took into account the fact that the Castle was an Imperial one. That clever diplomatist Peter Aichspalter, succeeded in inducing the Emperor Heinrich VII., his deeply indebted friend, to surrender all the Burgen and many of the villages, taken from the archiepiscopal See, during the feud with Albrecht.

The war-like Baldwin von Trier, then Administrator of Mainz, who was superseded by Archbishop Heinrich von Birneburg, by the Pope's appointment, was compelled to cede Lahneck and some other Land-Burgen, as the price of his recognition, to the Domcapitel (Chapter). After his death (1353) Archbishop Gerlach von Nassau succeeded peacefully to the Chair, and again obtained possession of Lahneck for the See, at the cost of heavy sacrifices made to the Stiftsverweser, Kuno von Falkenstein.

Diether von Isenburg, the pomp-loving and warlike Archbishop of Mainz, made some radical changes in the Burg, increasing its defensive capabilities and further adorning the interior. He built the external wall and the handsome gateway. When he kept court at Lahneck he vied with Stolzenfels in luxurious living and the splendour of his state; and just as Stolzenfels was the rendezvous for hunting and feasting of the knights of the left-bank of the Rhine, so was Lahneck for those of the Lahngau, and of the right bank.

In the long and bitter feud between Diether, and Adolph von Nassau, (not the Emperor), concerning the See of Mainz, the Nassauer, tormented by the modern disease: "Deficit"; mortgaged the Burg to John Archbishop of Trier, for a considerable sum of money, and in addition surrendered a fourth of the "Zolle" of Lahnstein; before doing so however Diether contrived to secure his position in the Burg, the more readily as the Gauserben and the other feoffees, were devoted to the generous and convivial friend. If Archbishop Johann intended to get possession of his mortgage—he would have to besiege and take it—easier said than done; defended as it was by valiant Knights. He nevertheless attacked the Burg from Stolzenfels, those within not only resisted the attack, but did him such cunningly devised and irreparable injury, by well calculated sallies and



surprises, as induced him on the approach of winter, to withdraw from his position. He raised the siege; but when fair Spring began to deck the banks and hills with beauty, he renewed the blockade. Attack followed attack and he was driven off. He continued the violence of his efforts far into the summer, until he saw that he was expending his strength fruitlessly. If the withdrawal without having taken the Burg was disgraceful, still more infamously so was his "Valet".

The Lahneckers and Lahnsteiners beset his way, and so utterly routed him as completely to disperse his soldiers, of whom they took many prisoners.

His complaints were loud, and his demands that the arrogant Lahnsteiners should be punished by the Empire of the most extravagant description; they were vain, for the unfortunate Adolph had his hands too full to trouble himself about the barbarous Diether. When however in 1475 the deposed Diether again sat on the archiepiscopal chair of Mainz, he should rather have thought of rewarding than of punishing the Lahnsteiners. The Archbishop von Trier had the annoyance of contemplating Lahneck, a very thorn in his eye now, each time that he abode in Stolzenfels, without even the hope of ever crossing its threshold as Lord and master.

In the history of special localities it is a phenomenon of no uncommon occurrence, that periods are met with embracing considerable intervals of time, of which we have no records, more especially when, as in the case of Lahneck, the storms of war have roared around. We hear no more of our Burg until 1646. At this epoch it still stood intact and was inhabited by the representatives of Kur-Mainz—as in 1428. In 1689 it was razed, simultaneously with Stolzenfels, by the French. Subsequently it came into possession of the Bau-Inspector de Lassaulk in Coblenz—passing afterwards into the hands of Mr. Moriarty.

The view from Lahneck is, from its situation, less extensive than that from Stolzenfels; but, and especially in the direction of Coblenz, of great quiet beauty.

Two legends are connected with the now exquisitely restored Burg.

In Palestine in the year 1118 an Order—The Knights Templars—was founded for the protection of Christian pilgrims, for the defence of the Christian religion, and to preserve the Holy

Sepulchre from Saracen desecration—the Order was widely diffused throughout Europe, was powerful and wealthy. It received its death-blow in 1307 from Pope Clement V., Philip the Fair King of France, pursued and persecuted its members like baited animals. Philip Aichspalter, out of gratitude to the Pope, who raised him from the office of body-physician to Graf Heinrich von Luxemburg, to the archiepiscopal chair of Mainz, would no longer countenance the presence of the powerful and wealthy Order in his diocese. He pronounced the bann of the Empire upon them, threatening to drive them forth at the sword's point unless they voluntarily submitted to the sentence. But whither should the unhappy knights flee? On all sides like persecution, on all sides the same laws! No spot of ground open to them, unless in some distant corner, or the grave. Since the fate which had overtaken their Grand Master, all knew what awaited them, and seemed unavoidable; unless they too, as many had done, broke and abjured their vows. Some of those in the Mainz Diocese had done so; others left it; but twelve of the most valiant threw themselves into Lahn-  
eck, and swore with the desperation of death, not to desert it but to die valiantly in its defence.

When this news was brought to the Archbishop, his wrath knew no bounds. Their desire shall be granted them he cried, and forthwith issued orders to despatch an armed force against Lahneck, to free the Burg from the hands of the miscreants.

The Mainzers advanced, thinking it but a small matter to overcome the twelve, among whom was more than one with silvery locks. Arrived before the Burg they challenged the Templars to surrender unconditionally. The Templars dismissed the Herald with these words: "Mercy is to be sought in God; what we may expect from man we well know; haply therefore ye may pass over our corpses into the Burg, otherwise not. Ye betrayed the valiant Molay, for he put faith in your words, and knew that he was guiltless. We too are innocent; but we put not our faith in you, and will rather die valiantly in battle than perish by the executioner's axe!"

"Another way is open to you!" cried the Herald; "abjure the vows of your Order, as many have done already!"

"Shame shall cover them, we will rather die an honorable death!" cried the Templars with one voice, and forthwith the Mainzers prepared for the attack.



Fiercely did they fight, and pushed the garrison sorely; but one Templar fought for ten, and their swords mowed down the ranks of the besiegers, as does the mower's scythe mow down the grass of the meadows. The storm had but one effect, —that of marking its direction by streams of blood and mangled corpses. The bravery of the Templars was without parallel in the world's history. They repulsed every storm, and the Mainzers had strict orders, to spare the Burg, as much as might well be.

So many against twelve. Shame upon them! Ever fiercer grew the fight, ever wilder the battle. They counted upon exhausting the strength of the twelve by a constant succession of attacks; but the Templars seemed to have the strength of giants; for they wearied not. At length the Mainzers determined to surprise the Burg in the pitchy darkness of the night, and overcome the garrison.

Night came with gloom impenetrable; soon the thunder, hundred-fold echoed, rolled amid the mountains; soon the lightning flashed across the black Heavens; but the cry of battle pierced through all. The river lashed its shores, and dashed its white spray around, and the storm howled like the thousand voiced Choir of avenging spirits.

With the tumult of the elements the Mainzers mingled their wild battle-cry. With their whole concentrated strength, and and from all sides, they made an attack. The twelve were repulsed everywhere. At length, at the foot of the tower, they again formed. Their eyes flashed and one inclination of the head was significant as an oath.

This time the force brought against them by the Mainzers was overwhelming, and the strength of the heroic band failing. The stroke of their good swords was nevertheless deadly, where-soever it fell. Forming even closer, they were now scarce able to defend themselves. "Surrender while ye have yet time," cried the leader of the Mainzers; for strange to say! not a single Templar had fallen, and but few were wounded.

"Courage Brothers" cried the oldest of the band, the hour of our release draws nigh!"

With a mighty stroke of his sword, he felled the leader of the Mainzers to the earth—and sank down breathing out his soul.

"Brother we follow thee!" were the words that rang in the

dying man's ear, and raising his right arm on high, in token of having heard them, he let it sink feebly down.

The brethren forced back their tears, and showers of blows fell upon the armour of the mail-clad Mainzers so that it was cloven, and many a heart stood still. A wall of corpses rose round the eleven heroes, and grew ever higher.

And in this wise lasted the raging fight till twilight broke, and the sun rose blood red o'er the scene.

But one of the heroes remained, he stood encompassed as it were by a sacred wall of his comrades' corpses—he swung his sword on high. His was a noble, a powerful form; but white locks streamed round the head, from which his casque had fallen.

Deeply moved by this display of courage, the Knight, who on the death of their leader, had assumed the command of the Mainzers, approached him, saying respectfully: "Ye have borne yourselves with courage passing that of men; done more than valour and duty require. Let the struggle cease! Honour and liberty to the bravest of the Brave!"

"Ha. ha, ha!" laughed the Templar wildly, "Thou can'st promise, but knowest thou not that the great ones of the earth are lusting for our lands, and therefore for our blood? In death alone is liberty, honours have no charms for me!" And again he swung his sword on high.

"He surrenders not" cried the Mainzers savagely, and the whole band was about to throw itself upon him—to put at length an end to the fight, and that no more victims should fall before the knight; but at this instant a voice cried: "Hold! The Emperor Heinrich grants life and liberty to the hero Knight!"

It was a Herald of the Archbishop, who galloped up on foam-flaked steed.

"Death alone is liberty! my life I ask not!" cried the Templar and plunged in amid the Mainzers, where their ranks were the thickest—and again to right and to left, his sword cleft new gaps, until a fatal blow stretched him lifeless.

However intense was the hate before the combat, now, when all were laid low,—the Mainzers stood silent and sorrowing around the little heap of dead Templars. In the courtyard a grave was dug and their corpses laid in it, and when all were buried and the Mainzers stood bare-headed, and said a prayer, for the repose of their fallen enemies' souls, I trow well that



many a tear ran down their bronzed cheeks. Triumph of victory was in no heart.

In the days, so runs the other legend,—when the Burggrafen resided in Lahneck, rich in honour, power and wealth, and when the poor “folk” about, were but vassals or serfs, there lived in Lahnstein a poor widow with her son, and he was a fisherman. In the Rhine and in the Lahn he cast his nets, to obtain a supply of fish for the Burggraf’s table, and on what was not required at the Burg, he and his old mother subsisted. He was of a nature true as gold, and as fair to look on, as was ever fisher, who had cast his nets in the streams of the Lahn or the Rhine. The daughter of the Bann Miller had long noticed, and burned with passion for him, and the face of the lovely Maiden was for ever before him. Elsbeth was wanton, and enticed him to her side; and each evening saw them sitting lovingly amidst the dense willows, on the banks of the Lahn, and his old mother thought he was casting his nets, or laying his lines for the fish, and that therefore he came not home before midnight. Nor did the Miller dream that his daughter was not in her chamber, but on the banks of the Lahn, where the willows whisper softly to the evening breeze. From springtide until harvest did their happiness endure, and then the son of the Burggraf returned from Mainz, where he had served as a Page in the Court of the Kurfürst, he saw the Miller’s lovely daughter, toyed with her, and ere long she became his mistress.

The true-hearted and honest fisherman dreamed of no wrong, and now and again the faithless maiden coquetted with him as were she his alone. Once, it was a glorious evening in autumn, and the moon shed her clear beams over the earth, scarce audibly the fisherman’s boat glided over the flood, near to the willow-thicket on the shore. At the well-known spot he ran his boat ashore. Elsbeth had promised to await him here, she had vowed it and appointed this very evening; for her father would be forth on a journey.

He stepped lightly ashore, and seating himself on the dry grass, listens for a gentle footstep, but it tarries, he waits, in vain! she comes not!

Could she be ill? asks his faithful heart, beating louder and ever higher, and a nameless fear overcomes him.

He secures his skiff more firmly to the old willow, and

creeps slowly towards the Mill, where she dwells alone with her Father.

The mill-wheel stands still—ever greater grows his fear. At length he creeps up to the little casement, and peeps through the lower pane into the small chamber. He fancies he can distinguish two figures. With a slight pressure he forces open the frame, and in the dimly lighted room he beholds a sight, which freezes the very blood in his veins,—Elsbeth resting on the youth's bosom! Pressing his hand to his breast, for it is as were it pierced by the blade of a dagger, the sharp pang of love unspeakable—love betrayed.

He stands for a while rooted to the spot,—then hastily retraces his steps towards his boat; looses her moorings, and abandons her to the current, seating himself he buries his face in his hands, and hot tears stream from his eyes.

How long he was wafted hither and thither by the breeze he knew not. Suddenly from the shore, the tones of the youth's voice sound in his ear bidding him: "Lay to and ferry me over to Lahneck." Mechanically the unhappy man obeyed. The youth stepped into the boat, and ordered the fisherman to row fast, faster. Obedient to the strong arm of the boatman, the light skiff flew rapidly over the curling waves of the Lahn.

And the dissolute youth told how the fairest maiden in the land of the Archbishop, Elsbeth, the miller's daughter, had promised to be his mistress from the hour he returned to Lahneck, and he bade the fisherman await him each night, at the spot where he had just embarked; for he would visit the maiden each evening.

Tighter and tighter did the fisher's heart strings appear to grow. No word passed his lips as he sat with head bowed low;—suddenly a diabolical thought rushes through his mind, with a loud and fierce yell he determines to avenge his wrong. Madly he seizes the oar, and like an arrow from the bow of a sure marksman, the boat flies over the water. The black towers of Lahneck loom through the darkness.—Already the Junker fancies he can distinguish the light in the watchman's narrow cell, in the great tower he sees the huts in the village of Lahnstein—"lay to, ashore!" he cries to the fisherman.

"Never more!" returned the boatman with a strange and horrible laugh, "we will row to our love;" and with renewed vigour he forces the boat through the water.



"Hold!" cries the Junker, "there before us rushes the mad current of the Rhine! we shall perish!"

"Nay but we will row to our love!" answers the boatman, and exerts his whole strength to urge the skiff along.

Already the Junker hears the rush, the roar, of the Rhine stream. High above he sees the towers of Stolzenfels beyond the houses of Capellen. The fear of death overcomes him, and with wild terror he cries to the boatman: "Hold, change thy course or we are dead men!"

No sound passes the fisherman's lips. Soon as the wild, yellow waters of the Rhine boil round the boat, the fisherman rises from his seat and flings his oars far into the rushing river, and turning to the deadly pale, and trembling youth, he points to the depths below and speaks: "There, deep down mid the waters, is a cool bed for unhallowed love and broken faith!" And with a sudden movement he causes the skiff to rock for a moment, then, whirled round by the current it upsets, and both are struggling in the waves.

The Burggraf awaits his son's return, the widow awaits her boy—the Maiden, the coming of her lover. They come not all waiting is vain. Until the Rhine gives up her dead they shall be seen no more.

The truth dawns upon the Maiden—her conscience is awakened; she knows the tale. Tearing her hair wildly in the agony of her grief, she throws herself into the deep weir of the mill.

The Mother weeps for her son, until death frees her from her sorrow; the staff was broken over the grave of the Burggraf; for he was the last of his line; the heart of the old miller breaks for the loss of his child, and the waves of the Lahn keep silence, and babble not of the faithless one, who brought forth such endless grief.

In conclusion we may observe, that whilst many of their sisters on the banks of the Rhine have lost in importance, and decayed in prosperity, the two villages of Lahnstein have increased,—the chief cause of their flourishing condition may be sought in the fact that Ober-Lahnstein is a chief Station of the "Nassauische Staats-Eisenbahn."







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## THE KOENIGSBURG, STOLZENFELS AM RHEINE.

The beautiful Castle of Stolzenfels commands the lovely valley, which stretches from the dark mountains above the mouth of the Lahn, to its dark rocky entrance near Andernach, with all its Burgen, Castles, towns and villages. Proudly she stands upon her heights; proud as the eagle whose image is the armorial badge of her royal proprietor. Within a few years, King Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, whom death released after many years of severe suffering, caused a truly regal Castle, to be raised from amidst moss-grown ruins. It was his favourite residence on the fair Rhine, and was worthy of the honour.

Between the days of armed Roman soldiers, to the days when Prussia's King appointed magnificent feasts in honor of England's Queen; from the simple Roman tower on the cliffs, to the luxuriously fitted up apartments of this Castle what a succession of events, what a chain of circumstances, and what wonderful transitions of affairs have taken place in the course of centuries!

Even if one be not disposed, like the old Marquard Freher, to recognise Roman architecture in the ancient masonry, and to give every name a Roman twist, no one can deny their Romanish origin to either Stolzenfels or Capellen; for here the very stones have spoken.

The numerous Roman antiquities found in the vicinity of Capellen; the mile-stones and grave-stones; the Limes (wall) with its towers and houses—which may be traced from the Castle across the mountains to Bingen, and are still visible near the Burg—finally the great Roman road which leads past the Castle,—all these are unexceptionable proofs, that the Romans had a *Castella* on the site of the present Burg, or at least a watch-tower for the protection of the Roman camp at Capellen.

The strategical importance of a situation commanding the mouth of the Lahn, where a river-valley led into the territory of their enemies—the warlike Teutonic tribes—was not likely to escape the military acumen of the conquerors of the world. They were too well acquainted with the customs of their German enemy; the habit of approaching through wild valleys in which they themselves were concealed, in order to fall upon, and fiercely and with all force, overcome him in moments of complete



fancied security. With what wild rage the Germans fought, the Roman forts everywhere shew; regarded as they were as external tokens of disgrace and subjugation, the Teutons lost no opportunity of razing them to their very foundations. Would one have evidence of this, the condition of the Roman camp at Niederbiber will afford sufficient, if other in abundance was not to be found upon the Hunsruck, on the Mosel and in the Nahe province. The destruction probably began about the commencement of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Century.

Upon the foundations of Roman buildings a Chapel was erected in Capellen, dedicated to St. Mennues—the village took its name from the Chapel, as its Roman designation was lost.

High up on the rocky platform, stood the remains of the Roman building, overgrown with briars and nettles, until in the spirit of the warlike genius of his age, a belligerent Archbishop caused a bastion to be built on the spot. When this happened, or by whom the work was done, is unknown. We may however assume that it was carried out, before or soon after, the year 1242. A Latin M. S. states of an Archbishop: "he fortified Stolzenfels." That in the name Stolzenfels, the Roman nomenclature in its German dress, is echoed—cannot be avouched. Possibly it may be.

Archbishop Arnold, the second of his name, who sat upon the Chair of Trier, was a Graf von Isenburg. If he simply "fortified" Stolzenfels, a document of 1262 affords sufficient information. It is in the Archives of Coblenz; is set forth by Heinrich II. Archbishop of Trier, and relates to the indemnification of a Ritter Jacob, who was paid 400 Cölner Pfennige, for resigning the mortgage he held over Stolzenfels, which his uncle, the Propst Warner of St. Castor's Church in Coblenz had built. Whether Propst Warner built the Burg with his own funds, or for Archbishop Heinrich, is unknown. If Arnold II simply "fortified" it, there is proof sufficient that it was already in existence, although not adapted to the object in view, and Warner only supplied funds, which passed to his nephew, with the Burg in mortgage.

Be this as it may it is impossible to decide it. The Burg there is no doubt was small, and even in later, middle-age days not extensive. This might be questioned from the circumstance that Friedrich II. received his bride, the beautiful Isabella of England, at Stolzenfels, and that on this occasion, as the Chro-

nicle relates, there was much dancing, drinking and eating, in short much banqueting, and that a large suite resided in the Burg; but it must be taken into consideration that our middle-age predecessors were content with very moderate accommodation, wherewith however they contrived to live, love and be merry. All buildings of olden days go to prove this, and it appears almost incomprehensible, when we peruse documents of the day, and consider the numerous noble families who held fiefs in the castle, how they could find room in Burgen, which according to our views are miserably small and confined.

The extension of the Burg was made at various times, on no inconsiderable scale. That the Castle possessed no well of its own, was, especially in time of war, a great drawback. Hence great care was bestowed upon the channels by which it was supplied with water, and many difficulties overcome in securing it.

Stolzenfels lay not far distant from the spot, where the Electors of the Empire met to choose their sovereign, (*the Königsstuhl near Rhense.*)

Burg Lahneck on the right bank, as Landburg of Mainz, protected the extreme boundary of the diocese and served as a residence for the Kurfürst; the Pfälzer had his seat in the Marxburg; in the Burg of Rhense abode he of Cöln. From these seats of their Courts ran, prior to an Imperial election, thousands of secret threads, up and down, hither and thither, all merging in one centre; the Königstuhl. Could, under such circumstances, the Trierer alone be absent? His Rhine frontier his elective influence; jealousy of the other Rhenish Electors, peremptorily demanded his having a splendid seat in the neighbourhood, could a more beautifully, a more favourably (for secret maneuverings) situated position, be found than Stolzenfels afforded?

And so the idea of converting Stolzenfels into an offensive and defensive position, and of adopting it for a splendid residence was realised. A beginning was made, and as the spiritual Princes were rarely at a loss for money, Stolzenfels soon stretched itself up and around. The walls were extended, and the towers were built. Halls and apartments were extravagantly luxurious; to surpass those of their neighbours was the chief aim. At the very next election the magnificence of the Burg was displayed to the astonished assembly, and the Kurfürst



with his Councillors, who resided here, did his part valiantly, to weave the web of which the Imperial mantle was wrought.

Prior to the Election and during the same, such feasts as had never before been held, were celebrated in Stolzenfel's halls.

The brilliant period for Stolzenfels, fell in the days when the "Lion of Luxemburg" the cunning and warlike Baldwin, sat on the archiepiscopal throne of Trier. During his episcopacy the Electors assembled more than once in Stolzenfels. About him, the haughty, ambitious, and splendour loving, Archbishop, who was by no means insensible to worldly pleasures, and of whom it was said by them of olden time: "he rather smote with the sword than blessed with the Cross," assembled Grafen and Knights, Abbots, Propsts, and Quardiane, to partake of luxurious feasts and enjoy pleasures of all kinds. Here he entertained Edward III. of England, and John, the blind King of Bohemia, when feast succeeded feast in rapid succession. Probably few Castles can boast of having twice entertained English sovereigns, and once as a bride; a Princess of this land, nor indeed of having been so often honoured by the presence of crowned heads, as can Stolzenfels—and indeed one is almost disposed to recognise as a matter of right, the repetition of the splendours of old days, which has taken place of late.

When in August of 1400 Pfalzgraf Ruprecht was elected Emperor at Rhense, he hastened from the Kaiserstuhl to Stolzenfels, where on the Rhine bank, the Kurfürsts of Cöln and Trier, solemnly received him. This event is commemorated in a fresco, painted on the east wall of the Burg, by Lasinzy of Coblenz.

The Burg was inhabited and defended by Burggrafen and Burg-men, when the Kurfürst was absent, who added to the brilliance of his suite when he resided there. Some of the noblest and most highly esteemed aristocratic houses, of the Rhenish and Mosel Provinces, were represented in their ranks.

Upon the occasion of a visit paid by the Emperor Heinrich VII. to his powerful brother Baldwin, who resided in Stolzenfels whilst wearing the episcopal robes, he gave him the right of levying a toll, a source of wealth often resorted to in those days, which amply and after an enduring fashion, repaid the cost of entertaining Imperial Majesty. It was levied in Capellen. In order to make sure of it Baldwin found it neces-

sary to strengthen the village with walls and towers. They were immediately connected with the advanced works of Stolzenfels, and formed with it a grand fortification. Subsequently the Zoll was levied in Coblenz, and not abolished until Prussia lent a hand, to free the Rhine traffic from a Middle Age thrall. The chief victims or sufferers from the toll, were the Spice-merchants, or Lombard merchants, and the Jews, in whose hands the principal trade lay.

The Lombards' chief mart and magazines were in Bingen, whence they carried on a considerable trade through the Nah Thal—with France, no inconsiderable business was done with Switzerland by way of the Rhine, whither their Transalpine brethren came with trains of pack-horses. With few exceptions every Burg on the Rhine levied tolls, notwithstanding which the profits must have been enormous; for the Lombards in Bingen possessed immense wealth, and played precisely the same rôle with the Emperors, Kings and Princes of those days, as do the Rothschilds of our own—and not to their own detriment!

With Baldwin's death, Stolzenfel's glory was dimmed for a while. Less frequent reference is made to it in M. S. S. of the period, a proof that the Electors resided there, less frequently than of yore. Boemund II. visited the Burg seldom, and the bold, predatory Kuno von Falkenstein led a life far too unquiet and roving, to admit of his resting long in any special place. In 1367 on the contrary, the Burg was the scene of the negotiations, preceding the reappointment to the vacated See of Cöln, and henceforward the Castle obtained some of its former importance.

Archbishop Werner often sojourned long in this his favourite Castle, generally choosing the lovely days of Spring and Autumn, and in such times noisy mirth and gaiety was the order of the day. Perhaps in giving these great and luxurious feats, the Archbishop's object was to refute a current report, that he here held dealings with the masters in the black art—even, with the assistance of the arch-fiend himself; that he manufactured gold, and expended much time in search of the Philosopher's Stone, which gave to him who possessed it never-dying youth; unfading health; enabled him to find all treasures, and protected him from the hand of death. This faith in the black art was the psychological epidemic of the age, and not wholly unfounded were the suspicions attaching to the Archbishop.



Sad was it for his sacred calling, that the superstition of the people gave credit for being leagued with the devil, to all who dabbled in science, as for instance the hero of the folk's tradition; the King of wizards, Dr. Faust, is reputed to have held intimate relations with, and finally to have been carried off by, Satan in person.

Such days and nights of gaiety and merriment, shortened by wine and high play, as Stolzenfels enjoyed under the Archbishop returned no more. The sovereign's favour was withdrawn. Kuno had built the prettily situated Engers, John II. Schloss Kärlich; the proud Ehrenbreitstein attracted by its situation and security, even subsequent to the invention of powder, and the totally changed system of war, offered advantages possessed by no other Burg.

In the year 1432 a hurricane of unparalleled violence swept through the Rhine valley, tearing the roof from the Trit (chief-tower) and hurling it into the river. This was a truly prophetic event for the Burg. Only once again does history tell of earlier days of splendour, pomp and gaiety. This was when Graf Gerhard of Sayn celebrated his nuptials with Elsbeth von Syrk, niece of Archbishop Jacob I. it was however but a flash of summer lightning, the key-stone to days of past glory. No longer did tones of merriment; but often enough the din of war, resound through her halls, when in 1430 the sanguinary struggle for the archiepiscopal chair of Trier was brought to a conclusion. At the final settlement of the question, the Burg fell to Graf von Manderscheidt; subsequently it lapsed to the Archbishop of Trier; but now began the series of mortgages, for now was the time when money was scarce. The Burg passed literally from hand to hand, even the Burggrafen, the feoffees of the Archbishop, held it in mortgage, yes a time actually came when it stood unoccupied. So the Burg of necessity suffered—falling gradually into a state of ruin.

Ever more fiercely gnawed the tooth of time, and carried on his depredations externally and internally, and at the epoch of the unholy Thirty Years' War it was in a ruinous condition. What happened to it during those days is not recorded, but any one acquainted with the destructions and desolation, caused in the lovely valley of the Rhine during those thirty years, well knows that scarce a Castle was left unscathed, untaken. That Stolzenfels was as yet not a complete ruin, is evident from the

fact, that the troops of Louis XIV. of France, stationed at Montroyal on the Moselle, attacked and razed it.

Since those days the Burg remained unnoticed, and was a stately ruin; only the eye of the Rhine traveller rested upon it as a picturesque point in the landscape, and human avarice, guided by the finger of superstition, rummaged among the briar hidden ruins for imaginary treasure, supposed to have been buried here by the Kurfürsten, more especially by Archbishop Werner.

Under French domination it was regarded as state-property, and exchanged for land with Coblenz, and the town presented it to their beloved Crown-Prince, the late King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. during his visit to the Rhine provinces in 1823.

The magnificent situation of the Burg had raised the idea of restoring it; in the Prince's mind the idea still lived, when he came to the crown.

Scarce had he returned to his royal home in 1823, when the famous Architect Schinkel was sent to the Rhine, in order to prepare his plans on the spot itself. His well-known masterly hand had soon completed his sketches, which he laid before the Prince whose entire approval they obtained. In 1825 roads were levelled, and the ruins were cleared, but not until 1836 was the work, according to Schinkel's designs, begun in earnest under the superintendence of Colonel von Wussow. The work was so far complete in 1842, as to allow the Royal pair to receive the Queen of England within the walls, on their return from laying the foundation stone of Cöln Cathedral—receiving her within walls where once a King of England had sojourned, and where a fair virgin of England's royal house, had once worn her bridal wreath. Again the world was filled with the noise of the glory of feasts, given by the Royalty of Prussia to England's sovereign lady—and all eyes turned towards Stolzenfels!

Extensive and magnificent is the restored Burg. Even if from the Rhine below its extent is suspected, no idea can be formed of its size, its splendour, or its interior magnificence.

From Capellen, passing the new Church, which has been erected on the site of the Menues Chapel, crossing a pretty viaduct, the road leads by a winding path to the so-called "Clause," where a gate-tower and some adjoining buildings, form a kind of advanced works. Here begins the "Burgfrieden" or "Burg-



bann" (castle-ward. The arms of Prussia with the ancient traditional eagle, inform the wanderer of the fact.

By an easy road, where at spots, whence fine views may be had, are placed benches, one reaches a draw-bridge, and enters through a gate-tower and gate-house, the Courtyard or rather fore court. To the right amidst fine groups of plants, one ascends to a side-hall, leading to the lower flight of rooms, here we find kitchens, offices &c. and the rooms for servants and butlers. Above this story are the chambers and apartments of the royal proprietors, and their guests. The Centre-tower standing prominently out on the East side, contains the Ritter Saal, above this the great dining hall, and above this with lovely views, the apartments for the Queen.

Stretching out, far from this tower, lies the exquisite Chapel in the purest German (Gothic) style. Two elegant towers adorn it, and from the flat roof, arranged as a terrace, a glorious view of the Rhine valley, the mouth of the Lahn, and the surrounding country lying at the spectators feet, may be had.

Near the Centre-tower, rises the tower with a winding staircase. The principal wing of the Burg stretches from it to the Elisen-tower, towards the Rhine, the beautiful summer hall, the great Ritter-saal above it, and higher still the Queen's apartments. Stretching hence westwards rises a handsome building. Below it the pillared steps divide the pretty Schlossgarden, from the Courtyard proper.

This wing contains the apartments of the King, which are continued in a direction from North to South, and include apartments for the suite. At the north side, where the castle wall bounds the garden, rises the "Adjutanten Tower."

After the above cursory view of the general plan, we will proceed to take a glance at the interior. It will only be possible to refer summarily to what is most note-worthy, as there is an endless list of remarkable objects. The Royal apartments are distinguished by their extreme simplicity. Exquisite antique painted glass adorns the windows. The furniture is partly old, partly of antique pattern, but of modern workmanship. Some fine pictures hang on the walls, and some exceedingly good bronzes ornament the mantel-pieces. Everything is simple, tastefully arranged, and valuable from its intrinsic worth.

The special apartment of the lord of the Castle merits careful examination. The windows are filled with stained glass em-

blazoned with the arms of former Burggrafen of Stolzenfels. Some magnificent and costly articles of vertu are to be found here, among others a splendid antique Greek Crucifix of crystal, a group of adoring Saints in white marble, of the eighth century, in the absence of proof positive, the assumption is that it originally stood over a grave. An antique and truly exquisite oak Cabinet dates from the 17<sup>th</sup>, and a handsome table from the 14<sup>th</sup> century, a chest or coffer, covered with fine carving is known to have belonged to a lord of Stolzenfels, one Ritter Bajer, or Bejer, von Boppard. This coffer is certainly one of the finest and best preserved among existing carved cabinets and is of double value, from having formed part of the original furniture of the Burg.

In all the rooms, peculiarly beautiful, antique wood-carving is to be found, and many a treasure of art meriting notice. If space did but permit us to indulge our enthusiasm in their description! In one apartment is to be found an artistically finished carved money, or jewel, box, once opened and used by the fair hand of the Empress Maria Theresia.

Most of the windows are decorated with numerous specimens of the choicest, antique, stained, glass in remarkably good preservation.

For situation, views, and interior decoration, the apartments of the august lady of the Castle, may be called the pearls of the Burg. Here in the windows are gems of stained glass, the pannels of the walls are the most exquisite; the furniture the choicest antique. One room contains a good copy of the famous picture of Cologne Cathedral by Beckenkamp. Two pictures rivet the eye; one the portrait of an ancestor of the Royal House, Eitel Friedrich von Zollern, from the pencil of Albert Dürer, and the other that of his wife, not less well painted, by an unknown masterly hand. Of other art treasures there is great store. Probably to most visitors, the most interesting apartment in the Burg, will be the Rittersaal, on account of the antique treasures it contains. Upon the handsome old tables, strong and uncompromising as were the days of their origin, one sees primitive weapons of war of remarkable workmanship, the "Stamm-buch" (album) of the Grafen and Dukes of Cleve, of the year 1661, a considerable collection of armour, shields, helmets, swords, crossbows, daggers &c. decorate the walls. The cabinet, containing goblets, beakers, of which many have a double worth from the



fact that they were the veritable drinking cups of persons historically famous, is calculated to detain the spectator for hours, not less so the painted-glass of the hall windows. The wealth is so vast that the eye can only observe the most important objects.

The small cabinet adjoining merits special attention. It is of heptagonal form. Here is found the choicest and costliest specimen, of the choice and costly collection, of stained glass. It represents the Crucifixion of our Lord, anything more beautiful in design, colour and effect has hardly been handed down to us, or could be found elsewhere!

The arms preserved in the comparatively narrow space of this little room, will be of infinite interest to most observers—attractive less perhaps from their number, than from the historical interest attaching to them. What reminiscences of wonderful events are awakened in their contemplation! What remarkable figures pass in procession before the mind's eye! Here hang two swords, once wielded by the hand of Poland's heroic King, John Sobiesky, who in 1683 saved Vienna, and with it all Germany, from an inundation of merciless Turks, led by the Grand Vizier Cara Mustapha; here hangs the ivory-hilted Damascene blade of the first Napoleon, which he wore in Egypt; there the sword of Tilly, of bloody and fearful memory, he who ravaged Magdeburg, and for those who implored him to stem the plundering, and stay the slaughter of its unhappy inhabitants, had but one answer: "The soldier must be amused!"

There hangs the dagger of the Duke of Alba, the sanguinary tyrant, who in the name of Philipp II. of Spain, shed streams of innocent blood; whose executioners had more to do than his private Secretary.

We cannot refrain from referring to an extraordinary theft perpetrated here lately, the thief must have entered from outside. It is a curious circumstance, not without significance, that the only object stolen, was Napoleon's rapier!

However great the temptation, we must refrain from discussing each separate arm; for indeed, they are so numerous, and the historical reminiscences attaching to them so manifold and suggestive, as to preclude the possibility of giving even a cursory account of them.

The masterly frescoes of the Düsseldorf artist Stilke in the Rittersaal must not be passed over. In a series of historical

paintings they represent the virtues of knighthood. John, King of Bohemia, at the battle of Cressy represents, Valour; Hermann of Siebeneichen, sacrificing himself for the noble Emperor Friedrich den Rothbart, (the Red-beard); Fidelity, the Emperor Rudolph von Habsburg, restoring the peace of the country by punishing the robber-knights, Justice; Godfrey of Bouillon, entering Jerusalem, Resolution, and the meeting of the Emperor Friedrich II. with his affianced bride Isabella of England, Love. On the walls are portrayed the patron Saints of chivalry, Sts. George, Gercon, Moritz and Reinold. The impersonation of Minstrelsy is not less admirable. Not in the Rittersaal alone have painters adorned the walls and ceilings, but in the other chambers and apartments too, they have carried out the thoughts and suggestions of their royal master, in an artistic and masterly manner. A large and plentifully supplied fountain in the not large, but pretty garden of the Burg, gives an air of coolness, and affords a draught of good water.

In a special hall of antiquities is preserved everything found at Capellen, or in the vicinity of the Burg, which relates to it either under the Romans, or in the Middle Ages. Though there is nothing very remarkable or rare, the objects are not without interest when taken in their connection with the Castle.

On all sides the Castle is surrounded by pleasant grounds, which aid in rendering it a pleasant place of abode, inviting as they do to agreeable walks and long sojourns, in the pure, fresh, mountain air.

The views from the Castle are magnificent on all sides.

To the east the eye rests upon the fair spot, where the Lahn and the Rhine unite. Lahnstein, with Burg Lahneck and the glimpse into the mountains, whence the Lahn issues, afford a picture of rare beauty. To the south one gets a peep of the wild rocky, Rhine valley, whence the river flows majestically from amid dark mountains. But the richest view of all, is doubtless the one towards the north and north-east. There lies the beautiful basin of Neuwied before the eye, closed in by the black rocky fastness of Andernach, bounded on the north by the heights of the Maifeld and of the Lacher Sea, on the east by wooded mountains, throwing into relief a white spot: Monrepos, the country residence of the Princes of Wied. More in the foreground lie Neuwied, and the Weidbach Iron Works, Burg Sayn, the verdant islands in the Rhine, here and



there villages, and the proud Ehrenbreitstein, whose fortifications extend almost to Stolzenfels, Coblenz with its new and imposing railway-bridge, and its bridge of boats, thronged by an endless stream of passengers. Amidst this rich and lovely landscape winds the silver thread of the Rhine, peopled with rafts, skiffs, sailing vessels, and steamers, and along the foot of the mountain tears the snorting steam-horse; the locomotive, Rhine upwards, and on the right bank of the river we see another, speeding his way downwards.

But reader no tradition adorns Stolzenfels with green freshness, and fair blossom. Grave History cradled her in her arms; nourished her at the breast, and wound her wreaths around her walls. When History speaks, Tradition keeps silence. The noble restorer is released from his troubles, and fallen asleep in the love and fear of his Lord. In his will he bequeathed his favourite Castle on the Rhine to his widow, the Queen, in remembrance of the many happy days passed within the walls.

## COBLENZ AND EHRENBREITSTEIN.

In the Rhine province it is the three larger towns which must more particularly rivet our attention; they are all on the left bank of the river, and have attained a height of prosperity which could scarcely have been anticipated for them. Whilst the smaller towns having played the part of Cinderella, have not, nor could expect to have, the advantages enjoyed of necessity by their sister towns; Coblenz, Bonn and Cologne, which have flourished and prospered. Such indeed is the usual course of historical development.

Whoever knew Coblenz 60 years ago, and will consider the present aspect of the place, will marvel at the strange change brought about by time and circumstances, will wonder at the development into a large town, and gratefully recognise the merits of the Prussian government, which brought about the brilliant transformation.

Although Cöln may with justice designate herself the commercial metropolis of the Province, Coblenz is nevertheless the metropolis of government and military power; whilst Bonn is





*Fabrik und Eisenindustrie.*

Von Julius Neuhoff in Wiesbaden.





the metropolis of science and learning—positions, which none will deny to any of the three towns. May then none envy the other, nor look askance at the prosperity of its sister!

To which side soever one's eye turns, whether to the proud and defiant Ehrenbreitstein; to the row of stately buildings on the Rhine side of the town; to the two bridges spanning the river, of which the permanent one, notwithstanding its simplicity, leaves a grand impression; to the strong forts bristling with cannon, or to the advanced works of the fortification; on all sides evidence of strange life and customs is visible, riveting the attention of the spectator, and reminding him that this is the key of the land, yea, of the interior of Germany, a part of that "Watch on the Rhine", which, though it may not be compared with Sebastopol, yet may like that fortification fall before modern artillery; and nevertheless be a stumbling-block, not to be despised, in the enemy's path; a garrison capable of receiving an army in such a way, as to awake a sense of doubt in an enemy's mind.

It is more particularly the military character of the place, which incessantly strikes the visitor on all sides, for ever soldiers, and soldiers again—they form the predominating element in the busy throng. Under foreign domination the Prefects—(among whom the noble-minded Lezay—Marnesia may be gratefully remembered—whose seat Coblenz was) brought profit to the town, though not so general nor so considerable, as that enjoyed by the city since it has become a seat of Prussian government. Steamboats and railways by bringing a constant succession of strangers to the place, contribute not a little to the maintenance of prosperity, and if the fortifications permitted, such extension would rapidly increase to a degree, which under present circumstances, is unattainable.

Confluentes, corrupted into Coblenz, was the Roman name, with which we are familiar since the Commander of the Roman army of defence, was ordered to establish his camp here. It is scarcely credible that the Trevirer, whose dwellings stretched to this distance, would fail to take advantage of the favourable position for a colony, supplied by the junction of the Mosel and Rhine. It is uncertain as we have no documentary evidence. It may be at present, haply for ever, regarded as mere assumption, to say that the Romans soon after their arrival, erected a Castell on the Mosel; this need scarcely be doubted, as the probability is so



great. That it *occurred subsequently is certain*; as a permanent camp of the Legion defending the left bank, it would of a surety, not remain long unprotected by fortifications. Ammianus Marcellinus states that during his march down the river, he found a Castell at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle. Were we not in possession of such information, the Roman remains dug from the ground, would be evidence sufficient, of their having had a camp here. Whether the Roman Station ever attained any importance is doubtful; in the Middle Ages the place struggled in vain to obtain a position; for great political movements and ecclesiastical assemblies, were but passing meteoric phenomena, which though they have put money into circulation, could have no effect in producing a state of permanent prosperity, as their influence, like their occurrence, was but passing, and so soon as they had gone by, the stream of life flowed on in its ancient and sluggish fashion.

The old part of the town stretches more in the direction of the Mosel, where dark and gloomy walls frown upon the passenger, who has survived the desperate slowness of a Moselle voyage.

Of the earliest days of the town, namely Roman ones, nothing interesting is known, and yet here may have been debated and decided, many an event of interest, considering the fact, that Caesar sojourned in the neighbourhood (if not here) when he, probably from Engers, led his troops into transrhinish Germany; where Roman dominion found its grave for ever; the burial-place over which the sad epitaph: "Varus, restore to me my Legion!" was spoken by Imperial lips.

If reminiscences of these events, occurring prior to our Lord's birth (55 B.C.), carry us far back, we are greeted in subsequent centuries by records of warlike times—true they tell of struggles on the plains, extending from the mouth of the Moselle to Andernach, but of a surety they passed not over the old Confluentes, German: Coblenz, without leaving some trace of having been. Places situated at the extremity of the scenes of bloody warfare, can rarely boast of blessings following the progress of war—and verily Coblenz is no exception to the rule, though it may have ample opportunities of mourning over a reverse condition of things. Two momentous events, fraught with consequences, followed each other so closely, as to preclude the assumption that the town came out scatheless.

The former of these was the sanguinary struggle between Carl des Kahlen (the Bald) and Ludwig der Deutsche (the German) upon the plains on the left of the river, and scarcely a decade later, a devastating force rolled through the land, the bold and barbarous Norsemen sailed up the river in their boats, and the cry; The Normannen! was a cry of terror sufficient to empty entire villages, and to drive the inhabitants with all their moveable property into the ravines of the neighbouring hills, or into the protecting gloom of the forests. On their return to the old and beloved haunts, they found their peaceful dwellings transformed into smouldering ruins;—for these northern barbarians were wont to desolate with sword and fire, every spot of ground over which their feet trod, and did the inhabitants remain rather than fly, their blood flowed, and they might reckon on no mercy.

Coblenz hardly fared better than many other Rhenish towns, which fell into the irresistible power of these monsters, whose coming and going made such deep wounds.

The stretch of bank referred to is remarkable, as having been the scene of very momentous events, and her fertile soil has drunk in vast quantities of human blood, in the course of years extending over many centuries, and reaching into days still remembered by some living. The end of the 12<sup>th</sup> and beginning of the 13<sup>th</sup> century, beheld the contention for the German crown between the Welfs and the Hohenstaufen; the Thirty Years' War spent one of its paroxysms of fury here, and if these events transpired in the third decade of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, it closed with the devastation (of which Coblenz came in for its share) committed by murderous bands under Louvois, who was stationed permanently at Montroyal, besides having the privilege of entertaining members of the Royal family of France, and a number of inflated and profligate French nobles, during the Revolution. With these individuals arose the historical "Voyage à Coblence". It is characteristic of the tone and bearing of the French Princes in Coblenz, that a story, utterly without foundation in fact, obtained general credence—it was to the effect that Count Artois picked a slater from the roof of a house, to prove his skill as a marksman. Though the above is utterly untrue—it is seldom that such stories obtain currency without some foundation for their fabrication having existed.



The war of the Spanish Succession left traces of itself on Rhenish soil, the revolutionary wars of 1790 not less evident ones.

Although Neuwied was in effect more victimised than was Coblenz, reference must yet be made to the above circumstances, inasmuch as Coblenz, Andernach and Neuwied form the frontiers of the sanguinary field of battle; and the latter, so far as its presence caused it to be dragged into the bloody campaign, had like Coblenz and Andernach, much to suffer and to bear; but it is the younger of the three, and youth is in its favour.

Coblenz developed slowly, but as 'tis said steadily. The Archbishop of Triers did not fail to recognise the magnificent position of the town, and so early as 1280, Heinrich von Vinstingen began to build a Castle near the Mosel Bridge; which bridge as it now exists, with the exception of the tower, was only built in subsequent days. Archbishop Baldwin erected the it in 1344. The tower is of modern date. That earlier still the shores of the Mosel were united by a bridge may be assumed, whether it was of Roman foundation, cannot be ascertained, nor whether Baldwin built his new bridge on an ancient substructure.

The Burg was a thorn in the side of the irritable Coblenzers, for they regarded it, probably not without some foundation, as an archiepiscopal prison. Hence they were not disposed to allow its erection, and as the citizens here, as elsewhere on the Rhine, were awaking to a sense of their power, they rose up in a fierce revolt, provoked by the Archbishop's tyrannical bearing, and his frequently exhibited severity. In the meantime the citizens' blood had been shed in vain, the obnoxious Burg was built, and continued to be a thorn in the flesh of the citizens, nor had any succeeding revolt the effect of softening Archbishop Henry of Vinstingen, or rendering him more kindly disposed towards the people. He abhorred the privileges which had been conferred from time to time, and endeavoured to curtail them. What became of love?

Another event of historical importance is connected with this Burg—a source of great evil having bloody consequences. Kurfürst Lothar von Metternich, here founded that "Liga" of which the bloodthirsty Tilly was the head. His statue in bronze stands in the "Feldherrnhalle", (Marshalls' Hall) in Munich, of

which it was once observed: "The hall is too large for the heroes, and the heroes too small for the hall". The special happiness of the remark must strike every one, both with regard to the hall itself and—its history.

The Castle subsequently came into possession of the wealthy Graf Kesselstadt, the richest noble family in the Rhēnish provinces, and Kurfürst Clemens Wenzeslaus built himself another better suited to the age, and better adapted to the sphere in which he moved. It rose from its foundations, between 1778—1786 and is still a royal residence. He only inhabited it for a short time, but in 1792 it accommodated the "Voyageurs à Coblenz", the two Princes: Counts Artois and Provence, and was the rendezvous of those French emigrants, whose memory wheresoever they sojourned, was no blessed one. Here the wildest plans for restoring the French monarchy were concocted, to which the tragic end of the royal family for a time put a stop, and which were rendered futile by an inundation of the Rhine provinces with "Sansculottes". Henceforth until 1814, the left bank of the Rhine was lost to Germany.

Subsequent to the division of the Empire, Coblenz became the seat of the Prefectures of the Rhine and Moselle departments, and of a school of law on the French model. It was several times visited by Napoleon I. without any apparent blessing marking his stay here, as indeed may be generally observed elsewhere.

In the early period of the days during which the French fermentation was still in progress, and whilst in French hands, the Castle was converted into a Lazareth, and afterwards into barracks, in which process the magnificent interior was completely destroyed. The Prussian government undertook the restoration; of late days it has been used as a royal palace. It is exceedingly simple in all its fittings. Queen Augusta occasionally inhabits it, to the great joy and satisfaction of the Coblenzers.

Among the buildings of the town, one which attracts well merited attention, is the Church of St. Castor. A thousand years, with all their accompaniments of bloodshed, have rolled by since its erection. It was consecrated in 836 by Hetto, Archbishop of Trier.

Within her walls, Ludwig the Pious bowed the knee before the King of Kings and Lord of Lords; but Heinrich IV.,



laden with the bann of the Church, was not permitted to enter her gates during Advent of 1106, when the unnatural son sowed the seeds of the rebellion, which terminated in his father's capture, and the seizure of the King in Klopp near Bingen, where he was denied the consolations of religion at the holy festival of Christmas. A dark page in Rhenish history!

Another sight was presented when Ludwig the Bavarian received the homage of the Princes, a ceremony followed by the celebration of High Mass, on the open space before the Church in 1338. We may here refer to the legend, averring that during the solemnity an eagle soared in the air, and long flew in circles over the heads of the assembled Princes. It is evident that in 1338 the race of flatterers already existed, who perhaps; for eagles were rare birds in these parts, mistook a bird of a meaner tribe, for a royal eagle. In any case the discoverer would have merited, and doubtless received a decoration, for as in our own days such blessings were obtainable, and merit was rewarded.

The venerable building has unmistakably been restored, though parts of the original structure are yet visible. It contains the tomb of Graf Cuno von Falkenstein, with whom we have so frequently come into contact in our Rhenish history, (more especially in connection with the Castles) it is a magnificent work of art, with a curious picture painted on a gold ground, as was the fashion of those days. The painter of the picture is unknown, though connoisseurs ascribe it to the most famous artist of the age, to Master Wilhelm von Cöln. Proofs, as a matter of course, there are none; neither name nor monogram verifies it; the assumption is said to be justified by comparison with the Master's authenticated works in Cöln. By whomsoever the picture was painted, it is, and will continue to be, a valuable treasure of art.

We must not omit notices of two fountains, the one from its being a record of the kindly nature of Kurfürst Clemens Wenzeslaus, by whom it was erected, and dedicated according to the inscription: "to my neighbours", the other, the Castor Brunnen, on account of the stinging irony of the two inscriptions. The last of the French Prefects, Monsieur Doazan, anxious to secure a memorial both to his Emperor and to himself, caused the inscription: "An: 1812, mémorable par la Campagne contre les Russes. Sous le préfectorat de Jules Doazan"

—to be cut on the fountain. When on January 1<sup>st</sup> 1814, the Russian General Saint Priest marched into Coblenz, and was informed of the inscription, he ordered the words: “Vu et approuvé par nous, Commandant Russe de la ville de Coblenz. Le 1. Jan. 1814”—to be added, thus furnishing an historical completion, and simultaneously a happy commentary on Monsieur’s Doazan’s inscription.

All old towns have, as is well-known, their tokens, concerning which masters catechise the wandering apprentices, in order to keep these boastful, though peaceful knights, somewhat in check, who would try to persuade unwary employers of their having gained experience in travel. Coblenz too has its token, the “Mann am Kaufhause” (the man on the Market-House). The figure represents a bearded man, with a morion on his head, who stands below the clock, surveying the town. At each oscillation of the pendulum he turns his eyes, and when the hour strikes opens wide, his not insignificant mouth.

Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein can no longer be thought of apart from one another, the fortifications unite them inseparably, and two bridges maintain the communication, although on the right bank of the river laws and institutions are in force different from those governing the left. Strange it is, that in two places whose garrisons wear the *same* uniform, belong to *one* land and *one* kingdom, and in fact, constitute *one* town, such a marked line of separation should be drawn, rendering them apparently the children of two States, of two epochs.

The hill upon which the fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein are built, is of very respectable altitude, 562 Prussian feet above the sea-level, and the summit of these rocks might prove, were Coblenz in the enemy’s hands, an exceedingly unpleasant neighbour, should Krupp’s new fashioned rifled; or old fashioned unrifled guns stationed there, hold converse in a language, comprehended by all nations of the earth.

The origin of the fortification on the hill-top is unquestionably very primitive; though the unfortunate “Soll” (is said) which plays so important and often so disagreeable a part in all history, obtrudes itself here, with doubtful shakings of the head. A Burg Ehrenbreitstein “is said” to have stood in 633, and the munificent hand of Dagobert, King of the Rhenish Franks, “is said” to have presented it to the Archbishop of Trier, for the protection of his far-stretching Rhine lands.



If this was the case the Archbishop of a surety did not scorn the gift, as such chances were not of frequent occurrence, and the Archbishops, who were lords of the land hereabouts, were perfectly at home in the stirrup, and not unacquainted with the sword and its uses. So much is certain, that the Archbishops were among its earliest proprietors, and that in 1018 the Emperor confirmed their title to it, together with certain rights which they held in and over Coblenz. So that there was some foundation, recognised as historically legal, upon which to ground the confirmation of these rights, otherwise it would have been no "confirmation", but a presentation.

Knights, and gentlemen enough dubbing themselves: "von Ehrenbreitstein", and probably deriving their names from the Burg, were to be found, but the line died out in the early days of the 13<sup>th</sup> century! They held the Burg in fief from the Archbishop of Trier.

Setting aside the fact that the possession of the Burg was of great importance to the Archbishops, in maintaining their supremacy and defending their territory in the days of constant feuds, it is not to be denied that it afforded a place of refuge, uniting in itself all that could be desired, when the struggles in the western division of the See waxed too warm, and from the loftiness of its situation, was especially adapted for hurling the thunderbolts of archiepiscopal wrath far and wide into the land in any direction.

At this period the Burg appears to have been but small, and not adapted to the Archbishops' purpose. So we find records of the extension of the defensive works, efficient restorations of the walls and dwelling rooms, and considering the lofty situation, what was of vast importance, arrangements for securing a supply of water, being carried out—large cisterns of improved construction were made, and when the work was complete, the Archbishop garrisoned the fort with good men and true. One of the garrison, Ludovicus de Palatio, son of one of the highest archiepiscopal officers soon observed, that notwithstanding the new buildings, the Burg was not strong enough, and built an addition on the south side of the old Castle, probably not of any very great extent. There can be no doubt that it was built with funds provided by the See, for he called it after his liege Lord: Hermannstein. Subsequently it received the appropriate name of: Helfenstein (Helpstone).

Although it is not to be supposed that the Minister of the Palace: Ludwig, built the Hermannstein out of his own funds and for his own advantage, it is nevertheless remarkable that only at the era of the Reformation do we find it recorded, that the Castle had lapsed to the See. The apparent contradiction may however, perhaps be explained by the assumption, that the Knight Ludwig held it as a personal fief from the See, and that with the extinction of his line it escheated. Whether no great store was set by it, or whatsoever may have been the reason, nothing was done to preserve it from decay, and it fell more and more to ruin.

In the eighth decade of the 15<sup>th</sup> century, the Burg was considerably extended by Kurfürst Johann, to whom the idea occurred that in the event of a lengthened siege, the store of water in the cistern would soon be exhausted. So he caused the famous well to be sunk, which did better service than the easily exhaustible cistern: it was for those days a gigantic exercise of engineering skill.

The experience of war, especially of the effect of heavy ordnance, ere long proved the inadequacy of the two original forts, whose defence no longer depended upon the display of personal valour; but on the superiority and projectile power of artillery. It was necessary to have advanced works, as far as might be, bullet-proof. To this end few fortresses were adapted. Ehrenbreitstein formed an exception. And so it became necessary to equip it in modern armour, and Maximilian von Pasqualin was commissioned to array it in a panoply of modern pattern. According to his plans, its appearance was made more nearly to approach that of our modern fortresses, and in the course of time (and millions), became what it now is. Do not modern guns put the permanent resistive capacity of all fortresses into question? Are not the forts of Düppel a new evidence of their insufficiency? And yet in face of these incontrovertible facts, we continually hear of the erection of new forts, whose very structure promises resistance. Is the day nearing when Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein will be overtaken by the fate, which overtakes all human calculation, when it arrives at the stage, where it becomes its own antithesis? Let us leave the decision to time! Although in early days Ehrenbreitstein was regarded as impregnable, or at least a position of such vast importance, that the Governor had not only to take an oath o



allegiance to his own sovereign lord; but to the Emperor and the Empire also; the fortress has twice succumbed to an enemy, though cunning is not superiority, and hunger a besieger none living have effectually resisted, *in fact* her virgin crown of honour, has not as yet been torn in fair fight from her brow!

She fell before cunning in the first half of the 17<sup>th</sup> century.

Kurfürst Philipp Christoph von Sötern it was who played the false part, holding with the French, into whose hands he hoped to deliver both Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein, whilst the Chapter of the Cathedral, whose Commandant had sworn fealty to Emperor and Empire, desired to retain possession of the fortress at all hazards. In order to wrest the fort from its defenders, he ordered a considerable body of the garrison to beset the Mosel Bridge, under the pretext of opposing an attack of the Spaniards, who, it is true, were not far off; but who had not the remotest intention of attacking Coblenz. The French who promptly responded to the secret summons of the Kurfürst, crossed the Rhine at Bingen, and following a circuitous route from Lorch to Montabaur, suddenly fell upon the small remaining garrison, to whom a defence of the Castle was simply a matter of impossibility. The Trierers threw open the gates, and the French marched in with colours flying. And down below on the Mosel bridge, the duped soldiers awaited the coming of the Spaniards, who as aforesaid dreamed not of coming. Five years subsequently, in its extremity, pale Hunger compelled the French garrison to capitulate to the Emperor.

Although as here stated, hunger brought about the restoration to the Emperor, there is yet another case whose details we will recount.

Ehrenbreitstein had a large enough share to bear of the horrors of the wars, which brought such plenitude of misery over the land; for four times did the French bombard the fortress. The first time in 1795, twice during June and July, 1796; and again in April of 1798, did the enemy invest the place, this time with more forces and energy; incited probably by the consciousness of mortified honour, the two preceding attempts having so wofully failed.

A man of honour was Commandant of the fortress, the brave Colonel Faber of Kurtrier, a man who knew well that a jewel of price had been entrusted to his keeping.

And he defended the jewel until all stores, and the last scrap of the last horse was consumed, and hollow-eyed Hunger stared the garrison, for whom was no hope of relief, in the face.

Not until now would the valiant man consent to treat for terms of capitulation, and the French who honour bravery in the foe, readily consented to Faber's condition of being allowed to withdraw, carrying with him bag and baggage, sword and gun, and above all with colours flying. Filled with mourning over his fate, the brave Commandant marched with his brave soldiers, out of the fortification on the 27<sup>th</sup> of January 1799, and his colours were flying, and his band played merrily and loud.

And right merrily did the French march into the empty eagle's nest on the lofty heights. They remodelled some of the Bastions, but when the Peace of Luneville was ratified, they blew up the whole of the fortifications à la Louis XIV., and indeed so effectually, that when the Prussians commenced the erection of the new forts, scarcely anything worth mention was left.

Subsequent to his discomfiture amid northern snow, Napoleon still cherished thoughts of resistance, he despatched engineers to Ehrenbreitstein, with orders to make plans of the position, with a view to rebuilding the fort: Saint Priest, who so magnanimously countersigned the Castor-Brunnen Bill of Exchange, also put a full stop to the yet unfinished scheme of the restless warrior, whose deposition put a climax to the matter, not as far as the Allies were concerned however, as the Prussians eagerly applied themselves to the task and carried it out energetically. The name of Aste and Huene are closely connected with the fortress, and well merit the distinction conveyed by the connection. The 15 Millions of Francs, which according to the terms of the Second Peace of Paris, the French were forced to pay for the reerection of the fortification, by no means covered the cost of restoring it to meet modern requirements. The actual cost was one probably fourfold exceeding the amount of the original sum.

The little town of Ehrenbreitstein, lying at the foot of the Burg, greets us with the designation: "Thal", applied, as we have already learned, to towns enjoying the immediate pro-



tection of a Burg. Up to the present day, the little Thalehrenbreitstein, is known in the Coblenz dialect as: "Thal".

The buildings which were formerly used as public offices for the authorities of Kurtriers—are now chiefly devoted to matters connected with the fortress and the garrison.

The view from the heights over the valley of the Rhine, and the extensive region of the Kuppen of the Maifeld and the Eifel, is grand and beautiful.

### BURG SAYN NEAR NEUWIED.

To the south of the peaceful valley in which lie the royal smelting-works of Sayn, where engines creak, and furnaces belch forth clouds of smoke; there rises a beautifully wooded hill, now converted into a park, whose shady paths lead up to the heights, whence may be had a view of the Rhine country, extending to the volcanic summit of the Eifel. A second view carries back into remote regions of time, for the eye rests upon the oldest ruin of the land, upon Castle Sayn, before whose walls we stand.

They are the remains of Burg Sayn, founded in remote ages, by an ancient line of Grafen who dwelt within the walls.

If we regard the comparatively small space occupied by the Castle, and judge it by the scale of what in our degenerate day constitutes "a comfortable residence", we shall scarcely comprehend how a family, their servants male and female, their vassals, and the inevitable mounted followers, could find accommodation of the meanest description. If to these are added "Gauerben", we arrive at the limits of our credulity. Another manner of life prevails, demanding other appliances. We, the remote Epigones, barely understand it! The comparatively circumscribed dwellings of Pompeii we can understand, the bright South calls for open air life; but here in the North? However it may be, the phenomenon meets us in all the ancient Burgen, and, remains a riddle difficult of solution.

A lofty "Warte", (tower) without doubt the "Frit" of the Castle, the last and most important defensive work, still stands,

and will for years to come, defy time and the elements. It is a handsome and a proud tower!

Tempted thereto by this tower, many have pronounced the original plan of the Castle to be Roman, and, without more ado, have ascribed it to Drusus. It is a matter of little difficulty to propound such hypotheses; but had all the Burgen and towers been built by the Roman Commander that are assigned to him, the number of forts generally admitted to have been erected at his order, instead of fifty, would have been doubled.

In favour of the view, the vicinity of the Roman camp in Niederbiber; the adjacent "Pfahlgraben"; the neighbourhood of the Rhine ford at Engers, and other circumstances are quoted; a little penetration suffices to shew how untenable are the hypotheses advanced.

It would indeed be more than remarkable if the Teutonic tribes, who with such ineradicable hatred destroyed the Roman Stations at Niederbiber, and razed the fortifications at Cunerstein-Engers, had spared this one. Where shall we search for and find reasons? In criticising Roman works, or those reputed Roman, identity of construction, especially of the so-called "Gusswerk", often deceives the uninitiated. Is it not possible that the Romans were the teachers of the Germans in this kind of work, who recognising its solidity and durable nature, imitated them in works intended for defence, or purposes of war? Were not the Germans either hired, or forced to work for the Romans, and did they thus learn the art? The Burg Sayn is not too modern to have been thus built, more especially in a district abounding with Roman works.

The Grafen von Sayn who inhabited this Burg were of exceeding ancient lineage, and were doubtless originally Grafen of the "Gau". An old genealogical tree of the House of Nassau, refers to one Graf "Friedrich von Syne" as founding the Burg on his return home from a campaign against the Moors in Spain; the Burg has all the appearance of greater age, and certainly is one of the most ancient on the Rhine, though no definite records afford evidence of the period of its foundation.

If the record may be relied on, it is possible that Graf Friedrich von "Seyne" repaired, rebuilt or enlarged the Burg.

Of the Counts von Sayn we find frequent mention made about the year 1112. In 1152 they made over their Burg to Archbishop Hillin, afterwards holding it from him in feudal tenure,



with an annual payment of one hundred pounds of Heller, (nine Heller equal a penny) on the condition that the fief, and the payment, should be tenable and hereditary, by or for heirs male or female—without the necessity of furnishing soldiers or paying military dues. From the above, it is very plain that even then the House was financially embarrassed, a condition of things the Archbishop alleviated; on the other hand, it is evident that the Archbishop attached considerable importance to possession of the Castle, and held the connection with the family in esteem. In these days tenures of the above description were rarely met with, subsequently we frequently meet with them; they afforded means of assisting both parties; the distressed Knights to money; the Archbishops to power and military aid.

The Burg was besieged in the feud between Otto, and Philipp of Swabia; but, notwithstanding every effort of the besiegers, was not taken. Alas that we cannot declare that the Castle had no share in the system of robbing and plundering so universally prevailing. From the shelter of her walls issued bands of "highwaymen", to plunder the merchants transporting their merchandise from Cöln to Bingen, where it was stored in the immense warehouses of the wealthy Lombards, by whom it was conveyed along the old Roman road, by way of Creuznach, Sobernheim, and hence across the Schwarzenberg near Meddersheim, to Alsace and France.

Two of the Grafen von Sayn stood in surpassingly bad repute in this respect. Graf Alcinward pursued his highmayman's vocation with unparalled effrontery, on, and in the vicinity of, the Rhine. The avenging hand of the Städtebund did not it would appear, extend so far down the river, and according to a saying of the day; Rudolph von Habsburg "only had the little thieves hung", though some big ones too, did not escape.

Still worse than the above named Graf von Sayn, was Graf Heinrich III. His conscience however smote him in his old age, and the: "He rests in peace!" was cut on his gravestone by his descendants, with the sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities, to whom he bequeathed what he had taken from the merchants, and who, accepting the bequest without any qualms, absolved the Graf from his guilt.

The House was frequently involved in the feuds of the line of Sponheim, with whom they were connected by marriage ties. In the disastrous battle of Sprendlingen, Sayn supported Spon-

heim against Mainz, and was compelled to share in the consequences entailed; though they did not belong to the Electorate, unless as "Gauerben", which they in fact were, of Burg Sponheim.

A right "manly" line was theirs, and as famous for their skill in martial exercises as for valour in the field. It is recorded of a certain Graf Sayn, yclept, on account of his courage: "Graf Eisenbart" that at a tournament at Trier, he stretched in succession six antagonists in the dust, received the valuable prize of honour, and the cognomen of "Unüberwindlich" (Unconquerable), a reputation of vast importance in those days.

The last male representative of the house died in 1246, when according to the agreement of 1152 with Archbishop Hillin, both Burg and jurisdiction passed over to the Countess Adelheid, who subsequently married Graf Johann von Sponheim. The splendid and merry marriage feasts, lasting several days, were much talked of in those days, and a legend is connected with them immortalising a brave Kreuznach name; that of Michel Mort, shield-bearer to Graf Johann von Sponheim; (sung by Prithe-mius; painted by "Master Müller"), who died a hero's death, for his master's sake, at the battle of Spredlingen.

Michel Mort was a vassal of Graf Johann, and a giant in stature and strength.

On account of his strength and size the Graf made him his shield-bearer in Castle Sponheim; he was a butcher by trade, but exchanged it right willingly for the not less sanguinary occupation of a soldier, following his masters in the frequent feuds in which they were engaged. His faithful attachment to his master; his unmatched strength and courage, won for him the love of his lord, who appointed him his immediate personal attendant by day and by night. In this capacity the faithful Michel Mort attended his lord on his marriage, and was merry and of a good heart, like all lords and vassals there present; for there was good cheer of all kinds, and the golden wine flowed in streams.

When now in the excitement of much wine, the lords sat together and told many a strange tale of danger, of love, of adventure, each began to boast of his own deeds and to tell of his own valour. Soon the bold deeds of others were talked of and Graf Johann was of the mind, that his shield-beaer would



without trouble put them all, and there were seven of them, bold men and valiant, who had broken many a lance, into sacks.

And the knights declared the Graf but jested, and spake not in earnest; he however stood by his words and offered to lay a wager upon them.

The wager was agreed on, terms made and the bet stood.—The forfeit was to consist of a butt of the choicest wine of Monzinger.

“My tongue thirsteth, for a draught of thy wine,” spake Graf Isenburg, a man of gigantic strength, who with a stroke of his sword had cleft more than one adversary in twain, and he added: “For such a prize it bethinketh me, t’were no shame to wrestle with a vassal!” and so spake the other knights also.

One condition was that all arms were to be laid aside, and the contest to be decided by hand and by “joint-oil”; but to none was it to be permitted to anoint his body with grease.

Graf Johann summoned his Squire.

Boldly and confidently did the giant youth appear before them. His splendid form gave evidence of his gigantic strength and more than one of the Lords made a long face as he reflected: he will of a truth put thee head foremost into thy sack! But the wager was laid and taken!

Even the Isenburger, the strongest of all, grew a little uneasy on beholding the broad shoulders and loins of Michel Mort.

“Give ear,” said Graf Johann smiling, “I have laid a wager with these noble lords here assembled; thinkest thou thou canst wrestle with, and having overcome them, can’st, in spite of themselves put each adversary head foremost into a sack?”

“Tis but sorry work to eat cherries with princes”, said Michel, “that thou knowest gracious Sire, and I am but thy squire and vassal,”

“Shouldst thou prevail thou hast thy freedom, I take ye all to witness!” cried the Graf; “besides this none may use his sword, and the noble lords pledge thee a knightly word they will bear thee no malice, and from each shalt thou receive three guldens in gold. Art thou content?”

“Sire,” cried Michel, for my part: “Verily, but the lords?”—?

All rose from their seats, and pledged themselves to respect the Graf’s terms.

All preliminaries were quickly adjusted; and then the Knights laid aside their arms, and their upper garments, and Michel Mort did as they. Seven long and wide sacks lay upon the floor of the hall, upon which soft carpets were spread. The wedding guests formed a ring about the wrestlers.

The struggle began, after Graf Isenburg had pledged himself to fight fair, and cherish no revenge in his heart.

The Isenburger was a powerful man. The ground, or rather the floor of the hall, groaned beneath the stamping of the combatants, and the windows shook in their frames.

Howsoever the Isenburger might exert himself to overthrow the youth, he was unable to accomplish it and suddenly lay on the floor, and ere he could recover his footing, Michel had seized the sack, drawn it over the Graf's head, lifted him up, and shook him well in. Unmeasured laughter shook the the hall. Michel Mort's next act was to release the imprisoned Graf, as quickly as possible from his uncomfortable position.

The successful issue of the first match enraged the Knight von Kobern. He fell furiously upon his antagonist, and his blows were not of the lightest. Mort remaining cool and calm accepted the blows without returning them, until seizing a favourable opportunity, he laid an iron grasp upon the Knight who was unable to free himself, and stretched him on the ground, in spite of every effort to escape his fate, the second sack was drawn over the head of the foam-mouthed victim. Again peals of laughter resounded, and the Graf von Sponheim laughed loudest of all. The only triumph Michel Mort permitted himself, was the satisfaction of seeing the Knight struggle a little longer in the sack than his predecessor.

The third in order was Ritter Nicolaus von Winneburg. Calculating upon Mort's exhaustion he made a furious onslaught, he was mistaken—and tried every device of the wrestler's art, which however Mort calmly and quietly frustrated, and the umpires cried: "Fair play Sir Knight, fair play!" But Mort had already dislodged the foot of the Knight upon which he mainly supported his weight, and cast him his whole length on the floor.—Mort never moved, until the Knight, was again on his feet.

"Now we will begin," said Michel, "but play fair Sir Knight!" The Ritter had, however, already got as much as he cared for; and the floor was hard in spite of the soft carpets. He nevertheless attacked Mort furiously, who seizing him gently under



his left arm; gave him a hug which forced a shout from him, and then quietly passed the sack over his head.

The other knights declined to enter the lists, and honestly paid their three gold crowns; but Mort not content with this, suddenly took one under each arm, and danced round the hall with them.

This increased the merriment, and banished the gloom from the faces of the conquered knights; when all was over, Michel Mort fell on his knee, and humbly begged the noble Lord's forgiveness, as he had but obeyed his master's behest, and promised never more in the course of his life to put mighty lords into bags, unless indeed metaphorically, and always to his own profit, as it had been this day.

The Knights laughed heartily, and to prove they bore him no malice, each gave him a hand. Whereupon he emptied a goblet of such dimensions as required a capacious throat, to their health, and all was well!

Let us return from the region of tradition to the field of history, and allow the epoch of the Thirty Years' War to pass in review before us, the ebb and flow of the tide of war and its vicissitudes have left their marks here. Now it is the Swedes, now the Imperialists and the Spaniards, and now the French who are occupying the Burg.

"*They*" says the "folk", brought nothing with them; but took much away", a fact impressed so deeply on the minds of the people, that two centuries have not sufficed to obliterate it, and none doubt its credibility. Many a falconet and cannon-ball flew against the strong walls; they who were within, "making fair faces to foul play", and these iron or stone salutations left their marks, if not on the heart of the castle, at least on its body—the walls. Hence it was no deed of great daring performed by Graf Montal in 1689, when, testing the explosive power of gunpowder compared with the resisting power of the Rhenish Burgen, he laid the venerable Sayn in ruins. And yet the walls partially withstood this production of "the black art", "boiled and roasted in the devil's Kitchen."

From the Burg which is surrounded by a tastefully laid out Park, the glance sweeps far away over the Rhine and its lovely banks; over the Eifel country where peak upon peak crowd together, evidencing by their form the fearful force of the powers working in the bowels of the earth; powers displayed through-

out a wide expanse of country. An instance of such infernal activity—the Laacher See—may be seen on a mountain in the immediate vicinity of Sayn.

Sayn and another property, a Castle belonging to Graf Boos-Waldeck, have both passed into the hands of a Russian General, Prince Sayn-Wittgenstein, who though he did not rebuild the venerable Burg, built near it a handsome and stately Schloss, elegantly and tastefully fitted up, and hiding many treasures of art within its walls. Gardens and park display the cultivated taste of the Prince, and are worthy of a visit from the traveller inspecting the Royal Prussian Iron Works (Sayner Hütte) and Abbey Rommersdorf, founded and richly endowed in the year 1202 by three pious Grafen of Sayn. It was confided to the Order of Premonstrants. The Abbey Church and its 13<sup>th</sup> century Reliquäry are well worth seeing.

Closely united in the lovely valley we find traces of old times and new ones, nobility and industrial enterprise, pious institutions and sanguinary dealings, all shut in and enclosed by verdant mountains, which afford to him, who from the bright, sunny, position of the present, gazes down into the dark depths of a barbarous past, rich food for reflection, and for the institution of comparisons, between the contrasts and all that concerns them.

## CASTLE CUNOSTEIN-ENGERS NEAR NEUWIED.

Engers is an ancient place, and its origin may be sought in the age of Roman dominion on the Rhine, and indeed at the time when Julius Caesar led his legions across the river. Here he threw his bridge across, over which his victorious troops passed into Germany, where the Roman eagle's wings were clipped. Perchance in anticipation of a retreat, he built near the head of the bridge, a Castrum, and thus probably founded the place.

True in the fury of their unquenchable hatred of the Romans, the victorious Teutonic tribes razed the Castrum; but under the Carolingian supremacy, arose upon its foundations a "Königshof", whereby the place increased in importance.

Hence was derived the name given to the Gau: Engersgau, hence it was the seat of a "Landcapitel" from the beginning of



the 5<sup>th</sup> century. Subsequently it appertained to the "Grafschaft" (Countship) of Wied, and Graf Wilhelm I. von Wied, who wished to increase the importance of the place, obtained from the Emperor Carl IV: whom men called the "Städtemacher", city privileges for his fair Engers on the Rhine's banks.

What might not have been its future, had Engers been the object of the strange princely freak, to which Neuwied owes its existence. As it was, no one troubled themselves further about the place and the waves of time rolled over it, as over hundreds of other places once the scene of great events, until they were stayed in the course, which was changed by a stroke of middle-age knightly enterprise.

It was about the time when the mighty and warlike Dompropst of Mainz, Cuno von Falkenstein, became Archbishop of Trier, when the noble highway-robbers, emulous of the fame of the Upper Rhenish provinces, followed the example set, and pursued their career with shameless boldness and effrontery. It was one event in especial which caused a vast sensation, and at the same time deprived the noble "Schnapphähne" of their spurs.

Graf Wilhelm I. von Wied, Gerlach II. von Arenfels, and Ritter Velten von Isenburg, received information that a caravan of Cologne Merchants was coming up the Rhine, conveying a store of goods of rare costliness to Frankfurt. And the desire awoke within them to "annex" this valuable merchandise, and between Andernach and Engers they carried out their scheme. They fell upon the rich train, and doubtless in order in the first instance to check the spread of the news, took the merchants prisoners to their Burgen, intending to increase their booty by demanding large ransoms for their captives, so soon as the grass should have grown over the story of their deed.

Unperceived one of the mule-drivers had escaped, he hastened to Cologne and reported what had taken place. The relatives of the captive merchants moved heaven and earth, and the Archbishop of Cöln, who took the matter energetically in hand, communicated the circumstances to the sovereign of the land—the Archbishop of Trier.

How the bold Archbishop punished the robbers will be recounted in the history of the Burg Arenfels. During this campaign the project originated, of building a Burg here, its erection was begun in 1372. What Cuno commenced went rapidly

forward, for he was no lover of half measures, nor of procrastination.

The Castle rose rapidly and its extent and strength soon declared its future. Tried Knights garrisoned it, and protected the commerce on this reach of the Rhine. The end was gained and plunder ceased.

The Archbishop called the Burg after himself: Cunostein, and the neighbouring village, to distinguish it from the other of the same name, he called Cunostein-Engers.

The situation of the Burg pleased the Archbishop so much, that he who had hitherto loved to reside in Stolzenfels, now preferred this Castle, and sojourned here with his Court during the fine seasons of the year.

This preference for Cunostein passed on his death to his nephew and successor, Archbishop Werner of Trier, who seldom abode in Stolzenfels, but usually held his Court at Cunostein; when Spring and Summer shed their horn of plenty over the land, and Autumn invited him to the chase.

In 1402 he caused the "Zoll" (dues) formerly levied in Capellen, at the foot of Burg Stolzenfels, to be collected here.

Hitherto the storms of war had left the Burg unscathed, but eventually she was not to be spared the test of her defensive capabilities.

In 1693 the French occupied the Burg, and enjoyed themselves therein. But the forces of the Empire were sent against them, and a short siege was followed by capitulation; the Burgen, which had once effectually withstood the implements and weapons of warfare, could no longer withstand gunpowder and its destructive accessories.

In 1758 the Archbishop caused the ruins to be pulled down, and employed the still available building material in the erection of a modern Castle, destitute of every warlike characteristic. Gardens were beautifully laid out in the French style, and the castle was famed for its beauty and elegance.

Engers once more, true under essentially different circumstances, basked in the glory of an Electoral Court, up to the time when with the German Empire, the Electorate fell to ruin, a melancholy stillness prevailed in the once animated halls, and many parts of the Castle decayed, and the gardens were suffered to run wild.

The deputation sent by the Chambers of Regensburg in



1803 threw a gleam of sunshine over the deserted Castle. And it was incorporated with the territory appertaining to the Principality of Nassau-Weilburg.

Another branch of the princely line of Nassau owned in Biebrich one of the most charming palaces on the banks of the Rhine, was it probable that Prince Friedrich Wilhelm von Weilburg (Nassau) would fail to appreciate the beauty of this situation? The necessary restoration was forthwith commenced, and a part of every year the Court passed at Engers, sojourning there until winter had whitened field and forest.

The fall of Napoleon produced changes, and the overthrow of his power, shook the German nation to its core.

When a new territorial division was made at the Congress of Vienna, Cunostein-Engers came into the possession of Prussia.

Although Castle and gardens were kept in order, although two short periods of brilliance fell upon the old princely domain,—namely, when the Crown Prince, afterwards King, during his first visit to the Rhine Provinces, and when the Chancellor, Prince Hardenberg, temporarily resided here. The ancient glory was departed, and the Castle so long the seat of royalty, is now a Military School.

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## NEUWIED.

From the heights of Ehrenbreitstein may be seen the whole basin lying between Stolzenfels and Monrepos, a seat of the princely family of Wied; between the heights of the Wesserswald and those of the Eifel; in the distance the Lahn and the Mosel, into which flow the Reth and the Wiedbach, which tracing their descent to the mighty sons of the Alps, by way of the black gates of Andernach, flow through the plains, presenting a picture of our own age—life running out, broad and spreading; but shallow: and without force. It is an old saying that what we gain in breadth, we lose in depth!

Seen from the heights of Ehrenbreitstein, it will be immediately perceived, that in very remote ages the Rhine here formed a vast inland sea, until the accumulated force of the water burst through its rocky boundaries at Andernach. To the

right the shores shelved down to the river, and the Wiedbach formed a Delta, the basin, whose superficial extent increased here, was filled up with fruitful soil, to which the Rhine also contributed a quota in the course of successive inundations.

Where the Rhine washes over the inundated land there lies Neuwied, called so in distinction to Altwied, lying further back on the Wiedbach in a lovely mountain ravine, with its ruined Castle, upon which look down the heights of Monrepos affording a view repaying the trouble of the toilsome ascent.

With justice the town is named *Neuwied* (New Wied); for it is new, young; younger than all its sisters on the banks of the stream up or down, matured nevertheless by paternal care, by the experience of life, and educated in a school of industry, activity and religious toleration.

Neuwied is a pleasant, cheerful town, but a constant and never failing citizen of the place is—Schnupfen (cold in the head); for healthy as is the situation, the straight, broad streets running at right angles with the Rhine, give the “Westerwald Zephirs” free play, of which they make the most.

If the inevitable Romans against whom one stumbles at every step on the Rhine, have left us no record of the volcanoes of the Eifel, and we may hence assume that the violent telluric convulsions occurred at a period long antecedent to their age, there can be no question that the vicinity of Neuwied was visited by repetitions of such eruptions. Evidence of the volcanic nature of the strata is still shewn in the tufa brought to the surface.

Caesar, so glorified of late days by the Emperor Napoleon met with the Ubier in the neighbourhood of Neuwied, their dwelling-places extended as far down as the Sieg, where they came into contact with the Sigambrians.

The Ubier, driven out by the Swevi, sought Caesar’s friendship and protection, and assisted his passage of the river. He subsequently recrossed the stream, and there are substantial reasons for presuming that both passages, as well as those effected by other Roman leaders, were accomplished either at Neuwied or at Cunostein-Engers.

It would be out of place here were we to discuss the connection of the Romans with this country; the Pfalzgraben and the Roman roads, which led from the Rhine; but the uncovered Roman Camps and their fortifications, found near to Nider-



Biber must be noticed. In these indisputable remains of a considerable Roman city, traces are supposed to have been discovered of a veteran town named Victoria. Numerous antiquities, which have been dug from the ground within the walls, have been collected and form a highly interesting collection in the Palace at Neuwied, they afford proof sufficient of the importance of these settlements amid which numerous country-houses were found. For us it arose as silently as it disappeared, and sank beneath the surface of the now cultivated ground, which may possibly be attributed not solely to the exterminating spirit of the German tribes, but to inundations of the Wiedbach and the Rhine.

In reply to the attempts which have been made to derive the name Biber, from the Roman "Hiberna", I must remind the reader of my remarks relating to Bibrich or Bieberich, and observe that one is apt to overlook—because—it comes immediately under our notice, and affords the votaries of learning but small opportunity for the exercise of their ingenuity. that which is most probable,—Proofs enough exist that on the banks of, and in the Wiedbach itself up to recent days Biber (Beavers) were found in abundance; classed among animals of the chase, and hunted not on account of the skin alone; but for the sake of the flesh which was commonly eaten.

Amid the gloom of ages past we first meet with the Isenburgers, and early history furnishes us with records of the Graf von Wied; it would however occupy too much space were we to pursue the history of the House step by step.

We must pass over long intervals of time to notice the origin of the town, a *brief* account of whose history will be difficult to give, on account of the vast mass of material from which we must collate.

Where Neuwied now stands formerly lay several Höfe (farms) known under the name of Langendorf. In the wars, which for a lengthened period literally never ceased, these farms were devastated and destroyed, and their ruins cropped up mid the fertile plain on the banks of the fruitful and productive Rhine.

Is it matter of wonder, that a clear-seeing eye should appreciate the natural advantages of the situation.

Something beyond this, an object whose roots penetrated deeper; whose significance was far greater, shews that in the mind whose index this clear seeing eye was, a grander thought

reigned, one occupying but scanty room in the spirit of the age. *Religious toleration*; a charitable endurance of other faiths; peaceful and tolerant concessions to others' convictions, these were phenomena not often presented to view in the middle of the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Persecutions for faith's sake were frequent enough, and many an honest father was compelled to flee before persecution from hearth and home, and wander forth, seeking a spot where he could breathe freely, because he might not abide conscientiously on the one, where his soul might find peace.

These circumstances impressed themselves on the physical and mental eye of Graf Friedrich zu Wied, upon seeing so many exiles going forth from their destroyed and devastated native villages, to seek a place of rest in the Low Countries.

Not alone actual pity for these unhappy emigrants going to a fate they knew not of, destitute frequently of every thing; but a diplomatic intention of retaining and uniting these scattered remnants into one body in his own land, awoke in him the idea of founding a town on the site of the razed colony of Langendorf—which should become a *Friedensort* (place of rest) for all however diverse their faiths—and thus secure for his own land the strength and energy drifting towards the Netherlands.

The little Castle whose erection he had already commenced on the site of Langendorf he had already named Neuwied. At first the Graf's intention probably was to build the town on the elevated plateau of Wollendorf and Feldkirchen, hence he had begun to build the Castle "Friedrichstein" (the so-called Teufels-haus) near Irlich; subsequently a source of infinite vexation to him; but grounds of various kinds, and especially a careful survey of the place, and mature reflection, caused him to choose the situation now occupied by Neuwied, nearer, for the saks of trade, to the Rhine.

The rights and privileges which the Graf obtained for settlers in Neuwied in 1662, attracted many colonists to the place.

The new town presented a scene of the greatest activity; artizans hammered and laboured on all sides, and one was disposed to believe that religious toleration exercised some magnetic influence. In addition material advantage; as free grants of building sites, subject to the one condition; that the settlers should closely conform to the Graf's plans; further perfect



immunity from taxes for the ten years succeeding the purchase or erection of a house; again the guarantee given of *moderate* taxes, together with other and immaterial advantages. The Charter granted to the town by the Emperor, was identical with that enjoyed by Friedberg in the Wetterau.

The town of Neuwied grew and flourished, and Graf Friedrich, who in other respects had much to bear and to suffer, saw with pleasure how the gaps in the long, wide streets crossing each other at right angles, were gradually filled up, and ere long he determined to build a Church. The site on the Market Place was chosen, and Graf Friedrich applied to the Communities of the Reformed faith in Cöln and Mühlheim for loving aid; but under the unfavourable influences of the age, the progress made was tardy, so that Reck, the historian of Wied, observes: "the building operations went on as slowly as did those of St. Pauls in London, after it had been consumed by fire".

Upon the slow progress made in the increase of the town, war exerted its malign influence, and the land of Wied was not tenderly treated.

Matters had got so bad, or ere long would have become so, that the noble Gräfin Philippine Sabine, Friedrich's wife, mortgaged her silver-mine to further the Church building, and to erect a School now indispensable.

In former times when the religious oppression exercised was severe, many Memnonite families had settled in the place; but had again left, the laws (tolerating the public exercise of all religions) enacted by Graf Friedrich induced them to return to Neuwied, whose prosperity their quiet, persevering industry tended not a little to advance.

In the Charter of privileges granted to the land, there was still a relic of religious restraint. Friedrich discovered and modified this clause, giving each religious denomination the right to erect a building, wherein to celebrate the services held in God's honour and glory. This step was one of vast moment, and so early as the eighth decade of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, its effects were manifested by the large increase of population, and in the great activity, shewn in house-building. On the 21<sup>st</sup> December 1687, the Reformed Church was consecrated, and a proclamation made, that the town contained 130 houses and 5 Streets.

The war-like times which "the most Christian King, King

Louis XIV of France", caused to descend upon the Rhenish Provinces worked the yet young town no good, and the death of the venerable Graf Friedrich was a heavy blow to the place.

Still less favourable to the development of the town was the dawn of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, yet nevertheless, did Friedrich Wilhelm in 1707 lay the foundations and proceed with the erection of the Castle with undivided energy. That its completion would be productive of advantage to the town could not be doubted, but it was rather a promise for the future, than a fulfilment in the present.

Sudden death overtook the Graf Friedrich Wilhelm. He was succeeded by his eldest son Alexander, a man already enjoying a well earned reputation, in whom Neuwied, shaken by divers internal enmities, hoped for and found a patron and a restorer of peace.

Following in his father's footsteps, he allowed the Sect of "Inspirirten" (inspired ones) to settle down in Neuwied, thus adding one more to the list of religious zealots.

Alexander's principles of government worked well for the town. He was an active, energetic, though in many respects a peculiar, character. In Nothhausen he builded himself a summer residence; added two wings to the Castle, and carefully tended the park. His public spirited energy he displayed by establishing iron and porcelain works, and a tannery. In all that he did was displayed thorough earnestness in promoting the welfare of the city. The "Rasselstein" was an object of his special care, and many useful institutions owe their origin to him, though many he projected were not carried out.

Sad to relate the town was continually torn by the rancour of religious dissension. It lay in the spirit of the age, and Alexander had the annoyance of seeing many attempts to restore peace bear no fruit; he laboured notwithstanding, with the decision and firmness of his nature, to restrain unjust confessional demands when made upon him.

In 1757 he began the erection of the charming country-seat Monrepos, and completed it a few years later, besides laying out the lovely forest roads, whose "Waldfrieden" ("forest peace") still produces such beneficial effects upon minds troubled and perplexed with the world's cares.

Despite the numerous unhappy consequences of the Seven Years' War, Alexander never rested in the furtherance of his



favourite scheme—the promotion of the prosperity of Neuwied. His originality of mind hit upon devices of all kinds to attain his end, and when at length peace was declared, evidence was displayed on all sides of the results of his paternal care.

Among the original ideas carried out by the Graf was the “House Lottery”. He caused a considerable number of wooden houses to be constructed in the Black Forest, according to his own design. They were conveyed down the Rhine to Neuwied on rafts, put together here and comfortably fitted up. Soon whole streets of inhabitable houses, for which there were no inhabitants sprang up. In order to obtain one, every settler, and every young couple “establishing” themselves, was forced to take a number of tickets, the prizes being—new houses, which naturally were obtained at the cost of a few thalers. Many comical “situations” occurred, and it came to pass that a young citizen suddenly found himself the proprietor of several houses.

As a matter of course this system increased the number of inhabitants; though the increase was not invariably favourable in a moral point of view.

Although the noble Graf had some bitter experiences to make, and was frequently duped by worthless characters, he did not suffer himself to despair, and had the satisfaction of seeing Neuwied increase and develope.

Though the fearful inundation and the dangers arising from the floating ice in 1740 and 1741 threatened the town with destruction, the inexhaustible liberality of Alexander and his family, soon repaired the damages, and these crises in the state of the the general welfare, rapidly subsided under the careful government and the enterprise of the citizens.

A proof of the love entertained for the Graf as a man, and the honour in which he was held as a regent, was amply shewn at the commemoration of the fiftieth year of his reign.

He was yet a robust and active old man, and the festivities, the spontaneous growth of the hearts of his subjects, rendered both him and them happy. Many traits in his character were purely original, vigorous but essentially peculiar, more especially in connection with his higher officers of state. He aimed at laconic brevity of style in his correspondence, and demanded the same from his functionaries. A single sheet of foolscap frequently contained 20—30 “Serenissimi”, reports and decisions,

and what in other States and under other governments would have grown into whole piles of acts was here condensed into a sheet, furnishing nevertheless a clearer summary of the affair, than would be given by a mountain of documents. That many matters were comical enough in appearance, and all had their ludicrous side; did not affect the system, nor prejudice the profit gained by rapidity of decision and clear results.

As a matter of course Alexander's freedom of action, and a mind untrammelled by the conventionalities of earlier days often gave rise to murmurings in the land. And where is there ever lack of those ready to fan any flame? The Guild of hole and corner lawyers, invariably furnishes a noble contingent to the ranks of malcontents, some such too, as should be above defiling their fingers with filthy work. The measures of the noble Graf, all of which were calculated to further the prosperity of his land, and over which posterity has long since pronounced its verdict in the Graf's favour; furnished material for many vexations in the days of the years of his age, firmly and unflinchingly he went on his way, and Neuwied owes to him all of the good; the utilitarian; the healthy; it possesses.

The dignity and title of a ruling Prince was conferred upon him shortly before his death, which fell on a time when thunder and lightning in the West, gave warning of a fearful storm brewing, and when such rats as had already made their nests in Neuwied always flee from the sinking ship. It might well have been permitted him to go home, in peace as a ruler after his long life, not lacking in storms; ere the fearful hurricane of the French revolution swept over the country.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to learn that 42,000 French emigrants, mostly belonging to the noble houses of the country, were collected together in Coblenz, Neuwied and the adjacent towns.

Revolution approached from the West. Her army took up a position on the left bank of the river, and those who should have stayed the tide—fled, and September of 1794 saw her camps on the heights of Heddesdorf, her magazines in the Churches of Neuwied, but "*the waters rose on the far side*". Coblenz fell in July of 1795, and then there was no longer any doubt, that the operations of the French in the vicinity of the village of Weissenthurn, had for their object nothing less than the



crossing of the Rhine at Neuwied. Terror filled the hearts of the citizens. The prospect was a melancholy one.

During the night of August 29<sup>th</sup> 1795, *a cannonade directed against the Imperial Camp at Heddesdorf, but falling upon Neuwied*, was opened. This cannonade lasted at intervals up to the middle of September.

In the night from the 14<sup>th</sup> to the 15<sup>th</sup> of September, the Austrians secretly withdrew from camp, town and district, and the very next morning the French took possession. By means of a bridge large bodies of troops were conveyed across the river. Those of the inhabitants who could do so fled, and now Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality were inaugurated by a general plunder of the town, accompanied by all the horrors conveyed in the works. Exhaustion alone put an end to the horrible scenes. The cannonading had utterly demolished the houses, the plundering stripped and and desolated them; with the grief of despair the inhabitants looked forward to their future.

The details of the sufferings undergone by both city and citizens, in the course of the wars between the French and the Austrians, cannot be given, nor is this an appropriate time for entering into details of the ebb and flow of the tide of war; one thing we must declare, Neuwied's prosperity was shaken; the adjacent country devastated, and the town itself almost reduced to ruin by the cannonade.

30,000 Livres paid at the beginning of the present century was some slight indemnification; but healed not the wounds inflicted; nor repaired the damages sustained; nor turned the flow of prosperity into its own channel. Melancholy dullness pervaded the town; glances into the future afforded but subject for gloomy prognostications; no feeling of security existed. Commerce, commercial enterprise, was paralysed. And such wounds heal but tardily!

The august, princely, home had suffered also. Beyond the Pyrenees a brave and noble scion of the line, ardent in the cause of his fatherland, had fallen before an inimical bullet, a loss mourned as bitterly by the fatherland, as by the princely relatives. Prince Victor fell on the 27<sup>th</sup> of January 1812 at the storming of the heights of St. Felio de Codinos.

As this Prince earned for himself a laurel crown on the battle field, so did another Prince of the house, Prince Maximilian, obtain one for himself on the arena of science. His "Travels

in The Brazils and North America", are the results of his enterprising spirit. In a wing of the palace at Neuwied are arranged the scientific treasures which his untiring zeal as a collector brought back to his native place. Although circumstances have changed, the people of the country retain all their old love for the dynasty to which they owe so much, and sincere grief filled all hearts when very lately a pair of eyes closed in death, which in life had pointed out to a noble heart, the channels through which loving help might be conveyed.

Peaceful times have healed the bleeding wounds of the city. The town is again flourishing and prosperous, again commercial activity prevails and bears its fruits, and the most widely differing religious sects live together in peace and harmony; thus fulfilling the end the founder of the town had in view.

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## FRIEDRICHSTEIN

YCLEFT, "DAS TEUFELSHAUS" (THE DEVIL'S HOUSE), NEAR FAHR, BELOW NEUWIED.

In passing the Rhenish ruins in review before the reader's eye, we must not in our capacity of Cicerone of the older ones, entirely lose sight of those of modern date, more especially of the ruin of the Friedrichstein near Fahr; upon the right bank of the Rhine, known to the natives, and pointed out to the visitor, as the "Teufelshaus".

The long, many-windowed, empty building which gazes drearily upon one like a hollow-eyed skull of huge size, lies close to the river, and on the other side very near to the wall of rock. The situation is so close to the Rhine that at high water its lower story must be flooded. It is far more like a ruined factory than a princely residence.

Everyone who hears its diabolical appellation naturally enquires the history of the building; to what circumstance it owes its name—what is its origin?

Friedrichstein is its correct baptismal name, given to it by its founder Graf Friedrich von Wied. He built the palace in 1648 as a residence for himself, here he celebrated his marriage with the Princess Maria Sabina von Hohensolms. At that time



it was an elegantly arranged, though small, palace, and within its walls its proprietor held a court, splendid, according to the notions of the day.

An act of grace performed here surrounds it with a halo of fame; for the benevolent Graf published an edict, perchance the only one of importance published here, by virtue of which "the people of Heddesdorf, Ober- and Nieder-Biber, and Rückeroth were absolved from the performance and rendering of certain services".

The idea of erecting and fitting up this Castle is said to have had some connection with the founding of Neuwied on this site; but the unfavourable situation, particularly the impossibility of sufficiently extending the town; in connection with the disadvantages arising from the prevailing violent current of air, which renders the place unpleasant and unhealthy, soon caused the abandonment of the plan, and therewith the building ceased to be a princely abode. The Prince and his family left it, and thus its doom was spoken, and a new phase of its history begun.

For a time it served as the abode of the Wied functionaries; but when the Duke of Marlborough's army was quartered here, the functionaries were dispossessed, and it was converted into a military hospital for his troops. This was in 1705.

At the withdrawal of the unfortunate occupants the building naturally stood for a while unused, and was then employed as a house of Correction for criminals of the little state. Why ere long it was used for other purposes is unknown. One is tempted to hope that it was for lack of properly qualified occupants.

It was afterwards used as a cotton-mill, but the speculation appears to have been an unsuccessful one. Its next distinction was for the village of Fahr; for the whole district, an unlucky one. It was employed as an Ammonia Works, but the fumes so poisoned the air, exerting such baleful effects on the vegetation of the adjacent palace gardens in Neuwied, that the Prince was compelled to redeem the contract, in order to anticipate the occurrence of worse evils. Now followed a period in which it was disused, and fell fast to decay. The successive alterations which its various destinations had demanded, seriously injured the walls, and—as a thorough reparation of damages would have been an expensive undertaking, and objectless, its

very existence was threatened. The matter was discussed in the princely Council, and a decision to pull it down made—a plan acceded to by the Prince—as being the most reasonable and advantageous.

The building of the Castle had been watched with calmness by the “folk”, whose practical spirit nevertheless had not refrained from making remarks on the undertaking; with just the same apathy did they watch the destruction, undertaken and completed so far as we now behold it, by a Wied functionary of the name of Caesar.

Popular wit henceforth dubbed the ruin: “Caesar’s Ruin”, doubtless basing the joke upon the fact of the famous Roman having once crossed the Rhine in the vicinity. Many a spectator has been lost in wonder, on hearing this ugly, hollow-eyed building called: Caesar’s Ruin—which of a surety bears about it no trace of Roman workmanship.

One event obtained for the ruin some little historical fame; on New Year’s Eve of 1814, a division of Blücher’s army here crossed the Rhine, whilst the chief body was engaged in throwing a bridge of boats across the river near the Pfalz at Caub.

As far as the popular name: “Teufelshaus” is concerned, the people have sought various strange derivations for it. Some aver that its ghostly, diabolical appearance, especially when the pale light of the full moon is shed through the frameless windows, gives it an aspect of unearthliness, which has induced the people to name the ruin thus—more particularly as whatever is frightful, wild, or more than ordinarily grand, must of necessity be of the devil; others are of opinion, that the people of Wied were compelled to do so much “Frohndienst” (feudal service) at its erection, that they named the place so in revenge. Others, and these the wise ones of the earth, maintain: “That has nothing to do with it! It was simply called the house of the devil, from the horrible stench arising from the ammonia manufacture”, in the German stories, as in the legends, the cheated devil in 99 cases out of a 100 “departs with a horrible stench”.

When, after the departure of the proprietor, all furniture and everything rendering the place inhabitable, was removed, and it stood deserted and desolate, the watchman of Fahr on one occasion, about midnight, heard “a noise, a rumbling, a commotion” in the building, which caused his hair to “stand on end stiff as



candles". It was a dead, hollow sound, as of large empty barrels being rolled about; it was like distant thunder; it was like the rattle of monstrous heavy chains, to earthly sounds it bore no resemblance; but rather to the noise of evil spirits of hell, who would alarm and mock men. At the same time no light was visible, nor the slightest evidence of human presence or activity.

The good watchman took to his heels and ran with what speed he could, until he reached his own house, where he—immediately—went to bed. His landlord happened to be a baker, after hearing the story related by the pale and trembling watchman, the apprentices hurried off to the place—cautiously taking up a position at a respectful distance from the castle, saying: If the infernal noise should be heard again and be made by men, they would not mind, but—the devil!

The next morning the whole village had heard the tale. The whole body of inhabitants were beside themselves. The bold Schultheiss, and the Magistrates of both town and country, accompanied by the beadle and watchman, visited the locality, where they found all in the greatest order. They would even have gone down into the large vaulted cellars, had not an enormous black cat, with glaring green eyes, run across their path! But such an eloquent warning is understood by any good Christian, and the only reasonable course left, was to get out of the way as quickly as possible.

The matter was settled next night beyond all manner of doubt—every inhabitant of Fahr took up his position—at a reasonable distance from the castle, between 11—12 o'clock, at which time as is well known, the devil and his host who have work upon earth, invariably commence operations—and—heard: "the noise; the rumbling; the commotion"—and not on this night alone; but every night at the same hour it recommenced! No human foot by day, still less by night, could have been found in all the country-side, bold enough to have entered the precincts of the haunted walls—none who could, even under the light of God's day, avoid doing so, passed the spot; if cruel necessity required, then he ran with all the swiftness he could.

Years [thus] rolled by, the story spread on all sides, and those who drove or sailed past the ruin, dreamed not of doing so without saying a Pater Noster or an Ave Maria, or both, and recommending their souls to God—not venturing more than

a glance at the "Devil's House". The villagers of Fahr wished their houses ten miles off—or the ghostly house down in the depths of hell, with him who had chosen it as his haunt, at an hour when Christians should be at rest and asleep.

The name: "Friedrichstein" lapsed, and: "Teufelshaus" it was henceforth.

Now it happened on a time, when strange troops were quartered on the Rhine, that a body of Imperial soldiers lay in Fahr, among them the Major in command of a detachment, who unable to find quarters in Neuwied or Andernach, was quartered on the Schultheiss, who had been alarmed by the fatal black cat at the time we wot of, from him the Major heard the alarming history.

For a few moments the firm and decided officer reflected on what he had heard, then remarked in a tone of voice not to be misunderstood: "Schultheiss, let my bed, a table, two lights and a chair be carried into the "Teufelshaus". It is mild and warm to night and I will sleep there".

Down to his very toes fear seized upon the Schultheiss. He smote his palms together, and besought the Major not to think of sacrificing his valuable life by thus rushing into the very jaws of hell; he himself had examined into the matter, and there was no doubt about it—every word of it was true as Gospel!

This only confirmed the Major in his intention; but altho' it was broad day-light, not a man in Fahr was to be found, who even for a handsome "Drink-money", could be induced to transport the various articles required by the Major to the "Teufelshaus".

Nothing remained to be done, but to tell off a number of soldiers to do what the Fahrers would not. As soon as the room he had chosen was ready, two things occurred to the Major; that he would not require the bed, and would require two lanthorns. Now the Schultheiss was Landlord of an Inn, and had in his garden a bowling green; tables and benches used by the notabilities of Neuwied when they drank their wine, played their bowls, and gossiped far into the summer night; there was therefore no lack of lanthorns. Welcome intelligence to the Major, whose "faithful John" carefully carried four of them into the devil-haunted house.



After enjoying a good supper with the Schultheiss, the Major's servant taking a couple of bottles of good wine and a glass, followed his master, who marched straight off to the "Devils House".

Arrived at their destination; the four lanthorns were lighted and placed upon the table; the Major then loaded his pistols and laid them ready to hand; buckled his sabre round his waist; set bottles and glass before him; lighted his pipe and said to his servant: "Now go, and leave me in peace!"

John, who had no superfluous courage, and—after all he had heard—had trembled in every limb since entering the accursed house, did not wait to be told twice; but fervently wishing his master "a peaceful and refreshing sleep", hastened away and down the rickety stairs, as fast as his legs would carry him.

The Major seated himself at the table, took a book from his pocket and began to read, in order to pass the time until the noise should begin; though he now and again nodded, on the whole he held up right bravely, in a state of eager anticipation of what would happen at midnight.

All around was still as death. Only the rats and mice ran and galloped about among the rafters and beams; the death-watch ticked incessantly, and the waves of the river without, dashed and broke on the stones of the shore. The lights in Fahr were all gradually extinguished, and as the Major had given his soldiers and the Schultheiss strict orders not to approach the house, he was perfectly free from the suspicion that some one might be tempted to play him a trick; besides which, he had given notice he would shoot anyone who dared to come near him.

He looked at his watch, quickly replacing it in his pocket, on seeing that the finger pointed to 12.

Scarcely had he replaced it, when a distant, muffled sound fell on his ear. He listened attentively; it was nothing but a confused rumbling, which seemed to come nearer.—He could now plainly distinguish the rattling of chains; dull blows of a hammer and a strange drawing sound, to which he could give no name. It rapidly approached—nearer—now—it was before his very door.—

He grasped his pistols and prepared. He could no longer doubt that the fatal moment was at hand—it might be his own;

it might be another's life, that hung by a thread. A slight shudder passed over the bold fearless man, which he instantaneously cast aside.—

The door which he had fancied locked suddenly flew open, and there stood before him a hideously disguised figure, accompanied by many others like it. The Major, perfectly master of himself, cocked his pistols and cried with a firm voice: "One step nearer, and thou art a dead man!" He took up a threatening position, and held both weapons in his hands.

"Don't fire, Major!" said the figure. "You see that you are overmatched, and would lose your own life—you are a brave officer and can be ill-spared."

At this moment the Major was seized from behind, by men who unperceived, had entered by a concealed door.

With a smile, the figure whose face was now exposed, said: "You are in our power Major and well know that if we wished it, we could instantly put you out of the way, there is nothing to prevent it;—God forbid that we should unnecessarily sacrifice human life—we can make other terms. At the same moment the black disguise fell from his shoulders, and the Major was confronted by a young man of agreeable appearance, in ordinary attire.

Since the two strong fellows had seized the Major and wrested his pistols from him, filled with rage at his defenceless condition, he had not spoken a word. He now said: "What is the meaning of all this, this devilry, this nonsense is only calculated to alarm the people?"

"Unless you will follow me to our quarters I cannot answer your questions; perhaps a sight of them will spare me the trouble."

"Have no fear Major; we have far too much respect for personal courage to wish to injure you; but you have voluntarily come among us; have entered a circle foreign to your profession, and must now understand that you will only be permitted to leave it on certain conditions."

The Major, now perfectly calm, replied laughing: "Don't you think that my disappearance would cost every one of you his head? Such a course would be the worse for you—therefore not an advisable one! My men are quartered hard by."

Just as good-humouredly the other replied: "Major, the fox has more than one entrance to his den? This very night would



amply suffice to put us out of the reach of danger, and into a place of complete security. But enough of this useless discussion and war of words. Follow me, and not a hair of your head shall be touched!"

"It is easy enough to say so, cried the Major; but remember you are forty to one, and are ungallant enough to deprive me of my weapons. What guarantee do you give me? Who may you be—or what?"

"The guarantee you have already in what you have said. Your disappearance would endanger both our lives and our existence. Is not that in itself enough?"

"You are right"—returned the Major.

"Now as to the second question", continued the young man, "that will only be answered if you follow me."

"Not another word! Come!" said the Major advancing, all turned towards the door, through which they went.

Six or eight men, bearing torches, accompanied the two. Going down a long passage, down a flight of steps, and along a second passage, they reached a massive cellar-door which was opened; after crossing a species of vestibule, they entered a small cheerful room, in which only light and air were wanting, to render it comfortable.

"Major", began the young man, who had hitherto been the spokesman of the party, "you have unwarrantably and unnecessarily intruded yourself into a circle with which you have no concern—the condition of our very life is secrecy. Only on the terms I named before will you be permitted to leave it; to re-enter the world of life above. The one condition: a solemn oath to preserve an inviolable silence with regard to all you have learned, and will yet learn this day, and indeed to keep this silence until we ourselves absolve you from your oath!"

The Major reflected awhile—and came to the conclusion that the only way out of his dilemma, was to accede to the condition required. He therefore took the oath, and was instantly set at liberty, not however until he had been led through a series of vaults—some newly hewn in the rocks—in which a *large gang of forgers of false coin* pursued their avocations.

It immediately became evident to the Major why these men, taking advantage of the credulous nature of the people,

adopted every possible means to work upon their superstition, and thus repel curiosity.

Before day dawned the Major's detachment was on the march; for orders to move had arrived in the night, and thus the Major was relieved of the task of answering impertinent queries. He however adhered conscientiously to his oath, to preserve inviolable silence.

The events of the war caused the Major partially to forget the circumstance, which finally escaped his memory altogether; age did its part, and all recollection of the event had passed away.

Years, decades, rolled by, when one day the Major, who was now Colonel of his regiment, sat in his room in Vienna. His servant announced; "two strangers who desired to speak with the Major."

He desired they might be shewn in. Both were unknown to him. "How can I be of service to you?" he enquired after having bidden them welcome.

"You can doubtless recall", said one, "a midnight adventure in which you shared, many years ago, at Fahr near Neuwied."

"Potz tausend!" cried the Major, "what have you got to do with that". I had forgotten it long ago.

"We are here to release you from the oath which you have so faithfully kept; to beg your acceptance of our thanks, and a slight testimony of our gratitude, in the shape of a pair of horses we have given into your servant's charge."

Ere the Colonel had time to recover from his astonishment, both men, after a friendly greeting, hastily disappeared. He attempted to recall them, in vain. He saw no more of them.

Immediately afterwards his groom entered and said: "Sir Colonel, you have purchased a pair of horses, of which the Emperor might be proud; for fairer ones he has not! They have been paid for," he added enquiringly.

"Heavily, heavily", returned the Colonel with a sigh. And when he came to examine the horses, he found his groom was right. They were two saddle horses of the purest breed, and of faultless build.

In the year of the Revolution, as chance would, the Colonel was again quartered in Neuwied. Now that the string of his tongue was unloosed, he no longer kept the history of his



strange adventure a secret, and so the riddle as to the sudden cessation of the infernal noises in the Devil's House was solved, and the reason clear why it had received this name, and again the reason is clear, why the place bears the name up to the present day.

## CLOISTER LAACH AND THE LAACHER SEA, OPPOSITE NEUWIED.

To the remarkable districts of Germany, belongs without any doubt the Eifel country, even to the continuation of its mountains down to the Rhine, where with the Siebengebirg, they cease, and to the basalt peaks of the Ahr valley.

On all sides the soil of the Eifel country affords evidence that in days, whose very memory would be lost did not stones speak, so forcibly and comprehensibly in an universally understood language, and tell of subterranean fires, whose fearful effects are plainly visible everywhere.

The enormous volcanoes once burning here are extinct; the streams of lava many miles long are cold; the frightful convulsions of desolating earthquakes are stilled, tho now and again a slight shudder passes through the bowels of the earth, and on all sides one discovers traces of the glorious evidences of subterranean power; the proofs of its former presence meet the eye in the guise of craters, now filled with deep blue water, surrounded by glorious beechwoods; in the form of vast fields of lava; of scoria; of blocks of basalt; in vast strata of lava formation, (as at Mendig we see large quantities of granite) of tufa and pumice-stone. When was this district the scene of these wonderful phenomena of nature? In the days when the Romans were lords here? not the slightest knowledge of the catastrophe existed among the Germans, who wandered over the graves of a fearfully grand past, and no tradition extends to the two thousand years behind us.

To the craters once hurling forth masses of fire and vomiting out streams of lava, on which the stone-masons of Niedermendig now chisel away; which cast out those rivers of tufa now filling up the Brohthal, belongs the Laacher Sea, lying

far above the level of the Rhine—between Andernach and Neuwied.

From whichever side one approaches the sea, the impression it produces on the mind is a powerful one. All around the sea, hills decked with fresh verdant beech foliage which is reflected in the clear blue depths of the water, rise to a moderate height, it is so still, so calm, as to tempt one to believe that peace must rest eternally on the spot; peace unbroken by such phenomena, as those to which the lava and tufa masses owe their origin.

The peace prevailing in the spot communicates itself to the mind of the traveller, who is powerless to resist the silent influence. A strange magic power it is which overcomes us on visiting the place.

The landscape is of great beauty. Beneath the feet the mirror-like, blue water of the Sea; on its shores an ancient Abbey with a magnificent Church in the Romanesque style; all around, the green beech woods, enlivened by thousands of feathered songsters whom none disturb. One never wearies of the scene, nor of the reflections which so wonderfully affect the soul, and tune it with melancholy.

If under any circumstances whatever, the thought of establishing a place of refuge from the world's cares, and a spot dedicated to meditation solely, could be called a happy one, it was a happy instinct which settled upon this locality, where Church and Cloister were called into being.

Let us cast a retrospective glance upon the days, in which this thought was realised.

So early as the 10<sup>th</sup> century, an electoral Burg stood on the east bank of the mysterious sea.

It was inhabited in 986 by Pfalzgraf Ehrenfried. Whether he or some of his ancestors built it, is not ascertainable, as no record either of founder or foundation, is discoverable.

In 1095 it was inhabited by Pfalzgraf Heinrich II and his wife Adelheid. They had no issue. The idea of building and endowing a Cloister on the banks of the Sea originated with them, though for a time the precise site on which it should be built remained undecided.

The question was solved by a strange natural phenomenon.

It was a calm summer evening; the mysterious, inexplicable, influence of the hour at this season, pervaded all things; lay



over the sea, and floated around. Husband and wife stood together on the Castle Balcony, both lost in thought; suddenly, flickering flames, danced over the surface of the sea and about the shores—all moving towards one spot on the western bank, where they assembled and shed a brilliant light around them.

With astonishment did they behold the strange sight. The Pfalzgraf cried: "See, Adelheid, the Lord declares to us in words of fire: There shall ye found your Cloister!"

After the consent of Engilbert, Archbishop of Trier, had been obtained, the building was commenced. The foundation stones of Church and Cloister were laid—in the former were interred the remains of the Pfalzgraf Heinrich. About the year 1093 Benedictine Monks were installed in the Abbey.

The Pfalzgraf had however, not neglected to make certain enactments concerning things temporal. He retained for himself and his heirs male, the Vogtei (prefecture) and indeed inalienably; but conceded to the Abbot the right of electing another Vogt if the one, *mutatis mutandis*, should encroach upon the inviolable privileges of the Cloister; the right of approving and confirming such choice, lay with the Archbishop of Trier, who was also spiritual judge of the Cloister.

The endowments conferred by Heinrich were magnificent in the extreme. His heir and successor in the dignities he enjoyed, the son of his wife Adelheid, by a former marriage with the Count of Brabant, looked with evident dissatisfaction on the diminution of his future wealth.

At Heinrich's death, though the Church was finished, the buildings of the Cloister were not, and so all possible means were adopted to retard its progress: yes, even when it was completed, he pulled down the Pfalzgrafenburg, as every glance he cast on either Church or Abbey, reminded him of his lost wealth, and in addition he placed the Cloister and the Monks under the supervision of a near relative of his own—the Abbot of Hafflingen.

During Sifrid's life little progress was made with the building; his son and successor Pfalzgraf Wilhelm appears to have inherited his father's antipathy to the place. It was not completed until 1156, when the pious Gräfin Hedwig von Arras, (sprung from the same line) finished it, and advanced the work on the Church. Hillin, Archbishop of Trier consecrated it, and

on the occasion of the ceremony many rich alms flowed into the Church's coffers.

Richly as the Abbey was endowed, there came a time when want and necessity besieged the inmates. For some unknown reason it was deprived—falling in consequence into an impoverished condition—of its large tithes, in the time of the Emperor Conrad.

Upon an appeal being made by the Convent, the Emperor Friedrich I. gave back the estates, and Arnold, Archbishop of Cöln, warmly and energetically supported the protest, confirming the surrender in the name, and at the command, of the Pope.

We must relate one incident of the day—it is characteristic of the age and manners.

Misunderstandings with regard to the serfs had arisen in 1231 between the Abbays of Laach and Rommersdorf. Graf Theodorich of Isenburg, who was Schirmvogt of Rommersdorf, anxious to settle the quarrel summoned the Abbots to attend a conference at Maischeidt. Each brought four Monks of his Convent with him. The Abbots, Bruno von Rommersdorf, and Gregor von Laach, appeared punctually at the time and place specified; but the Graf, who was to act as umpire, had not arrived. The two holy men, wearied by the long journey in the early morn, found waiting tedious, and agreed to enjoy a brotherly bottle together. Not accustomed to small measure, the Ahr wine soon mounted to their heads, and whilst discussing their differences they got so hot that the Rommersdörfer forgetful of all decency, called the other a "Ruffian". As this designation would appear in those days to have been especially obnoxious, the Abbot of Laach replied by hurling the heavy brass-cornered "store-book" at his adversary's head. This act was the signal for a pitched battle, stone bottles, in spite of their luscious contents, being used as missiles.

The Scholaster of Laach lay hors de combat on the ground, and thus diminished the strength of his party; but rage so materially increased their power as to threaten the Rommersdörfers with defeat.

Up to this moment the peasants had taken no part in the spiritual warfare; but now, appealed to by the Rommersdörfer, they sided with them, and they of Laach were driven with bleeding heads from the field of battle, and pursued by their adversaries. On their compulsory retreat they were met by



the Graf, who, although the affair was no good omen for the success of his pacific schemes, could not refrain from laughing heartily. At his instigation they returned to the scene of their discomfiture, and as it was soon shewn that the Scholaster of Laach owed his fall, rather to the potency of the wine than to the blows of the Rommersdörfers, the Graf preached the holy fathers a sharp sermon, which was far more effective than those they themselves preached to the evil and corrupt generation of their flock, when conscious of their misdemeanour, they agreed more readily to the terms imposed by the Graf, than they would have done, before the battle of the bottles.

In the dark period when the Empire was without a sovereign, the Abbey suffered so severely from plunder and fire as to be unable to pay its debts. Archbishop Arnold therefore bought several farms, the property of the Order, for 700 Cöln Marks, pledging himself to pay the creditors, and at his own death to bequeath the farms to the Abbey.

As were all other Cloisters so also was that of Laach defiled by a corrupt spirit of debauchery. The rules of the Order were observed by—those who chose, and their number was so small that the Convent consisted of the venerable Abbot, and a very old brother. The rest had reentered the world,—but had either taken precautions to ensure themselves from want, or followed their own devices in the Cloister itself, after having renounced all obedience to the Abbot.

The same state of things prevailed universally. The Council of Constance interposed, in Laach without effect; for the Monks, who lived for themselves in the Cloister, defied the Council.

A papal bull was promulgated, in vain; useless were all threats and representations. They would be neither led nor driven. Archiepiscopal hireling troops stormed and took the Cloister. Then and not until then, did they submit to their fate. All were compelled to enter other Orders as penitents, and a new brotherhood took possession of the building, so sacriligiously desecrated by their predecessors. But—the new Order was no better than the old one. Ere long the condition of things in the Cloister was as bad, if not worse, than before the siege.

Energetic measures were adopted in various quarters, and even the learned and pious Abbot Trithemas von Sponheim, was obliged to aid in establishing a better order of things.

The financial state of the Cloister may be imagined. Circumstances apparently combined to complete the ruin. During the Truchses war a band of lawless soldiers, with whom the monks made common cause, had quartered themselves in the Cloister; the Swedes and the Spaniards subsequently completed the work of destruction they had begun.

The Order was hurrying rapidly to irrevocable ruin, and, when its destruction was so far advanced as to render all help vain, its dissolution was resolved on; simultaneously both Church and Cloister fell rapidly to decay.

At the sale—as state property—the Abbey and the estates fell into private hands. The State held possession of the Church.

Robbed of all its ornaments stood the Church. The appreciation of architectural beauty possessed by Friedrich Wilhelm IV. saved it from total decay, and caused to be restored and preserved to the Rhine province, one of the purest known specimens of Roman architecture,

Many legends of the Sea, the Cloister, and the vanished Pfalzgrafenburg, are current among the people. The mysterious influence of the powers of nature which greets the traveller; the strange calm prevailing, and a certain foreboding, saddening, air pervading the landscape, make it an apt nurse for the poetic and legendary.

Many, many years ago, long ere the Abbey was built, there stood on the rocky islet in the midst of the blue waters a Cloister, far removed from the world's busy turmoil, for it was surrounded by the deep waters of the lake. So long as the Order was poor, the Monks faithfully served the Lord and lived in the odour of sanctity,

Incited thereto by the God-fearing lives of the brethren, many pious souls bequeathed large sums to the Order, and bestowed rich endowments upon them, so that the Cloister became one of the wealthiest of the land. Good, as doubtless the intentions of the benefactors were, their gifts and benefactions were turned to evil. Instead of continuing to live in love and fear of the Lord, the Monks gave themselves up to the pleasures of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

They no longer acknowledged any authority, and, as Abbots and brethren were all of one stamp, the reins of order and discipline soon dragged in the mire,



Under such circumstances the wrath of Heaven must manifest itself. Fearful was the vengeance taken, when the sinful brotherhood, instead of profiting by the years of grace vouchsafed, occupied them in despising and blaspheming the name of the Lord.

One day—it was a day of fasting appointed by the Church—the Monks sat at a luxuriously furnished table, the goblets were in unceasing use, and scandalous songs enlivened the debauch; the Heavens grew dark, and it was fearful to see how the clear sunny sky became black as night. A frightful hurricane bent the high tops of the ancient trees on the shores of the lake—and they bowed down; they fell crashing, thundering, to the earth. Lightning flashed like fiery serpents across the dark canopy of heaven, and peal upon peal of thunder roared as if heaven's very vault would burst asunder; most terrible of all to behold, was the furious lashing, and wild tumult of the waters of the lake around the rocky islet, whereon stood the Cloister. Up, high above the very roof, was dashed the white spray of the surging waves.

The fear of death fell upon the debased brethren, they took refuge within the long-deserted Church—and threw themselves groaning upon the floor, vowing penance for past sins, and promises of future amendment.

A fearful earthquake shook the rocky foundations of the Cloister; the walls cracked, the roofs fell in, and both Cloister and Church sank in the unfathomable depths of the lake. Soon as the waters closed over the reprobate Monks, and hid the scene of their debauchery from human eye, storm and tempest ceased; the sky cleared; the sun shone kindly upon the earth, and the blue waves of the sea rolled smoothly amid the coronal of verdant hills; but of the Cloister no vestige was left, and only in the calm stillness of night, may be heard from the shore the ghostly sounds of the Hora rising out of the depths of the sea—the Hora, which the Monks must for ever sing, in expiation of their vile, sinful, lives.

We meet with another version of the same legend:

In the dim days of far gone ages, there rose in the middle of the sea a precipitous mountain, consisting of many cleft, and black rocks. No vegetation sprung up in the crannies or crevices, no ivy crept and clomb over the rocky walls, no fern even found nourishment sufficient to support it. But upon the

summit of the mountain a Knight had built a battlemented Castle. He was a terrible miscreant, who trode virtue and right beneath his recreant heel; plunder and murder was his trade—and in sooth he did nought but what was displeasing to God, and contrary to His law. None could approach his unhallowed abode, and so he pursued his nefarious career unpunished, and revelled with his comrades on the blood-stained riches of his innocent victims.

High up on the shore, where Church and Abbey now stand, might be seen a tiny Chapel, whither pious pilgrims journeyed—a poor recluse eked out his days there in prayer and abstinence. The most abandoned have days—or hours—when the conscience awakes, and fear of the judgement knocks at the hard and stony gates of the heart. Such an hour fell upon the Knight, who was sorely plagued by a gnawing disease, which allowed him no rest in his bed. He would confess his sins and obtain absolution for them, but do little and easy penance, should any be imposed. So crossing the lake in a light skiff he entered the Chapel, where, upon his knees before the Altar, lay the Hermit. The pious old man heard his confession; but remembering his own sacred office and duty, and recalling the deeds of horror committed by the Knight, he laid a heavy penance upon him, requiring moreover a pilgrimage to the shrines of Kevelaar.

In fiercest rage the Knight sprang up; tore his sword from its sheath, and the next instant the blood of the holy recluse stains the simple altar of the Lord. The venerable hermit sinks down dying on the steps; dying he raises his hand towards Heaven—but no words pass his pale, convulsed lips—the film of death spreads o'er his eyes.—The hand of the dying man sank down; the terror-stricken conscience of the Knight sees it before him, imploring vengeance of Him who saith: "I will repay." Horror-smitten he hurries to the shore, springs into his skiff and pushes off, now, and not until now, is he conscious of the fiercely raging storm; sees the black clouds above; the darting, lightning flashing, about him; sees the violent surging of the storm hurtling up the very depths of the lake, and lashing the waves into wild fury. Vain are his efforts to land on the rocks upon which his Castle stands, vain his efforts to regain the shore. He battles with storm and waves, but his gigantic efforts to obtain a mastery over the fury of the elements are vain; his



skiff is their toy, he himself the sport of their will. The fear of death comes over him. He gazes up to Heaven, but sees to his horror the upraised hand of the murdered hermit invoking vengeance—upon whom? His brain reels. A fearful flash of lightning, followed by a terrific clap of thunder, and before his eyes—the rock—his Castle—all disappear beneath the lake's surface, and the whirling vortex of water swallows both skiff and knight.

The charcoal-burners in the forest look on horror-stricken. They hasten to the Chapel, and the riddle is solved; for before their eyes lies the corpse of the murdered saint—wounds in his side, and the Knight's bloody sword lying near. They recognise the avenging hand of God—and presently lay the body of the victim in a grave, mourning him who had become a blessing to them.

One other legend lives among the people—in this too, abandoned Knights play the chief rôle, and the moral too goes to shew how God punishes the godless, and protects those who lean upon him.

In the days when the Pfalzgrafenburg still reared itself up opposite the Cloister; it was inhabited by a Burggraf who hated the pious Abbot fiercely, for having reproved him for his evil ways. Attack him he could not, for strong walls surrounded the Cloister; the Monks were on their guard, and—the Archbishop's hand was stretched in loving protection over the sacred walls.

How to get the Abbot into his power was a source of constant anxiety to the Graf; but the Abbot knew this, and took heed to his ways.

What force had failed to accomplish, cunning might bring to pass.

Grim winter had spread a thick sheet of ice over the lake's surface, strong enough to bear the heaviest burden, and the soft snow had covered the country with a warm mantle. And so the Graf thought his hour of vengeance on the Abbot was come. A retainer of the Graf's appeared at the Cloister gates, and reported to the Abbot that during the night; his lord had been seized with a sickness, which was unto death; that he desired to make his confession and to receive the last sacred rites of the Church. Unsuspecting, and thinking no evil, the







*Indopur.*

Viewed from the North in 1840.



Abbot, taking with him the holy wafer, seats himself in a light sledge drawn by two of his men.

Just at the moment that the Abbot was about to step from the sledge, a faithful friend—one of the Burg serfs, approaches and whispers in his ear: “Turn about, Sir Abbot! it is but an infernal device to take you prisoner. The Burggraf is well and healthy as I am, all is lying and deception.”

The Abbot recognizes the honest fellow, and knows that the words of his lips are truth. Hastily he reenters the sledge, and his men hurry back towards the Cloister.

Scarcely have they turned about, when they hear the shrill shouts of their pursuers. A body of horsemen, the Burggraf at their head, follow the flying Abbot over the frozen lake.

The Abbot's servants pant with fear and exertion. “Haste, for the love of God; of all his Saints, haste ye!” cries the terrified Abbot, and forward in wild career; but their pursuers gain on them, and ever surer do they make of their prey. Now—now the shore is reached.

But—behind them they hear a fearful crack, then a despairing appeal for help, and, as the Abbot turns round to see what it should signify—he beholds the vast sheet of ice part asunder beneath the feet of his pursuers; sees them sink and perish.

In the deep snow, the Abbot falls on his knees, raises the blessed Sacrament on high, and the words: “Lord, forgive them they know not what they do!” burst from his lips.

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## ANDERNACH.

Gloomy as the rocky gate which here appears to forbid the passage of the water—is seen through the natural gateway, the once well fortified town of Andernach. Involuntarily in the mind of the spectator the thought arises, that the clang of war and clash of swords, was oft heard here in days of yore, and many a storm of time has roared and rolled over the little city. And such indeed has been the case.—Roman, if not in its first foundation, yet in its first historically credible rise and development, it bore the name of: Antonacum. If the final syllable “ach” in German local names signifies the vicinity to water, it is still a



query, whether the Roman name was founded upon the previously existing German one—or the reverse.

During the Roman sovereignty on the Rhine, the place was an important Roman Station, and a strongly defended frontier fort, and as is always the case, built in such a position as to command the mouth of a valley running through a mountain district, whence the barbarous Germans might issue. Roman remains, especially the Rhein Thor, (Gate) and excavations, afford evidence of the former presence of the Romans.

In Antonacum was the head quarters of the *praefectus militum* of a division of the *Legio XXI*, which bore the ominous name of: *rapax*, and of the *Legio XXII*. called: *primigenia*, and of the *Cohors Ticinensis* and the *Cohors Asturiensis*, and accordingly was connected with the left Rhenish Pfahlgraben, whose traces extend (upstream) across the mountains, and even in a broad crescent far into the Hunsrück. (from hun, high and Rick = mountain, hill, back).

In the 4<sup>th</sup> century it was no longer possible to prevent the Germans from penetrating into the Roman camps and colonies. That their attacks would soon be directed against an important settlement, such as Andernach was, will readily be credited, and notwithstanding its bold and numerous garrison, it succumbed before their fierce attacks. In 359 it was retaken by the Roman Emperor Julian, the Germans retreated to their forests and mountain passes; but only to fall upon the Roman forts with redoubled vigour and energy, and raze them to the ground. If in other places they levelled all with the earth, here at least they left some remains standing, to testify to the strength and skill of the foreign invader.

Any attempt to pronounce the tolerably well preserved and handsome tower—which is round below, and octagonal above—a Roman erection would be absurd; for the whole plan and style declare its middle-age origin, to which a counterfeit may be found in the Ochsensturm—known to have been built in the beginning of the 5<sup>th</sup> century—at Oberwesel. In 1688 the French turned their guns against it, and—as may still be seen—shook without destroying it. The wall about the town is partially of Roman workmanship.

Let us first devote our attention to the buildings of the town—which attract the eye of the traveller—the Pfarrkirche (parish Church) demands the first notice. The period of its

erection may be assigned to the first six years of the 13<sup>th</sup> century, although the beautiful Choir is full a century older. It is one of the finest specimens of so-called Romanesque; various periods contributed their share, as is shewn by the arms of Archbishop Henry IV. on the arch of the nave—he died in 1508. Some of its details are interesting—the stone work is especially fine. The porch contains the best specimens.

A royal palace which stood here in 562 has disappeared, as also the Castle, built by Archbishop Friedrich I. in 1109. It fell before the destroying hand of the French in 1688, and only unimportant remains of its walls are now visible; they tried their strength in vain against the beautiful town-gates, and on the stately north tower. The old Krahm (crane) on the Rhine was erected in 1554. The Roman burial-ground is yet visible, it is situated on the Kirchberg; not far from the town and Church.

The tradition of the Emperor Valentinian being buried here is without foundation.

Many a storm of war has rolled over the old town, since Rome's mercenaries were driven out, for the citizens of the place were valiant, and ready to rise against any infringement of their rights and privileges.

It was in the vicinity of the town, that Henry V. the faithless son of the unhappy Henry IV., was beaten by his father's adherents. The Archbishop, Herrman of Cöln, was among the victors, drove the followers of Henry V. out, and took possession himself. In order to find favour with the citizens he granted a Charter, conferring municipal rights upon the town; but lost no time in putting it into a defensive condition. The citizens probably knew what town-rights brought with them in an archiepiscopal fortified city, and rejoiced not to see new forts &c. rising up. They were ambitious. The bait hung out to them was: "Reichsfreiheit" (freedom of the Empire), upon which under archiepiscopal jurisdiction, they were allowed to gaze, from a distance. It was a thorn in the flesh to them, and ere long they rose up in rebellion against the Archbishop and his power. Fierce street fights followed, much blood flowed, and the fate of war oft wavered. Instead of seeking to win over the citizens by mild measures, the functionaries of the Archbishop drew the reins tighter, new revolts followed, and at length the citizens, temporarily at least, threw off the galling yoke. In the feuds between Philipp of Sweden and Otto of Brunswick, the citizens of Ander-



nach espoused Otto's cause. The Duke of Lothringen ranged himself on the same side, and advanced with his army to Andernach; but here he renounced his colours, and fought under the Hohenstaufen flag. Scarcely was the news known in the town, when the partisans of the Welfs, among the citizens, attacked the Lothringer partisans, and drove them out of the town. Their boldness cost them dear. The Lothringers mustered their forces, and thirsting for revenge, fell upon the town. It was in 1200. A cleverly led and violent attack—the cutting off of all supplies in addition—rendered it impossible, however brave and valiant they were, for the citizens to withstand. When the strength of the town was sufficiently exhausted, a storming party attacked and took the town—and the hireling soldiers dealt not gently with her inhabitants. The town was pillaged and set on fire, after the thirst for vengeance was glutted, and merciless barbarity and lawlessness, satiated. It is true, the culprits were punished by Philipp of Sweden, what was done could not be undone, the yawning wounds healed but slowly and—not until later ages—completely.

For a considerable period Andernach disappears from history; in no record is mention of her made. These were days, when her citizens should have devoted their energies to the development of their own internal resources. It would appear at this time that the power-loving Archbishops of Cöln, renewed their attempts and became obnoxious to the town. About the middle of the 14<sup>th</sup> century we find the citizens of Andernach, engaged in hot conflict with archiepiscopal aggression. The Guilds were powerful; trade flourished; commerce greatly extended, and in the Guilds the most vigorous developing germ of popular life was latent, at the same time that it was in violent contrast with the power of the old citizen houses, and the influence of the nobles settled in the town. When the above-named classes leaned to the side of Cöln's archiepiscopal authority—as was natural in their position when it served their purpose, there was no lack of internal feuds and bloody quarrels, until the Guilds gained the upper hand, thus saving and securing the city freedom. The town was frequently involved in the feuds of the age, so far as the Rhine provinces, the Rhine traffic, and other entanglements more remote were concerned. Defeats enough, by which the town suffered severely, were sustained, such as occurred in 1347 under Graf Westerburg; but it is extra-

ordinary how soon the town again appears on the scene, especially in cases when it was a question of refusing to acknowledge the archiepiscopal jurisdiction—or supremacy, in the town. That they were bold and enterprising is evident from their having destroyed an electoral, or archiepiscopal, palace; that they resorted to cunning devices and secret ways of undermining the power of the Archbishops, is plain from their having incited the villages of Linz, Unkel and even Bonn, to revolt; that they boldly and defiantly advanced to their goal, is clear from the league into which they entered with the town of Cöln, for the purpose of resisting archiepiscopal encroachments. Such men as these were the middle-age citizens everywhere. The league was a little more than Archbishop Engelbert III. could submit to; that a small town should audaciously unite with his capital, Cöln, in an offensive and defensive alliance, against him and under his very eyes! He called to his aid a man of mind, courage and power, one who had often trodden out the wild spirit of rebellion, rampant against spiritual jurisdiction—his neighbour and brother in the Lord, Archbishop Kuno von Falkenstein, who as Chancellor of the diocese of Mainz, had completely quelled the insolence of the Bingen citizens—and not only quelled, but trodden it out. He was the right man for the work, and from his assistance Engelbert promised himself success in Andernach and,—in Cöln too.

There is no doubt that Kuno was far more at home in the saddle than in the canopied, velvet-covered, chair in the Choir of Triers Cathedral, and joyfully seized the opportunity of putting down the superfluous courage, and love of freedom, cherished by the citizens. Still dearer to his heart grew the task; upon the death of Archbishop Engelbert, Kuno von Falkenstein was made Chancellor of Cöln, until the appointment of a successor by the apostolical Chair of Rome. He was an advocate of rapid, energetic and decisive measures, and at once attacked the Andernachers, who advanced defiantly to encounter his army. His military skill, combined with his overwhelming numerical superiority, compelled the Andernachers to retreat into the town. Now that the citizens had felt the lion's claws, nothing remained to them; if they wished to keep their town, and not to feel the weight of Kuno's iron hand, but to acknowledge his supremacy with all solemnity. This they did, and congratulated themselves that Kuno was unable to carry out the designs he harboured



in his bosom, in the first place his feud with the City of Cöln prevented him; no sooner had Kuno advanced against the Andernachers, than the Cölners took advantage of his absence to revolt. So the Archbishop contented himself with a part of what he had promised himself, leaving the rest to be appropriated at a fitting season. He had, he imagined, so crushed and humbled their spirit, as to deprive them for some time to come, of all desire to attempt to cast off the archiepiscopal rule.—

Albeit the efforts to obtain their freedom were for a time lulled to rest, the spiritual Lord had nevertheless miscalculated, when he reckoned upon having exterminated the very longing for liberty, from the hearts of the Andernachers. Rather they collected their strength, and awaited a favourable moment to gird on the sword, and arm themselves with the “Morgenstern”,—even if they did not resort to fire-arms. Fully determined were they to put an end to the war of centuries, and reduce their theoretical freedom and independence, to living, practical truth. To the citizens the favourable moment appeared to have come.

About the end of the 15<sup>th</sup> century, the Electoral hat was unsupplied with a suitable head.

Arms and the fate of war, were to decide between the two candidates. Now Rupert von der Pfalz, and Hermann, each believed that electoral hat and Bishop’s mitre, fitted his head admirably, and each sought to abase his adversary, and to exalt himself.

Friedrich “the Victorious,” Kurfürst of the Pfalz, was Rupert’s ally. Among other towns on the Rhine, he had seized Andernach; but his death was a terrible blow to Rupert’s cause. All hope of other help was vain. Nothing remained to him, but to retire from the contest.—

The Andernachers taking for their motto: “Im Trüben ist gut fischen”—(tis easy to fish in muddy waters); armed themselves secretly, fell upon the archiepiscopal garrison, and drove them from the town. Apparently their freedom was fought for, gained, secured for ever.—’Twas but a dream from which the citizens awoke to terrible reality, when the Elector and Archbishop Hermann appeared with an armed force, and as was to be foreseen took the town, after a violent assault. The dream was over; the hoped for, yea obtained “Reichsfreiheit” gone; vanished. The date of its death was 1496. The fair picture of

freedom within her walls was destroyed for ever, the wars had brought Andernach no blessing. The minds of the citizens were healthy enough to see, that their prosperity was not to be sought in sanguinary struggles; not in the freedom of the empire; but in commercial enterprise. Alas, that the times were not propitious to peaceful strivings. The Thirty Year's War sorely tried the town; the battles fought subsequently on the banks of the Rhine did not contribute to her prosperity, and the 1<sup>st</sup> of May 1688, seemed to bid fair to be Andernach's last day. During the earliest hours of this memorable day—whilst the town was yet wrapped in a mantle of darkness—the French hurled burning torches into the town, setting it on fire in six places; high up rose the columns of flame; and with fearful rapidity the devouring element seized upon all around it. All attempts to extinguish it were useless! The unhappy citizens looked on in despair whilst their dwellings were consumed; their homes; their all, reduced to ashes. The whole town was literally burnt down. This was the burial-place of their greatness; of their prosperity; the merciless end of their political yearnings.

A long interval passed, ere the impoverished inhabitants could rebuild their dwelling-places. Some few buildings had escaped, among others the Church. To its former prosperity Andernach could scarcely attain. In our own times the volcanic produce of the Laacher See, especially mill-stones and other hewn work, form the chief articles of Andernach's commerce. The stone is principally obtained from the Mendig Trachyt quarries; other species, in the Brohl Thal. Of late, the manufacture of a new description of bricks, resembling tiles, but better adapted for certain purposes, has employed many hands, their manufacture and export, form the staple of Andernach's trade and traffic.

With regard to religion, the inhabitants of the place are principally Roman Catholics. Not until lately did the Gustav-Adolph Society succeed in establishing a Protestant community here, whose Pastor was the universally popular writer, and author of the "Hunsrücker Chronicle"—Pastor Schöler. An early, and not enough to be deplored death, deprived his family, and a large circle of friends of a noble spirit.

Not far from Andernach lies the Abbey of St. Thomas. It was of yore a wealthy and influential seat of monastic life—time broke its staff and shield over its grave. It is now a



place of refuge for incurable lunatics, and in this respect has become a place of blessing for many families, whose unhappy members are preserved from danger, and well taken care of.

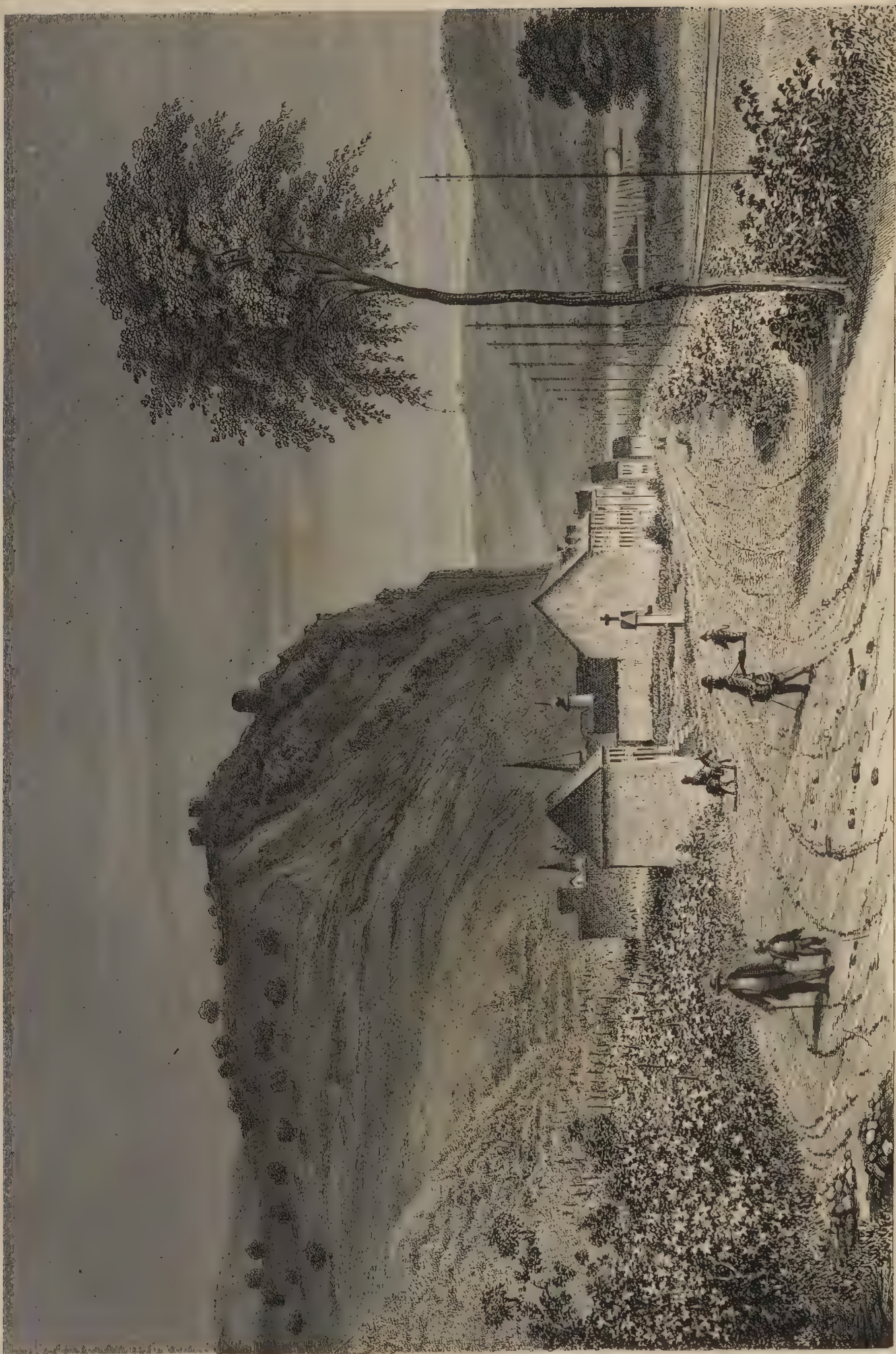
## BURG (CASTLE) HAMMERSTEIN.

Descending the stream from Neuwied, we remark an extensive and wild-looking mountain. It belongs to the grey-wack formation, is of sombre hue, much rent, bare and desolate to look upon; for the world of vegetation seems but to tolerate it, has marked its dislike by clothing it scantily, and only half depriving its wierd-looking and precipitous sides, of their dismal appearance. The waves of the river break at its foot, and are spurned defiantly from it—and, as it were conscious of their puny power, roll murmuring on their way. The entire rocky passage of the river near to the ancient Andernach, is remarkable for its dark and gloomy character, nor does this mountain change the face of the country, or obliterate the impression created on the spectator's mind.

From the lofty heights of this mighty hill an extensive ruin gazes down into the valley of the Rhine, and upon the lovely "Westerholder Au", whose bright fresh verdure is reflected in the clear waves of the river. The ruins are those of the ancient Reichsburg Hammerstein, which entertained and afforded shelter to crowned Imperial heads; bade defiance to Emperors, and defended the jewels and insignia "of the holy Roman Empire, German nation", from sacriligious and predatory fingers. Who, looking now upon the ruins, would give credence to the tale? Yet it is a true one, and the Burg played a not insignificant rôle in the history of former ages.

Seen from below, no idea can be formed of the extent and magnificence of the building, spreading in its desolation over the broad back of the hill; it may be imagined when it is stated that at the restoration in 1576, ninety-six new windows, and thirty new doors, were required. A number of larger, or smaller, ruined towers, extensive buildings, and far stretching walls, in short, a picture of departed greatness, whose like may be sought on the Rhine, may be seen, the ruin of a Castle which for





*Hammerstein.*





size can only be compared with Staleck, or Madenburg near Landau, where the Bishops of Speyer took refuge when the air of the town, the plain, or the flat shores of the Rhine, was heavy and boded storm; or when the citizens of Speyer became as was said: "mäusig" (obstreperous [slang]) and lusted after the Bishops' wealth.

When Hammerstein was built is unknown; certainly at a very early date. The masonry, and the circumstance that the castle existed ere the cycle of the 10<sup>th</sup> century was completed, are sufficient proofs.

In 1018 the name of the Burg occurs in an Imperial edict, and the first event of importance which concerns, or is connected with it, throws a poetic light upon the grand old ruin.

Otto, a bold Graf of the far Wetterau, probably a scion of the once powerful house of Münzenberg, occupied Hammerstein as Imperial Burggraf. A deep-rooted love attached him to Irmentrud, the daughter of his paternal Uncle. The lovely maiden gladly consented to bestow her hand upon him at the altar, in addition to her heart already his; but the Church forbade the marriage, as within the degree of consanguinity sanctioned by her.

A priest, who either boasted of a heart capable of feeling for the lover's sorrow; or a hand amenable to the touch of Otto's gold, which he distributed with profuse liberality, nevertheless united them in the holy bonds of wedlock. And the proud husband carried his lovely bride from her native Wetterau to his impregnable Burg Hammerstein. But the eye of the Church was upon him, and that eye directed by his bitterest enemy; Erkenbold, Archbishop of Mainz, was Otto's fiercest foe. He obtained information of the marriage, and thus knew the most vulnerable point to assail his enemy.

Otto watched the storm-clouds gathering, and waited until they should burst over him; here upon the rocky heights of Hammerstein, would he defy the power of the Church, which in this instance, was simply used as a medium of personal hatred.

He had reckoned falsely. Earth afforded no spot whence such power might be defied.—Had he sought for a dispensation on the other side of the mountains, where a golden key opens all doors and the iron rule becomes soft and pliable, he might have rejoiced in undisturbed domestic happiness all the days of his life, As it was, secular insolence must be cowed; lay defi-



ance, crushed. Whether one or two hearts were crushed too—what mattered it, so long as the archiepiscopal malice was satisfied?

Erkenbold opened the campaign. Warnings were disregarded. Threats, Otto laughed to scorn. Now was the time to assert the supreme power and authority of the Church.

In Neumagen a Council of the Church was sitting. Erkenbold denounced Otto. Right was on his side. It was only necessary for him to state the charge, and the Council unanimously agreed upon the excommunication of the happy pair, and the dissolution of the criminal marriage. Thus in a moment did the storm burst, and the bolt fall with fearful force! Otto nevertheless refused to submit, and defied the Church.

Archbishop Erkenbold was not the man to adopt half measures; he determined to enforce the sacred verdict by all available means.

Otto's rage now burned bright. Leaving his beloved Irmentrud in charge of faithful and true friends in Hammerstein, he hastened to the Gau to collect an army of vassals and friends about him. He readily succeeded in arming a respectable force, with which he attacked the Archbishop's dominions, burning and ravaging wherever he came. The destroying torrent swept down the Main, following the course of the stream, and hearts began to beat within the "golden" Mainz, up to whose very gates death and destruction raged onwards.

Now he hurried back to his Irmentruda, made such dispositions of his garrison and took such defensive measures, as he believed would render Hammerstein impregnable, or enable it to withstand a siege of many years.

Otto trembled not; for he well knew that his defiance of the ecclesiastical power excited universal sympathy; he knew how firm was his hold on the Imperial favour, and how the Emperor secretly rejoiced; but Erkenbold too knew what he was about. Since Otto had smitten the See, with wounds bleeding and sore, his wrath knew no bounds. He made up his mind to go to Cöln, and there demand assistance of the Archbishop, in breaking his enemies courage and taking sanguinary revenge.

Otto's spies were on the alert, and brought him news of the Archbishop's intentions. His joy was boundless; for now the hope of getting his implacable enemy into his hands bloomed afresh.

His hopes were blasted; for though he long lay concealed midst the thick willow-plantations bordering the banks of the "Westerwälder Rheinau"; though he saw the little flottilla coming; and though he attacked it with a superior force and took all the boats save one—this one, was that in which Erkenbold escaped him.

The foggy autumn morning favoured the Archbishop's flight, covering him with an impenetrable cloud, under whose cover he escaped.

Still more embittered by this attack, the Archbishop made every effort; exerted himself to the utmost; called in every auxiliary to aid in overpowering Otto—more especially did he use every opportunity of vilifying, and defaming him, to the Emperor Heinrich II. He, the arrogant infringer of sacred laws; the disturber of the public peace; excommunicated of the Church, was the Emperor's slave; was his vassal; and these circumstances together with unavoidable consideration for the dignitaries of the Church and the Empire, demanded Imperial interposition.

Messengers from the Emperor were sent to Hammerstein; thither letters were despatched, entreaties, exhortations, threats, all availed not; the despairing knight, whom ruin now stared in the face, would rather die than part from her who had been confided to him by sacred rites, though the Church acknowledged not the union.

Long did the Emperor, who loved Otto well and was also beholden to him, hesitate. He would grant him time to ponder over his future course; but months flew by; patience dwindled—as days rolled on—dwindled—was no more. And now the imperial patience was turned to wrath, and Erkenbold fed the fire.

So in the autumn of 1020, the Emperor assembled an armed force wherewith to chastise the rebel; to reduce him to subjection, and to crush out disobedience in the vassal.

The Emperor appeared before Hammerstein at the head of his army, and the herald who was sent to offer terms to Otto, returned with the simple answer; "No"!

Every device of war did the Emperor employ to take the Castle; but in vain. Otto repulsed the-besiegers. Months rolled by, still the Emperor had obtained no advantage.

Reinforcements were required. The three spiritual Electors sent aid. The Emperor now invested the Burg on all sides, and cut off all supplies. Hunger with all its horrors stalked through



Hammerstein. Otto could not see wife and child perishing of hunger and—he surrendered. On the Feast Day of all the year, dedicated to the joys and pleasures of family life; on Christmas Day, he was forced to rend the sacred ties of family; to renounce his dearest joy. The severe penances which the Church required of him! With what feelings may he have done them—unjust as his conscience declared them to be? What was Erkenbold's triumph, his exaltation? Ere long he was laid within the Dom of Mainz. Grass had grown over Otto's tale. He implored the Emperor to assist him, and probably through the Emperor he obtained a dispensation from Rome—Otto was united once more with his beloved Irmentrud. Alas, that but a single son was left to him when he returned to Hammerstein, and this son, grown up to be a promising youth,—died, and Otto buried him. Of Irmentrud and her death, historians are silent. Whether she was doomed to bear the sad loss, and to see Otto ere long follow his son to the grave—Who shall know? Who would not fain hope that she had earlier gone to her rest.

With Otto this line of Burggrafen died out. Others holding feudal tenures in Hammerstein succeeded them, they appear in historical documents under the style of Burggrafen von Hammerstein, though it is impossible to find any trace of their connection with the original house.

Once again Hammerstein saw an Emperor within its walls,—not as a Conqueror, but as one conquered by unworthy and marauding hands. Not surrounded by the pride and pomp of imperial state, did he make his entry—but bowed down with care and sorrow; a poor excommunicated exile, attended by a few faithful souls, who had burst open his prison gates; as a beggar seeking shelter and protection!

It was the unhappy Heinrich IV., of whom we told the tale, when speaking of Klopp and Bingen. Coarse and inhuman hands tore the crown from the head of the venerable Emperor and broke his heart. The crown sat upon the head of the godless son, and when his end was so easily attained, the robbed and barbarously treated Father, was an unwelcome guest, and an undesirable prisoner in Klopp. His escape was facilitated and now, deprived of all succour, the Emperor a mendicant, wandered down the valley of the Rhine, where his son's adherents, alleging that he was excommunicate of the Pope, refused him shelter or aid. Mentally bowed down, despairing; physically



exhausted by want and hardship, he reached Hammerstein with his faithful followers, where he was welcomed by a true and faithful friend—the Burg Graf, by whom he was tenderly and respectfully treated; who comforted and consoled the unhappy man to the best of his power. The Emperor and father bending under the weight of the Papal ban, yet more under the treachery of his own son, had still true friends and devoted adherents. The Heralds of the Burg Graf summoned them to assemble in the halls of Hammerstein; not alone however did knightly hearts sympathise with him: but the principal citizens of Cöln, with the powerful Archbishop as leader; he of Lüttich, and the Duke of Brabant, with many others, especially of the Lower Rhine, obeyed the summons. From Hammerstein, the Emperor was escorted for security, to the protection of the old walls of Cöln.

The undutiful son who had hurled his father from the throne and seized his crown marched down the river to punish his father's friends. Hammerstein was blockaded, and taken after a valiant defence. Its chastisement was probably not severe, for it does not anywhere appear that the tenure was forfeited, or that it was bestowed elsewhere. It unquestionably was cunning on the part of the usurper to propitiate his enemies by moderation.

Heinrich IV. found peace in death, Heinrich V. none in life.

Hammerstein's stout walls, and the firm allegiance of the Burg Graf, nevertheless, appeared strong enough to afford a place of safety to the Imperial jewels and insignia, of which he had deprived his father, and when the courage of the Cölners shipwrecked his cause, he withdrew to her walls.

A friendly connection existed between the Archbishops of Cöln, and the Burg Graf of Hammerstein. At Worringen he fought with his horsemen in the ranks of the archiepiscopal army, but had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by the Jüllicher, out of whose hands he only escaped on payment of a heavy ransom.

The castle-ward included the Burg; the "Stadt Hammerstein" and the village of Niederhammerstein. Of such "castle-wards" there are several, proving that a not inconsiderable number of other Ritters held tenures there, and that it was a so-called "Gauerbenhaus" having many branches. Hence it may be concluded, that it was capable of bidding bold defiance until supplies were cut off, when it would readily fall.



It is a strange fact, accurate details of which are unattainable; but in 1374 the Emperor Carl IV., "without disparagement of the rights of the Burg Graf", made over the imperial tenure of Hammerstein to Kuno von Falkenstein, Archbishop of Trier, and recorded a deed desiring the Burggrafen to receive their "Reichslehen" from Kurtrier in all future time. Thus completely transferring all rights of lordship to the Archbishop.

With Irmengard von Hammerstein—the wife of Ritter Wilhelm von Reichenstein—the second line of Burg Grafen became extinct in the first quarter of the 15<sup>th</sup> century. The fee escheated to the archbishopric, and it would seem to have been a special act of archiepiscopal favour, by which the said Wilhelm von Reichenstein was indemnified for the renunciation of his "Gau-erbenrecht" in Hammerstein. The "Burglehen" (feudal tenure) proper was bestowed upon Graf Virneburg in the Eifel.

In the records of the stormy 17<sup>th</sup> century, in which so many of the Burgen are mentioned, no reference is made to Hammerstein. One thing is certain, that it lived through them all, and was destroyed in peaceful times by the hand of its lordly proprietor.

And the tale of it was this: About the middle of the 17<sup>th</sup> century the Burg was occupied by Lothringians, and it almost appeared as if the days of "club-law" had returned; for the ships passing up or down the river were stopped; ruthlessly pillaged, and the sailors mercilessly treated; the towns and villages on either side of the river attacked, burned and plundered at discretion "Türken and Krawaten" (Turks and Croats) it was declared, "were better; for they (the Lothringians) were Christian folk, having no Christian heart." When the news was circulated in the land that the Duke of Lothringen was a prisoner in Brussels, the Archbishop of Trier and the Graf von Wied, took heart of grace; and sent troops into the field, for their territories had been wofully wasted by the robber occupiers of Burg Hammerstein—and the cup of wrath was full. News was brought them, that clouds were gathering overhead, and they who were so valiant against the defenceless, had not courage to defend the place of their misdeeds. They retired secretly ere the avengers of their numberless crimes could approach Hammerstein. For six years they had been the scourge of the land—and how happy were its impoverished inhabitants, and how joyfully would

they have been witnesses, if the chastising arm of justice had but reached these barbarians.

Hammerstein's hour was come. The Archbishop of Trier himself too weak to hold or to maintain the Burg, determining that it should not again become the hiding-place of rapacious enemies, ordered it to be razed. And so pickaxe and crowbar began the work; powder formed the third ally in the bond of destroying agents; and Hammerstein's towers and walls fell, and only their ruins were left as they stand now on heights of the mountain, and notwithstanding that the gnawing tooth of time has done its work, still give evidence of what the Burg, great even in decay, once was.

It is worthy of record that Hammerstein is referred to in one of the articles of the Treaty of Westphalia, wher in is expressly stipulated that the Burg with all included in its "Burgfrieden", (castle-ward) shall belong to Kurtrier.

The age was not one likely to see the extensive ruin restored to its primitive condition, the archiepiscopal coffers were too empty and the importance of the Castle too insignificant. It continued a ruin of the peace.

Subsequent to the Revolution the Burg became State property; but not until Prussian rule prevailed was it sold, together with its surroundings. Regierungsrath Freiherr von Haxthausen who then resided in Cöln bought it for an insignificant sum; but soon sold it to General Freiherr von Hammerstein, who resides at Hildesheim, and traces his descent from the Graf von Hammerstein. Whether this is provable, or whether the name exercised some power of attraction is doubtful!

The view from the heights on which the ruins stand is marvellous in its beauty, especially in the lovely view of the Rhine; that of the Eifelberg is the same as the one obtained from Rheineck.

The road to the ruin is steep and toilsome, but the traveller will be repaid for wandering through the ruin, guided by the hand of history, and allowing the panorama of the past to float by him.



## CASTLE RHEINECK.

Upon a luxuriantly wooded hill of 500—600 feet in altitude, near to the wonderfully charming and peculiar Brohl Thal, and to the mysterious Laacher See, rises the beautifully situated Schloss Rheineck, with its proud roofs resting on the original walls of the old Reichsburg of the same name. It formed the central-point of a "Burggrafschaft", and the see of Cöln held it in fee from the Emperor; conferring the arriere-fee upon an attached knightly house, which under the name of "Burg Grafen von Rheineck", obtained a place in Rhenish history, if only after such sort as names did obtain place in the Middle Ages. Prior to the latest restoration of the Burg, to which reference will be presently made, but few remains existed of the ancient Castle, which French gunpowder and torches destroyed in 1689; so much however of the walls were left, as enabled one to form a conception of what the Castle had once been. In the year 1785 the Castle was again set on fire, and the consuming element asserting its fell power devoured all, except the small portion remaining to mark its site. The flames respected the sacred space on which stood the Burg Chapel. It stood, alone, amid the horrors of desolation, though the fair building suffered considerably.

To the numerous Reichsburgen of the Rhine province, of weight in the Imperial dotation, may be added Burg Rheineck, which together with the estates appertaining, received the appellation of a "Burggrafschaft" (district or county belonging to a Burg) this name it bore for a long period—indeed up to that Revolution whose dark waves, rolling from the banks of the Seine to those of the Rhine, swallowed up the last remnants of Middle-Age constitution.

Its origin, the date of its foundation, and the name of the builder are unknown, as is the case with all these Castles, Godesberg excepted. The first reliable historical information shews it to us as a fief of the Empire, belonging to the powerful archiepiscopal see of Cologne, which appointed its Burggrafen, and as we said above, handed it over to them as an arriere fief. Upon these grounds we may comprehend the anger of the supreme liege lord, Conrad III, when the Burggrafen refused to allow him to enter the Castle, which by virtue of the feudal contract









had always been, and still continued to be an open house to the Emperor.

Such a criminal breach of feudal faith could not be passed over by the Emperor, who swore he would completely destroy the place, in order that it might not hand down to posterity the history of such an outrageous breach of trust. The imperial army drew near, laid siege to the Castle in 1150 and in spite of a gallant resistance forced it to surrender. The Emperor fulfilled the vow which he had made in his wrath, and upon the spot, where once had stood a lordly Castle, devastation reigned supreme, and the blackened ruins bore witness that to second his own powers of destruction, man had called to his aid a powerful ally. What became of the bold criminals who ventured to refuse feudal duty and obedience to imperial majesties is unknown, neither can the name of the faithless Burggrafen be authentically ascertained. His fate and that of his followers can have been no enviable one, if we may judge by the treatment which the Castle received from the Emperor. Thorns and briars grew over the ruins—yea, it seemed as if the curse of unfaithfulness had laid its heavy burden upon them. It was not until full fifteen years had passed away, and persons and circumstances had alike undergone many changes, that the ruins of Rheineck experienced a change of fortunes.

It would seem as though the Emperor Conrad III. had refused to rebuild the Castle, and as though the Archbishop who held it in fief did not dare to undertake the work. Archbishop Reinold first succeeded in obtaining from the Emperor, with whom he was a favourite, and whom he accompanied upon his expedition to Rome, the permission to rebuild the Castle. Whilst still on this side the Alps, he sent a messenger to his substitute the Dean, Count Philip of Heinsberg, with orders that the Castle should be rebuilt more strongly than before, and begun immediately, so that if possible, he might find it roofed in when he should leave the sacred walls of the eternal city for those of the "holy city upon the Rhine." The Archbishop had his reasons for this haste. One fortress more, and that a fortress of so much importance, was of considerable utility at a period when danger was threatening from the avowed hostility of Frederick of Swabia, and Conrad Count Palatine, who was always eager for the fray. The Dean must have received precise instructions. He set to work with great vigour, and, as



there was no lack of money, the fortress speedily arose; it was well provided with towers, and was strong and vast; and with joy and satisfaction did Archbishop Conrad hail the sight greeting him from the rocky summit of the mountain, as the vessel bore him back to the archiepiscopal residence.

The boundaries of the castellany were limited, and comprehended only the little village and a park of very moderate dimensions, but the archbishop's court of feudal tenure, found means to increase its power and importance by the addition of other fiefs, and thus bind the holder of the fief more closely to the archiepiscopal See.

The first Burgrave who is mentioned in the records, in the year 1122, is Otto von Rheineck. He bore the name of the Castle as was customary at that period. The search for the family names of holders of fiefs in these times is difficult, and may be entirely vain. As therefore after the building of the Castle by Archbishop Reinold, the new Burggrafen are merely called "Rheineck",—the name which the dignity of the castellany conferred upon them;—the question whether the Archbishop reinstated the family which had incurred the anger of the Emperor Conrad, must remain unanswered.

About the year 1275, the Burggrafen of Rheineck were as distinguished as they were powerful, and their protection was anxiously sought by the surrounding Cloisters and Abbeys, which did not even shrink from considerable sacrifices in order to gain it. With this intention the Abbey of S. Thomas near Andernach, —now an asylum for incurable lunatics—ceded large tracts of meadow land to the Burggrafen as fief, and others, such as Laach and Siegburg, compelled by the necessities of the times, which prepared heavy trials for the helpless inmates of the Cloister followed this example. The robber Knights bore them no special love, because the wealthy possessions of their forefathers had passed into the hands of the monks; and from their rough point of view, the Burggrafen considered their robberies and extortion solely as interest of capital which belonged to them of right, and which the troubled consciences of the knights their ancestors, had estranged from them.

The Burggrafen as vassals of the archbishopric, were compelled to follow the standard of the ruling Archbishop, but all desire to oppose their higher or supreme liege lord, the Emperor, seems wholly to have passed away in recollection of the Emperor

Conrad's severe chastisement. Instances however, in which they bore arms in the service of the Archbishops are not altogether wanting; for at the battle of Worringen, in the year 1288, the Burggrafen of Rheineck fought on the side of the Archbishop. He was taken prisoner with many other of the Archbishop's allies, only regaining his liberty upon payment of a large ransom. Of the Emperor's conduct on this occasion we have no certain information. But as the peace of the land was broken, we may suppose that the affair did not pass without reproof; matters turned out badly for the helper and the helper's assistant, and the Burggrafen, as they say on the Rhine, paid a heavy reckoning.

Fierce men and violent were the Burggrafen, as were all who held the rank of knights; for in those days it was deemed incumbent upon the order that its members should be highway-men, plunderers, and tax gatherers on their own account.

With examples so numerous and so brilliant, and with harvests so inviting and so easily reaped, it was not to be expected but that the Burggrafen of Rheineck should be of the number of these knightly freebooters, whose raids upon merchants and Jews, upon Cloisters and Abbeys, formed the subject of many a merry, eager tale at the banquets which they held in common. However, if the Archbishop levied taxes upon his own authority, why should not the Burggrafen do so too? And so because his conscience presented to him the possibility of punishment, he caused the whole mountain upon which the Castle stood to be surrounded by a dike, and the earth which was thrown up out of the ditch, he surrounded with a bristling palisade formed of trunks of trees; and dug up the high road so that all traffic might be stopped at his pleasure. Further than this—he caused a strong, heavy chain to be forged which reached from one bank of the river to the other; and he built small towers on both shores to contain machinery, which should either draw the chain tightly across, or let it sink to the bottom of the river. This opposed a serious barrier to navigation. In order to obtain a passage, ships were forced to pay an arbitrary toll. The remonstrances of the wealthy merchants in Coln; the Lombards in Bingen, and the merchant guilds in Frankfurt and Mayence, were fruitless, and were met only by scorn, and increased tolls on the part of the Burggraf. He justified his conduct by the clauses of his deed of investiture,



maintained that it was it his own affair, and that what was right for others was right for him, and when Archbishop Wichhold, who was at that time living in peace with the Burg-herrn of Cöln, commanded him to abstain, Burggraf John von Rheineck replied that it was not mentioned in the deed of investiture, neither was it named in his oath of allegiance, and therefore it was no concern of the Archbishop. The Archbishop in whose face he flung these hard and rude words, controlled his anger, and endeavoured to gain his end by means of peaceful negociation, but the Burggraf opposed him with a violence which knew no bounds, and when the Archbishop had tried all gentle means in vain, he was compelled to have recourse to severe measures. The court for the decision of causes touching feudal tenure was assembled, and resolved that the disobedient vassal, who had overstepped the limits of his lawful authority, should be deprived of all his fiefs.

This the Burggraf had not expected, and the sentence was heavy enough to cause him to reflect. Should he intrench himself behind his fortifications, palisades, walls, and ditches, and bid defiance to his feudal lords? The image of the Emperor Conrad and what he had once done to a contumacious Burggraf presented itself to his mind. If the Archbishop, supported by the whole might of the city of Coln, were to attack his fortress, the chances were that it would and must succumb. Wisdom therefore advised him to make a virtue of necessity. He drew in the chain, destroyed the wall, pulled down the barricade, repaired the high road, and bent low beneath the crosier of the Archbishop;—outwardly with profound self-abasement,—inwardly with gnashing of teeth. Such humility must meet with a reward, the Burggraf was reinstated in his fief as solemnly as he had been deprived of it, and so the affair was concluded. This Burggraf John was a perfect type of the robber Knights of those days; he was wild, defiant, and reckless, yielding when evil consequencee might follow his resistance, and then only until the next outbreak of lawlessness.

This wild, uncontrolled, violent temper brought about his fearful end.

It was Christmas in the year 1347, and the nobility of the land were assembled for high festival around their lord the Archbishop, in the banqueting hall at Godesberg. When they became flushed with the noble wine from the valley of the Ahr,

a horrible scene took place. Beside Knight Bullmann von Sinzig sat the Burggraf John von Rheineck. They were not on good terms, and between them a dispute soon arose which grew hotter every moment. The Burggraf suddenly drew his dagger, and before anyone had time to attempt to ward off the blow, it was planted in the heart of Ritter Bullmann, who sank without uttering a sound.

A thrill of horror and indignation ran through that vast assembly. The crime was aggravated by the desecration of the holy festival, the flagrant breach of the laws of hospitality, and the implied contempt of the lord of the land and high dignity of the Church. But none felt greater indignation at the deed than did the Archbishop himself. He caused the madman to be thrown into the dungeon of the main tower, and on the following day to be publicly beheaded by the hand of the executioner.

So great was the anger roused by this shameless deed, that the peremptory and severe sentence of the Archbishop met with no disapproval now, from those who were as rude as the murderer, and held the same rank.

The clemency of the Archbishop in causing his punishment to fall only upon the guilty man himself, leaving his sons in undisturbed possession of the fiefs, exercised a highly beneficial and tranquillizing influence; indeed so little did he permit them to feel any ill effects from their father's crime, that as a reward for their bravery, he handed over to them the jurisdiction and fortress of Landskron as a fief. In like manner they held the fiefs of Broich and Tomburg. By such conduct to the members of the family, the Archbishop crushed all signs of discontent, and reconciled the Knights.

As early as the year 1548, the male line of the Burggraf became extinct. The Knights of Warsberg, who had married into the family, and were certainly their heirs, laid claim to the fiefs. But there were difficulties in the way, for they consisted solely of male fiefs, and these upon the extinction of the male line always lapsed to the liege. However, after long and ineffectual efforts, Knight John of Warsberg, in the year 1574, succeeded in obtaining possession of all the fiefs which had belonged to the family of the Burggraf.

For nearly a hundred years these fiefs remained in possession of the Warsberg family. In the year 1654, with the consent



of the Archbishops, they sold the fiefs to Count Sinzendorf, who received the enfeoffment from the Electors of Coln. Count Sinzendorf paid to the Warsbergs the sum of seven thousand ducats, but alas for Rheineck! The French, in the year 1689, passed through the Rhineland, leaving their passage marked by fire and sword, and they took up their abode at Rheineck with the avowed intention of enjoying themselves at the cost of the owner; until it pleased them to destroy the place which had sheltered them, but the Duke of Lorraine was approaching Cöln and there was no time to lose. They set fire to the fortress on all sides; it was consumed amidst yells of delight, and they went on their way in triumph. No plan for its restoration was made. One house alone, that of the chief forester stood amongst the ruins. The family of Sinzendorf remained in possession of the castellany and the dependant fiefs, but was not resident there, or at all on the left bank of the Rhine, when the revolutionary army spread itself over the beautiful Rhineland, and destroyed all the ancient buildings. The absence of the proprietor was sufficient to cause the estates to be considered state property, and to be attractive as booty. And thus it happened, that when the so-called "national property" was offered for sale, Rheineck passed into the hands of the chief forester Schurfs, who built himself the house in the ruins.

When the final territorial settlements were made, the Counts of Sinzendorf received the village of Wintemedden in Würtemberg, and an income of 1500 Gulden, as compensation for the loss of Rheineck, because the castellany of Rheineck had been a fief formerly dependant upon the Empire.

His Excellency, the Minister Bethman-Hollweg, whilst holding the office of Curator of the University of Bonn, chose the beautiful hill of Rheineck for the spot on which to build a Castle, bought the ruins and land from the afore-mentioned chief forester, and placed the building of a Castle, in the style of the Middle Ages, in the hands of the architect de Lassauex in Coblenz. Thus a new feature was added to the beauty of this fair land.

Rheineck was built, and adorned internally in the most beautiful and tasteful manner. Its gardens and grounds make it really a delightful residence. Anyone passing through this country, whether by the railway or on the steamboat, would say that a Castle, so situated must command a most beautiful view; but when he stands beside it, and his eye ranges from the







Schloß - Burgstall



peaks of the Eifel—some near, some far distant, on his left hand, to the glorious Rebengebirge which lie to the right, and then glances into the wonderful valley of the Rhine below, and over the plains towards Godesberg, he will fain confess that he never anticipated a view so rich and extensive. And as our bodily eye views the features of the surrounding landscape, what a panorama of struggles and strange events passes before the mind's eye, as connected with this spot, where time has wrought such changes. And now it is the seat of learning, of the noblest enjoyment of life, of the fairest family happiness and of undisturbed peace.

## THE CASTLE OF ARENFELS

BELOW HAMMERSTEIN ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE RHINE.

The Castle of Arenfels (not Argenfels or Arienfels) stands, free and sunny, about 160 feet above the level of the Rhine, upon a hill clothed at its foot with vineyards, with its ridge rising in relief against the dark woods behind.

In the year 1850, Count Frederick Ludolf of Westerhold-Gysenberg, the present owner of the Castle and its immediate neighbourhood, bought what was then a ruin, together with the estate he immediately began to restore the building, and to lay out the gardens and surrounding park, and in doing this, availed himself as far as possible of the natural features of the place. Thus in course of time, was completed the extensive and stately residence in which the proprietor usually spends the most lovely season of the year, and which is numbered amongst the beauties of the fair banks of the Rhine.

It is almost always difficult to ascertain with any certainty what were the beginnings of the old fortresses upon the Rhine, and it is with Arenfels as with the others.

According to tradition, upon the division of the estates and fiefs between Henry II. of Isenburg and his brother Gerlach, in the year 1232, the district lying below Hammerstein, three leagues in length and one league in breadth, extending down to the Rhine, fell to the share of the former. With the consent of his feudal lord, the Archbishop of Trier, he resolved to build a Castle upon this beautiful and sunny spot, which he



then called Arenfels, in honour of his wife Matilda von Are and Hochstaden.

But according to other traditions, this information seems to point to the rebuilding, or perhaps, only to the enlargement and restoration, of the far more ancient Castle of Arenburg. And besides, is there not a legendary ring about the story which tells that the young and beautiful Matilda eagerly entered into the scheme, and as the Castle arose proudly to grace the Rhine valley, chose it for her residence, and that then her devoted husband, to perpetuate for his beloved Matilda, the sound of the name of her childhood's home,—Are (near Altenahr in the valley of the Ahr), gave his Castle the name of "Arenfels" (the rock of Are).

The above mentioned division between the brothers took place later, towards the middle of the 13<sup>th</sup> century, and it was not Henry II., but Gerlach II., to whom fell the Castle of Arenfels, which his father had possessed and perhaps even built. He was married to a Countess Elizabeth of Cleves; when he received as his portion: "Arenfels and all belonging to it".—He had a violent dispute ("Spanne") with John, Burgrave of Hammerstein, on the subject of the boundaries of the Arenfels territory, which was brought to an amicable termination in the year 1260. Whether, as was the custom of the times, this dispute engendered a bloody feud is not known.

A peace was concluded between the disputants on the Saturday after S. Remigius' day, in the year 1266, in the terms of which it was arranged, that Gerlach of Arenfels should exercise jurisdiction over Höningen and Algendorf, but that Niederhammerstein should be given over to the Burgrave. Gerlach is supposed to have died about the year 1303. He left three sons, one of whom, Theodoric, is mentioned indiscriminately by the names of Isenburg and Arenfels.

Whilst his father still lived, Gerlach bound himself to devote his person and his Castles to the service of Archbishop Baldwin of Trier.

Sundry divisions amongst the various branches of the house of Isenburg, and a fresh settlement of the fiefs, are the only circumstances mentioned in records, which have reference to the fortress of Arenfels; with the exception of a certain feud which raged around it about the year 1373, between the Agnates of Isenburg-Arenfels and those of Isenburg-Grenzau.

and Isenburg-Büdingen; but the Castle was neither taken nor injured.

The quarrel was brought to an amicable conclusion, to which a seal was set by the arrangement of a double marriage between members of the families — how far the hearts of the couples were concerned it is impossible for us to determine. That even in those days “mariages a convenance” were made, can hardly afford more than the “poor consolation” of having “companions in misfortune”, to the bleeding hearts of our own times.

Although the Castle always remained in the possession of the Isenburgs, yet, that at a later period several branches of the family seem to have had some share in it, is probably due only to the increase of their numbers. It was certainly not a so-called “Commonhouse”, (Gauerbenhaus) for no foreign knights held any fiefs in it.

In the year 1333, Gerlach II. is called “*Count of Arenfels*”, and this title reappears in the records of the years 1340 and 1359, and then disappears. It would seem to have been an *official title* of Gerlach II., and might perhaps refer to his position under his feudal lord in Trier.

Again, in 1371, the Castle appears to have been held by two owners. In that year the warlike and gallant Falkenstein Kuno, Archbishop of Trier, bestowed the Castle of Arenfels, together with the office of Vogt (Prefect), and the jurisdiction and estates at Höningen, upon Count William I. of Isenburg. to be held in fief; but he can have presented him with one half only, for according to the record, Salentine IV., five days afterwards, received the other half from the same feudal lord.

Such lists of divisions amongst heirs, and of transfers of fiefs, without any event of wider interest, must of necessity prove dull and tedious to the reader—we will therefore turn our attention to an occurrence, which interesting though it may be, reflects little honour upon the old Castle of Arenfels; but the candid student of history may fairly ask, was there any one of these fortresses which could claim to be free from crimes of pillage and highway robbery?, was there even one quite free from piracy? (“Schnapphahnenenthum”). It happened at the time when the two Isenburgs of Arenfels, William I., and Salentine IV., were still young men, and their father was yet living, that these three with their men, and Knight Velt



von Isenburg, and Count William of Wied, fell upon, plundered, and made prisoners a company of merchants from Cöln, who were travelling up the Rhine to the fair at Frankfort on the Main with much costly merchandise. The value of the goods, which as we are expressly told, consisted of "apparel" (Gewanden), amounted to the then very large sum of 4000 gulden. In order that the prisoners might be still safer, they were removed from the fortress of Arenfels to the Isenburg. There was a prospect of a large ransom. Here we have proof that the practices of the "brigands", dwelling in the Apennines and the Abruzzo mountains of middle and lower Italy, in our own days, are nothing new!

Their pedigree dates from an era long gone by!—The prisoners cannot be said to have lived in clover at Isenburg, any more than could those others, who a couple of hundred years later, were confined in the famous "turnip cellar" at Ebernburg, in the fortress of the otherwise honourable Knight, Francis of Sickingen, near Kreuznach on the Nahe.

One of the servants of the merchants escaped unhurt in the tumult caused by the attack, and hastened to Cöln, to bear the tidings to the relatives of those who had been robbed and taken prisoners.

The indignation of the citizens of that wealthy commercial town, and of the "merchant guilds", (die Innung der Kaufleute allda) was thoroughly roused; and the more so, because it was on record, that the father and grandfather of the "criminals" had for a similar cause been compelled to abandon all claim to the "ancient seigneurial right", that is, of the "right" of levying tolls and taxes according to their own power and pleasure, upon the Rhine and upon the "Pilgrimspath" ("Pilgerpfade") on the left bank of the river. This abandonment of their claim had long kept the whole extent of the further side of the Arenfels territory secure, for the traffic of the "spice merchants of Cöln".

It was impossible that the Archbishop of Cöln, who had not forgotten the record, should remain indifferent to this "breach of the peace". Although he used every means in his power, he had great difficulty in preventing the citizens from undertaking an armed expedition against Arenfels, which would probably have done no injury either to its walls or towers. Then he turned with "bitter complaint" to the seigneur and

liege, Kuno von Falkenstein, Archbishop of Trier, and thus sent grist to his mill; for Kuno loved to quell the arrogance of the vassals of his throne, and revelled in the opportunity thus afforded him, of making the proud Isenburgs feel the weight of his iron hand.

He first tried what he could effect by negociation, and not only demanded that the goods which had been plundered should be restored, but also that all the prisoners should be set at liberty without any ransom, and finally that they should swear to keep the peace as their fathers had done. At first the lords of Arenfels manifested no desire to do so. They did not attempt to clear themselves from the imputation; for as the affair was generally known it would have been a vain endeavour, but they replied defiantly, that they did not consider themselves bound by their fathers' compulsory renunciation of the "right of levying taxes".

Kuno, who had possibly expected such a reply, was not a man for lengthy negotiations and treaties, but for brisk, decided action. His anger was raised; he summoned his vassals and his army, and entered the dominions of Gerlach and his sons "with great force and power" ("mit grossem Genugen und Gewalt").

The offenders were likewise armed and prepared. But they took care not to meet him in the open field, and remained in their towers awaiting his approach.

The Limburg chronicles give a sketch of this soldier prince of the church. It runs thus: "Sir Kuno was a strong and noble man, large of stature and well proportioned in all his limbs; he had a large head with great, rough, brown curls, a broad face with puffy cheeks, a cold brave glance, a clever mouth, lips somewhat thick, a broad nose with long nostrils, the bridge of the nose flattened; a large chin and a high forehead; he had also a broad chest, and tawny eyes. He stood up on his legs like a lion, and his manner towards his friends and subjects was gracious. But when he was angry his cheeks shook and swelled, and he became wondrous noble to look upon". ("Es war Herr Chuno ein herrlicher, starker man, woll proportioniret von Leib und gross von allen Gliedern; er hatte ein gross Haupt midt einem strauben, weiten und brunnen Crullen, ein breit Angesicht mit pusenden Backen, ein scharf-mannliches Gesicht, einen bescheiden Mundt, die Glaffern etzlicher massen dicke, die



Nase breidt, mit geronnen Nasslöchern, die Nase was in der Mitte niedergedrückt, midt einem grossen Kinne, midt einer hohen Stirne; er hatte auch eine grosse Brust und seine Augen zottelfarbig. Er stunde uff seinen Beinen wie eine leuwe und hatte gutlich Geberde jegen seine guten Freunde und jegen seine unterthanen. Wenn er aber zornig war, dann schütterten und puserten ihme die Backen, es stunde ihm weistlich und herrlich woll ahn").

Kuno, as we see from this excellently drawn portrait ("Conterfei") was full of strength and courage, indisposed to use half measures—but rather one who would thoroughly carry out whatever he undertook. He well knew what he had to deal with, and he resolved that this time his enemies should be completely humiliated, and their power thoroughly crushed.

He therefore took time for this war.

As the Sayns and Wieds had not been guiltless in this matter, he entered the country by Engers, conquered Engers and Reul, and after investing these fortresses, paused a while, and quietly built his fortress of Cunostein-Engers. The enemy's land and its inhabitants, were compelled not only to provide food for the Archbishop himself and his men, but also to give their own labour and that of their cattle, to assist in the building of his fortress. He next took possession of Dierdorf and other places, and then prepared to besiege Arenfels, the chief stronghold of the "evil doers".

It was easy to see that a protracted resistance was out of the question; was not to be thought of; and a wholesome fear of one so powerful and so determined, penetrated the Knights, who had perhaps hoped that affairs might not assume so serious an aspect. Their chief fear arose from the fortress of Cunostein-Engers; it was a check upon their freedom of action, for "Kuno with the puffed out cheeks", was there, even armed, and ready to sally forth to meet them.

When they became aware that Kuno was in horrible earnest, they were prudent enough to commence negotiations with him. As for him—he laughed a hoarse laugh in his sleeve, and thought to tame them effectually. He was well prepared to do this, for he could support himself amply in the enemy's country, whilst the enemy, inside his walls, found himself compelled to reflect that his provisions were being exhausted during the long blockade of the fortresses.

The feud was at length brought to an end thus. "The spice merchants of Cologne" returned home without being compelled to pay any ransom, and with them they carried the goods which had been taken from them. Their loss had already been sufficiently great, and they had suffered not a little during their imprisonment. But to the Knights the fortress of Cunostein-Engers, which kept a strict watch over their proceedings, proved a sorer burden than did either the injuries that they had sustained, or their oath that they would in future desist from their raids: they were moreover, more dependent than ever upon the Archbishop, who had so clearly proved to them that he would not be trifled with. Count Wied was the chief sufferer, for he was compelled to hold Diendorf in fief from the Archbishop.

After the death of old Gerlach, about the year 1377, disputes concerning the divisions of the property of the Castle of Arenfels, ran high amongst the Isenburgs. These disputes were however amicably settled, and the families of the Isenburg-Grenzau next appear in joint possession of the Castle; this was the consequence of the above-mentioned marriages in the family.

That same Gerlach who was dead, and who had caused the attack upon the "spice merchants of Coln", had been a daring fellow in his time. How he dealt with the Abbey of Rummersdorf may be told here, for the assault was made from Arenfels. He was patron of the Abbey, but he extended the limits of this, in itself lucrative office, so greatly to his own advantage, that the Abbot foresaw the ruin of his monastery in case the patron should thus continue his protection. When the monks complained, he stationed himself before the Cloister, and captured every monk who ventured outside the walls, dragged these prisoners away to the dungeons at Arenfels, and only gave them their liberty upon the payment of a large ransom; he even carried off the plough horses from the farm and compelled the Abbot to purchase them again for a large sum. At length he took possession of the tithing and press houses, and of course of the tithes also. From this it was evident that hunger and thirst must be the lot of the monks. Then the Abbot roused himself and verified the truth of the ancient proverb:



“The sparrow, of the hempfield dreams  
When long the ice has bound the streams”.

He passed sentence of excommunication upon him!

Heartily laughed Gerlach, to think how the Abbot had forgotten that the era when such a sentence could be fraught with terror had long gone by. He retained his hold upon the property, and rejoiced over his rich tithes.

When the Abbot saw that all his efforts were unavailing, he contrived the escape of one of the monks from the Cloister, and directed him to make his way to Trier, and tell the Archbishop what was the peculiar nature of the protection which was afforded them.

Then the storm broke, and when the Archbishop threatened war, and made as though but a short time would elapse ere his words became deeds, the patron came to a better mind. He offered the hand of peace, but was compelled to promise amendment, and to give up his encroachments upon the Cloister. The Abbot showed great penetration in his conduct towards the lawless Knight. That he should annul the sentence of excommunication was a matter of course, because it had been futile; but that he should cede to him a share in the tithing house, and appoint a special priest for Höningen, who should also perform divine service every Sunday in the chapel at Arenfels, was more than could have been expected.

The times of the Reformation also brought about some curious circumstances here. Count Ernest of Isenburg-Grenzau had inhabited the fortress of Arenfels since the year 1631. He had a violent quarrel with Count John William of Wied, about the Church in the valley of Isenburg. The Count of Isenburg-Grenzau was an adherent of the ancient faith, and considered himself aggrieved because Count Wied had appointed “uncatholic preachers” to the Church. Such complaints sufficed to bring the Archbishop of Trier to arms. He instituted strong proceedings against Count Wied, who as the cause was a just one, could do nothing but dismiss those “uncatholic clergy”. The Archbishop was so gratified by his compliance that in 1632, he invested him with a portion of the Arenfels. Count Ernest of Isenburg-Grenzau was still living at Arenstein 1656, as is testified by a record which he placed in the Castle that same year.

In 1664, and again in 1670, the Castle and Jurisdiction of Arenfels would seem to have reverted to Trer, as Archbishop

Charles Caspar, himself a member of the family of the Leyens, invested his relations with the "fortress and domains" of Arenfels, as well as with the governorship of Hammerstein.

Whether it were that one of the lines of Leyens died out or whether it were from any other cause we know not; but it, is certain that the fief, and as is expressly stated in the record, the "Lordship of Arenfels" ("die Herrschaft Arenfels") was in 1670, again bestowed upon the Leyens; one condition was annexed which was not made when the fief was bestowed by Archbishop Charles Caspar, viz; that the holder of the fief should pay 20,000 dollars of the coinage of Trier, into the Electoral treasury.

We do not know if the fortress were still in repair, if it suffered at all, or how much it suffered, during The Thirty Years' War; but the mention of the Castle leads us to conclude that in 1670, it had not fallen completely to decay. It seems to have been reserved for the French to add this one to the many ruins already made by them. The venerable fortress, was completely destroyed, and has come down to our times with but little of the masonry left — a veritable mass of ruin.

Both the building and the estates were in the possession of the family of the Leyens until the year 1850, when they were bought by Count Westerhold, with the intention of rebuilding the Castle, which he has now done.

A tradition which is generally supposed to belong to the Stromberg in the Siebengebirge, undoubtedly attaches to the Castle of Arenfels; and I have therefore but little hesitation in placing it here,—still less because one of the principal scenes of the story is laid at Arenfels, and one of the persons chiefly concerned in the tale was connected with this Castle.

A young Knight whose family name is variously given, but whose Christian name is said to have been Diether, and who belonged to a race of Knights dwelling in the interior of the country, shared in the general enthusiasm for rescuing the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidels. So he journeyed to the Rhine in order to join the ranks of the pilgrims. He had already donned the holy sign when one evening he came to the Castle of Arenfels and claimed hospitality.



At that time there dwelt in the Castle an old Knight, a widower, to whom of his once numerous family there remained but two lovely daughters.

Kindly was Knight Diether received, and of the best that kitchen and cellar contained did the housewifely maiden Bertha set before the guest who made a deep impression upon her, and seemed to her doubly worthy for the sake of his noble and holy vows. To fight for the Lord seemed to her far nobler, than to shut oneself up in a Cloister for His sake.

In the Cloister was rest and content; out in the far east, war and famine, slavery and death might be expected.

Thoughts such as these passed through the soul of the maiden, and the pilgrim Knight seemed to her a saint, and she yielded up her whole soul to him in pious devotion.

But the good child little guessed that this adoring love concerned the handsome crusader, into whose eyes she longed to gaze but dared, not cast one glance.

Oftentimes it happens that one glance of the eye works a mutual understanding; kindles a mutual devotion, and thus it was here. To see her, to look into her deep soulfull eye, and thenceforward to be hers entirely, was the work of a moment and decided his fate both in and beyond this life.

But at the same time there arose in the soul of the Knight a hard struggle between deep feeling, and cold, earnest duty—such a struggle as has often been fraught with life destinies.

And Diether's trial became all the harder when Bertha only too soon recognized the real nature of her feelings, and came to a full consciousness of them, as she clung lovingly to his loving breast.

The Abbot of the Cloister of Rommersdorf was a true friend of the Knight of Arenfels. To this worthy man Diether confessed how matters stood between him and Bertha, and how hard he felt the struggle. The noble Abbot succeeded in keeping the young Knight in the path of duty, and true to his holy vow; and as the prize of his devotion to the sacred cause, pointed out, the distant, prospect of happiness at Bertha's side, happiness sanctified by the blessings both of father and priest. All this worked mightily upon the lovers, whose betrothal now obtained the blessing of the Knight. And thus

they parted; yielding to the inevitable, looking hopefully into the darkness of the future, and full of trust in the Lord, and the ship bore Diether away to Cologne, where his friends and fellow pilgrims were waiting his arrival.

As he journeyed down the Rhine, lost in the sadness of the parting, and here and there perceived a solitary Chapel, and beside it the dwelling of some hermit, he made a vow holy to the Lord, that if He would allow him to return home prosperously, and would give him Bertha as his bride, he would to His glory, build and endow a Chapel and a hermitage upon the Stromberg, over which his road lay, and which was the mountain most nearly situated to the Castle of his ancestor.

Marvellous was the effect of this prayer and this vow; for he felt as if he already bore in his own breast the "yea and Amen" which sealed it; and the joy which this consciousness aroused never again forsook him, during the long and perilous journey, on the rough sea voyage, or in the wild and bloody battles with the Saracens, to which the voice of his General called him, when he had scarce landed in the port at Joppa.

It seemed moreover as if Bertha's parting words had been literally fulfilled!

She had said: "My prayer will hover like a guardian angel around thee!" And however bloody had been the battles in which his sword had done valiantly, however severe the defeats which the crusaders endured, never did the point or edge of a sword graze his skin, never did he lose a drop of blood. The angel of death passed him by, and guardian angels shielded him. This made him bold even to folly. He thought himself invulnerable, and exposed himself everywhere to the greatest danger.

And so he was always the foremost and the bravest, and he was loved and admired by his brethren in arms; howbeit his rashness once brought him nigh to ruin; for he rushed upon the foe, nor perceived that his own men were cut off by an ambush. Then he was surrounded by the Saracens, and in spite of his great courage and valiant defence, became their prisoner.

He did not know whither they were carrying him; but it was far away from the mountains round Jerusalem, far away from the battle-field of his brethren; and in the unknown place, fetters and a gloomy prison awaited him.



Then there passed a long long time, he lay in chains and seldom saw the light of day. How long it was he knew not; but a sufficient time had passed to make the conquered conquerors, and to give the Cross the power over the Crescent. The Saracens withdrew further and further, and if the Christians formerly had only losses to deplore, they now bore the conquering banner of the Cross, over tracts of country which the might of the crusaders had never before reached.

Diether's imprisonment was hard, although he did not want for food; but chains for a free man who had never borne them either on mind or body! He a prisoner in a narrow cell,—he, who had been wont to ride upon his war-horse. Here he lay inactive, and without seethed the bloody battle, and he did not even know how the right cause was speeding. This wrought deep misery in his soul.

At last on a day it seemed to him that a strange and unaccustomed sound rang in his ears. He listened, it came nearer. It was the noise of arms! Trembling with emotion he sprang up and listened at the grating. Then he heard through the wild noise of the battle, the blessed sounds of his mother tongue! Overcome by the excitement of the moment he sank upon his knees and cried: "Lord have mercy and give them victory!"

And the Lord heard his prayer. A few hours later he was wrapped in the embraces of his friends and brethren in arms, and again he freely breathed God's free air?

But his long imprisonment had exhausted his strength! His arm could no longer wield the sword, his legs refused their office when there was need of the smallest exertion. Rest and careful nursing would be required to restore him to health.

He was ordered to Joppa, that he might inhale the invigorating sea breezes, which were so beneficial to his suffering form; but the friends who had done this did not anticipate the effect which the wide sea, and the arrival and departure of the ships, would have upon his mind. The desire for home, the insatiable longing for his dear betrothed on the shore of the Rhine, took hold upon him with a violence which knew no bounds; and lest Joppa's strand should become his grave, he was compelled to take ship and return home.

He had nobly fulfilled his vow. What need keep him back? So without having revisited the battle-field, and while still suf-

fering, he set sail in a Genoese man of war, and turned homewards joyfully.

Marvellous was the reviving power of the thought, that every knot which the ship made, brought him nearer to his Bertha!

He had a prosperous voyage, and ere he set foot on the shores of Europe at Genoa, he had recovered and was strong as before. He hastened over the mighty range of the Alps to the Rhine. This was indeed the way, which glittering with silver light, bore him to the object of his desires!

How his heart throbbed as he passed along its well-known shores!

He sailed round the rocks of Hammerstein. Above stood old Rheineck! Now the towers of Arenfels should appear, —but lo! a heap of ruins in the place of the tower-defended fortress!

He leaped upon the shore, and hastened up the mountain with winged speed. All was deathlike and still! His heart stood still; his breath failed; he sank down upon a heap of ruins overwhelmed by the thought, that here had been the wall which once sheltered his darling.

There he lay until the sun sank behind the mountains. And there he was found by a shepherd who was driving home his flock of goats to the village of Höningen. He tended the stricken man and when he had somewhat revived, related to him how there had been a feud, and how the enemy had besieged Arenfels whilst many moons waxed and waned; how the Castle had only yielded, when the old Knight and many of the faithful followers who had bravely supported him, had fallen victims to the pangs of hunger. "And the victors in their fury laid Arenfels in ruins, as you see it before you", said the goatherd, as he ended his story.

"And where went Bertha, the daughter of the Knight?" enquired Diether, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"I know not", returned the herd. "She and her younger sister were in the Castle. It is scarcely possible that these tender maidens could endure the pangs of hunger and live".

The effect of this story was crushing both to the mind and body of the pilgrim Knight. In vain did the goatherd urge him to go with him to Höningen, he sat on lost in silent sorrow, beneath the ruins of Arenfels, and not until he was



aroused by the fresh, cool air of the coming day, did he set forth on his road to the Castle of his ancestors.

But hardly could they recognize the young man who had started thence in all the bloom of youth, in him who now returned like unto a living corpse.

That night, passed amid the ruins of Arenfels, told its tale upon his wasted frame. He fell ill, and only his youth, and the faithful and unwearying care of his family, restored him to the life which he would but too willingly have sacrificed, now that he could no longer entertain the cherished hope of being united to his darling Bertha.

One thought alone sustained him during those days of slow recovery, it was this, that he would fulfil his vow, and build a Chapel, and a hermitage beside it upon the Stromberg, and that he would himself become a hermit, until the Lord should call him to meet her in the other world. This roused him from sadness, and gave an object his to existence.

Scarcely had he recovered his health sufficiently to think of beginning the work, when unheeding all the prayers and entreaties of his own family, he left his father's Castle. It was with grief that they saw him who had so lately been restored to them, depart, and knew that for the remaining years of his life he was lost to them.

When he had bidden them farewell, he took the road which led to the Stromberg. There was a strange fascination for him in the place, where he would build the little Church and hermitage and die praying.

Through valleys and dales, over mountains and hills, through wood and heather he pressed on his way, surmounting courageously all the difficulties of that trackless region, and his heart was filled with sad pleasure when he saw the flat summit of the Stromberg rise before him; but the painful memory of his lost happiness, rushed over his soul with such overwhelming force, that gaining the top he sank down upon the moss-carpeted ground.

Presently he recovered his courage revived, and he made his way through the brambles, when to his surprise, he saw a neat and simple hermitage standing on the thickly wooded summit of the mountain; beside it was a high Cross, at the foot of which, amidst flowers their own hands had planted, two recluses in garments of hair knelt in prayer.

He would not disturb their fervent devotion, but silently leaned against the trunk of a wide-spreading beech tree until the twain arose.

A piercing cry was uttered by one of the recluses as she turned and saw him, and to his amazement he heard his own name pronounced by her lips!—

And Bertha, his own Bertha whom he had mourned as dead, was clasped to his bosom, and his heart until now so desolate, glowed with rapture, more blissful than words can describe.

What he learnt of the history from Bertha, after the first burst of joy at their meeting was over, differed only in detail from what the goat herd had told him amongst the ruins of Arenfels; and the difference was, that her venerable father had been killed by an arrow, shot by the enemy; and that during the last storming of the Castle, her father's ancient squire had conducted herself and her sister by a secret road, the existence of which her father had confided to him, into the open country at a considerable distance from the spot where the battle was raging; whence they could make their escape into the mountains.

Until the restoration of peace, they had found a sufficient refuge in the family of a friendly charcoal-burner. When at length both had resolved to pass the rest of their lives as recluses upon the Stromberg, the charcoal-burner built the cell, and fashioned and set up the Cross for them; and thus for two years their names had not been heard in the world, and they were forgotten. Here upon the mountain they dwelt in peace and prayer, and devoted themselves to works of piety and charity.

A little garden made in a safe place, and some goats which they pastured and tended, sufficed to supply their simple food.

Diether's arrival entirely changed the position of affairs; for Bertha had made no profession, and was fettered by no vow, but the one which bound her to follow to the altar him to whom she had pledged her faith and love.

Her sister firmly refused every entreaty to return with the happy lovers into the world. She remained in the cell until Diether had built a little Church and a hermitage, which should be a more effectual protection for her from the violence of the storms which raged around this wild height.



"I will pray for your happiness!" she said when accompanied by the charcoal-burner the pair left the Stromberg.

The charcoal-burner led them by a nearer way back to the Castle of Diether's ancestors, where his return with Bertha caused the deepest joy. Here their wedding was solemnized, and here they remained in the family circle, until Diether had secured Bertha's rights—recovered the fief and jurisdiction of Arenfels, and obtained permission from the Archbishop of Trier to rebuild the Castle. It rose nobly from amidst the ruins, and soon, in all its pride and glory, towered high above the valley of the Rhine; and when the loving pair took up their abode in their beautiful and stately home, they thought upon the heavy trials they had endured, their happy termination, and gave thanks to God. They often visited their sister in her cell, and her prayers went up for their safety, until at length she succumbed beneath the weight of the mortifications and denials which she loved to impose upon herself. They laid her in a grave in the little Church, and mourned her loss with tears of faithful love. But in the Castle below grew up a vigorous race, the children of Diether and Bertha.

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## S I N Z I G.

Where the lofty Landeskroner, with its ruins and its Chapel rears its head, as if looking far over the valleys of the Rhine and the Ahr, it claimed to be their guardian, and where the Ahr issues from its beautiful valley (so justly a favourite place of resort) there lies old Sinzig, visible from the Rhine and not far from its left bank. The place is said to be of Roman origin, and its present name is said to be derived from Senticum which has a Roman sound. How much of this comes from a mania which I have often mentioned, that namely of discovering everywhere traces of the Romans and their works, and how much of it is real historical truth, it is difficult to determine. It is not improbable, although it can scarcely be proved.

Even in early times, the place must have acquired a more than ordinary importance from its situation, but from the same cause, it must have undergone much misery, at a period when

matters of right and wrong were decided by might, and when passion weighed heavier in the scale than justice and honesty; still more, in the days when from the Castle of Landeskron, which he had built as a watch-tower over Coln, Philip of Hohenstaufen made devastating raids into the territory belonging to that city, to vex his enemy Archbishop Bruno, Sinzig must have drained the very dregs of the cup of love.

High walls, the origin of which cannot be ascertained with certainty, surrounded and still surround the little town. The Franks had a palace here, which is said to have been haunted by a "White lady." She was however no monster of terror, but a woman lovely to look upon, with eyes of wondrous beauty, and a most engaging presence. Tradition connected no death, no destruction of race with her appearance.—She rattled the heavy bunch of keys in her girdle, and beckoned with a kindly gesture to him to whom she showed herself. They say in Sinzig, that if any one had followed her with good courage and firm faith, she would have led him to the place where a great treasure lay concealed, on whose account she could not rest.—But who might dare the venture?

Thus she has never been released, and it is believed that she still goes her rounds in the new Gothic country seat, which Herr Bunge has built upon the foundations of the palace of the Frankish Kings, unless perchance, he was fortunate enough to discover the treasure as he was building, and so to release her without either knowing or willing it.

But in days yet earlier, tradition illuminated Sinzig with the rays which streamed from a cross of light.

Hence did the Emperor Constantine begin the war, which was so decisive for the victory won of Christendom; here did he witness that marvellous cross, shining in the deep blue heavens, accompanied with the promise: "By this token thou shalt conquer!"

The name of the Empress Helena, which is frequently to be met with upon the Mosell, and particularly at Trier, occurs again here, where a neighbouring Cloister is called after her. She is said to have built the Church, which has been beautifully restored; but this would seem to be a mere tradition, for this Church belongs to the period of transition from round to pointed architecture, and in her time round arches prevailed. The Church is built of tufa, and probably dates from the early part



of the 13<sup>th</sup> century. At all events, it is a fine edifice of this period, and has decidedly gained by the careful restoration, which it has recently undergone. If there is anything at all in the tradition, there is probably no more than that the Church was built upon the site of an old "baptistery", of which nothing is known.

A natural mummy, which resembles those upon the Kreuzberg near Bonn, was found here at an earlier period. That he was a Saint, whose body should never see corruption lay beyond a doubt. But that he should have been christened the "holy prefect" ("heiligen Vogt") is most remarkable. The mummy reposes in a Chapel, beneath a lid of glass, and is known to have lain for two hundred years without showing any traces of decay. This "old man", to the great discontent of the people, was carried off to Paris as a curiosity, when the French took possession of the left shore of the Rhine.

When the stolen treasures were returned, Sinzig also demanded and obtained the restoration of the "holy prefect". Since then he has remained unmolested in his glass shrine.

The elevated position of Sinzig makes it visible from the Rhine; the Church, particularly stands out well.

This place was drawn within the fatal circle of all the military operations we have spoken of in our history of the neighbouring districts; and the French were in earlier times, as the song says, "not the best brothers", which character they bear everywhere throughout the Rhine country.

## STADT LINZ.

UPON THE RIGHT SHORE OF THE RHINE, WITH THE RUINS  
OF THE CASTLES OF DATTENBERG AND OCKENFELS.

Scarcely have we passed the newly built Castle of Rheineck on the left bank of the Rhine, and on the right, sunny Arenfels, which has also been restored, when the river bends to the right, and on the right bank stands the old town of Linz;—above, somewhat farther back in the valley, we see the ruined tower of Dattenberg, whilst farther down, upon a hill

of moderate elevation, the eye is attracted by the ruin of the Castle of Ockenfels.

It is a fair picture and lovely to look upon, but as he gazes, a feeling that it must have been a stormy and eventful period which left so deep an impress on the scene, causes the traveller to enquire what was the rise, history, and fall, of the buildings which once stood here.

We will here state, as shortly as we can, what we know with certainty of the past history of these places, and consider them in turn, as they greet us from the shore.

A narrow valley on the right bank, opening out towards the Rhine, allows us a glance into its interior, which is of no great extent. The first object which meets our eye, is an old tower, standing upon a slight eminence, little trace is left of the other fortifications which formerly surrounded it. Beside it is a stately modern dwelling house.

The tower is the "Frit", the Main tower of the old Castle of Dattenberg, once a fortress of no inconsiderable extent, which, with this exception did not survive the storms of the times.

Although no certain information about the foundation of this Castle, has been preserved to us we must necessarily place it as far back as the end of the 12<sup>th</sup>, or the beginning of the 13<sup>th</sup> century; for, in 1242, it is spoken of as belonging to the Countess Matilda of Sayn.

As a fortified Castle, it had its "Castellans" (Burgmänner), who because they inhabited a Castle which was a "regular and lawful fief", bore its name. Occupying the neighbouring Sinzig at this time, was a numerous family of knightly degree, of whom mention is frequently made with honour and through all the generations which we can trace with certainty, it bore the name of "Rollmann", and added to this the name of the Castle or fief which it held. In the above-mentioned town, the family bore the name of "Rollmann von Sinzig". As Castellans of Dattenberg, (which also appears as Dadenberg, Dadinberg, Daten- and Datinberg), they bore the title of "Rollmann von Dattenberg".

A similar coat of arms, consisting of a golden eagle with a blue beak, black claws, and a golden crown, on a red shield, proves that they belonged to the ancient race of the Knights of Sinzig. Their crest appears to have been an asses head,



with red ears, and 'a' red tongue. The mantling surrounding the shield is also red. In the Eifel dwelt another race of Dattenbergs, who possessed the Castle of Mayen, but would seem to have had no connection with this family, as they bore a totally different coat of arms.

The distinguishing badge of the Knights, is frequently the only thing which justifies us in drawing any conclusion with regard to the relationship, and common origin, of families.

According to an ancient record, one Werner von Dattenberg held possession of the Castle, in the year 1242.

The Isenburgs too who were connected with the line, must have had some interest in Dattenberg, for in the year 1248, Archbishop Conrad of Cöln, announced that Henry of Isenburg had abandoned his claim to several neighbouring estates, and also to Dattenberg, in favour of the above mentioned Matilda von Sayn.

The "co-inheritance" (Gauerbenschaft) and fief rights, of the various families in a castle of this kind, frequently ramify widely, and present great difficulties to the student. Such is the case here.

About the time of the above mentioned Werner, one William of Dattenberg appears, who was perhaps his son. For one reason he is worthy of note. It was in his time, during the first half of the 14<sup>th</sup> century, that the fortress of Dattenberg, with all the estates thereto belonging, (vineyards, arable land, and plantations), together with all their privileges, came into the possession of Archbishop Henry of Cöln. Poverty often drove the knights to raise money on their estates, and thence forward they held them in fief. The lords spiritual had money, and were well pleased to ensure to themselves the "support of the temporal arm and sword" in "evil deep", and, to the impoverished nobility, a door of salvation was thus opened, which did not deprive them of the inheritance of their fathers. But how, when the records state that the Countess Matilda von Sayn held it, and had given it in fief to the family of "Rollmann von Sinzig", this Castle came to be knightly, and therefore marketable property, is one of the questions of those days which occur so frequently and are so hard to solve.

That this William of Dattenberg belonged to the family of Rollmann von Sinzig is evident, from the fact that the Archbishop, having concluded the purchase we have mentioned, an-

nexed the Castle of Dattenberg and all thereto belonging, together with the Castle of Arenthal, to the fief of Ahrer (Altenahrer), and presented it to Knight Rollmann von Sinzig, because in all probability, Knight William of Dattenberg had meanwhile gone to his rest. One condition of this fief was, that the eldest should always hold both the Castles of Dattenberg and Arenthal, as a "fief on Ahr". This annexation of the fiefs was nevertheless set aside in the year 1352, with the consent of the liege lord, Archbishop William of Cöln, in order that two sons might inherit equally. The Rollmann's von Sinzig, who received Dattenberg in fief, resumed the name of the Castle, and the fief of Dattenberg remained in the family until the middle of the 16<sup>th</sup> century.

The family thrived, and descendants were never lacking to it; the deeds which have come down to us of the treaties of those times, prove the honour in which they were held, for there is scarcely one to which the seals of the family as witnesses were not affixed—moreover, the female members of the house of Dattenberg, often held positions of great dignity in the Cloisters.

The race became extinct through the childless marriage of Hermann of Dattenberg, and the celibacy of the Commander of the Teutonic Order, Dietrich of Dattenberg; but, of his special grace, the Archbishop converted the male fief into a "petticoat-tenure", or fief tenable by women (Frauen- oder Kunkellehen).

So the father's sister succeeded to the inheritance, and conferred it upon her husband, one of the Lülsdorfs. The fief however, did not remain long in the possession of this family, which died out about the middle of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, when the Archbishop and Elector, Max Henry of Cöln, bestowed it upon Joh Frederick Raiz von Frentz, who was connected by marriage with the Lülsdorfs. He too died without heirs, and government withdrew the fief, and granted it to a Metternich. After undergoing various changes it at length fell, first to Nassau, and then to Prussia.

Dattenberg was probably laid in ruins by the French during the wars with the house of Orleans. In 1822 the Prussian government sold it with the estate, to Counsellor Dahm of the Court of Appeal at Cöln, and he again sold it, in 1837, to Notary Stoppenbach in Cöln. This latter, for some unknown reason, caused the Frit—the high tower—to be lowered some forty



feet. By means of purchases made at various times, he increased his estate to a manor, to which was attached the right of voting at the Diet.

The village of Dattenberg was always an appanage of the Castle, and indeed it may be said to have owed its existence to it.

About half an hour's walk lower down, situated upon the side of a hill, lies the old town of:

### *Linz.*

In order to distinguish it from several towns of the same name, in different parts of Germany, this town is called "Linz on the Rhine" (am Rheine).

We hear of the place even as early as 873, but then under the name of Linchoste; in 1247, it is again mentioned by the same name, then this strange old form is changed, and the place appears later as Linse, Lyns, and finally as Linz, which name it has since retained.

Linz was the chief town of the Electoral district of Linz and Altwied, which belonged to Cöln; and was thus the residence of the government officials.

We have alluded several times to the wars which desolated these districts of the Rhine. Linz was forced to drain the cup of these sufferings almost to the dregs, notwithstanding that the citizens had deservedly been famous for their bravery. Time has destroyed the importance which Linz once possessed; but abundant memorials of those days may be obtained by any thoughtful person who cares to trace the connection between the present and the past. Amongst these memorials, we may mention the numerous Churches, Cloisters, Walls, Towers, and Monuments, which once existed, and which still exist in part.

The antiquity of the town may be estimated by the narrow, angular streets, which point to a time, when the close proximity of dwellings was rendered almost necessary by the dependence of man upon man for aid, in the defence of freedom, rights, family, goods, and indeed of his own life. The narrowness of the streets preserved our ancestors from some evils which afflict us in our broad, straight streets, crossing one another at right angles, I mean rheumatism, cold, and toothache. Without being exactly an advocate for crooked ways, I may

perhaps be allowed to suggest, that a straight line is not the line of beauty. At all events the ancients did not think so.

Old Marquard Freher, who is always eager to ascribe the foundation of a place, (and even the name of it) to the Romans, would here recoil as from "barbarism"; for of the Romans and their doings, of their scientific roads, their walls, and watch towers, there is no vestige to be found at Linz. It is a German-town. Whether the name of "the Danube" was given in scorn to the brook which in part flows through Linz, thereby instituting a comparison between Linz on the Danube, and Linz on the Rhine, is a point which may remain undecided; particularly, as another interpretation of the name, which does not compel us to recal the great river of Austria, or the town which is situated upon it, may be considered perfectly justifiable. Besides this, the name of the brook dates from a period which scarcely permits such an interpretation.

But if Linz must give up all claim to Roman origin for herself, and resign it to her sister city of Sinzig on the other side of the rives, she may well be proud of her German parentage. In the deed of presentation which was drawn up in the year 873, by which the noble "Regenbergis" daughter of the noble "Gerriß", conferred all her estates in the neighbourhood of Linz upon the Cloister of Gerresheim, Linz appears, as we said above, under the name of "Linchoste." Thus Linz became closely connected with the Cloister, which as we are led to conclude from local tradition, was in possession of the parish at Linz. The tradition runs thus: "The Abbess of Gerresheim once dwelt at Linz. She was of noble lineage, and was proud and haughty. During a walk through the fruitful vineyards of Linz, the noble lady, in her nun's garb, was tempted to pluck and eat some of the grapes. She yielded to the temptation. But the keeper of the vineyard, who was true to his oath, did not acknowledge her right to the grapes, and in spite of her resistance, compelled the reverend mother to accompany him to the Guild-hall, and hear her "sentence". The spectacle was so new and strange, that many a fair lady of Linz, could not refrain from a "giggle" at the expense of the proud lady Abbess, and the little boys in the street, who respect no "differences of persons nor prerogatives of rank" accompanied her, with unmistakeable tokens of satisfaction in her misfortunes, to the very entrance of the building, where the elders of the city were sit-



ting in judgment. Although on account of the respect due to her rank," she received no "punishment" but was, as the saying is, "let off scot free"; yet the unsparing severity of the "keeper of the vineyard", the only half suppressed "giggling" of the women and maidens, and the cries of the boys in the street, so angered the reverend mother, that she exclaimed; "*Never* shall boy from this town, or one born of a Linz woman, become Priest of Linz!"

We may well believe that so long as the aggrieved lady lived this verdict was faithfully adhered to; whether the Christian charity which was lacking in her, afterwards caused others to judge and act differently is unknown. But nevertheless it is said, that no "boy born in Linz" ever became Priest in the town!"

In spite of the personal dislike which arose from the wounded pride of an influential lady superior, who to use a Rhenish expression signifying certain womanish peculiarities, was headstrong, (*ihres Kopfes' war*) the prosperity of Linz increased; it was held in high esteem, acquired municipal privileges, and in 1198, was enrolled in the records amongst the Rhenish towns:—but during the struggles which took place between the two opposing Emperors, Philip and Otho, the whole city, was converted into a heap of ruins.

But the brave and gallant burghers, warned by this calamity, rebuilt the defences of their town more strongly ("reisiger") than before. The newly built city was surrounded by walls, towers, and deep moats, and henceforward was never easily taken, as is testified by the frequently recurring appellation of "Castra Linz."

Scarcely was the work accomplished when it was put to the proof, for at Andernach were encamped a troop of men from Lorraine, a set of wild, rough fellows who purposed to join the Emperor Philip's army. They coveted the town for themselves, but did not dare to pick a quarrel.

In the year 1249, Linz, which is mentioned in the record by the name of "Villa Linse" was in the possession of the Countess Matilda von Sayn, whom we mentioned above in speaking of Dattenberg. Doubtless it was this inheritance of the Countess Matilda, which was the original cause of the establishment of members of her family upon various estates (*Ehrenhöfe*, *Burgsitze*) at Linz. Not until 1256, did Linz become a part of the

archiepiscopal territory of Cöln, when it acquired much importance both internally and externally, from being the utmost limit of the Electorate on the right shore of the Rhine, and was legally elevated to the rank of a "city." The Countess had given over her Castles and estates, to Archbishop Conrad of Hochsteden. The Castle of Linz, of which however no mention is made, must certainly have been amongst the number.

Caesarius of Heisterbach tells us, that during a feud in the town, a young Jewess was left an orphan, and that at her baptism a knight from Linz stood god-father to her.

Tradition—it could scarcely be otherwise—got hold of the story, and in the words of a fair citizen of Linz it runs thus: "The beautiful Jewish child, god-daughter of the Knight whose warm sympathy had minded him to undertake the office, of sponsor was brought up in the Castle of Linz, and grew to be a maiden of dazzling beauty. But the Christian charity of the Knight turned to fervent love, and although he was considerably older than she was, the nobleman gained the maiden's full and deep affection. But the spiritual fatherhood of baptism formed an invincible barrier between the two, whose hearts were so closely united. The miserable pair were compelled to part, and in obedience to the command of the Archbishop the lovely maiden withdrew to the convent of S. Katharine, there, whilst hot, burning tears fell from her eyes, and a sharp pain pierced her young heart, to enter upon her noviciate.

Then the Knight hastened to Cöln, and besought the Archbishop to use his influence with the court of Rome, where alone such bands may be loosed, and such barriers set aside. Now did it stand the Knight in good stead, that alike in battle and in feud he had fought on the side of the Archbishop; that he had freely bestowed gifts and endowments upon the Cloister, whose walls now enclosed the darling of his soul, the Archbishop was moved and sought a dispensation.

But day after day, week after week, month after month, passed away—and Rome was silent! Such torment as can only come from such a fate was the lot of two bleeding hearts, the year of the noviciate was speeding away, and upon the last day of it, the maiden would be forced to take the veil, the Knight condemned to a life of misery, perhaps even to a hermit's cell. Only eight terrible days, ere what they feared might come to pass!



And the Knight in his despair sought Cöln; the word "Denied!" was the only one uttered by the Archbishop.

In his misery, the Knight saw not the smile which hovered round the lips of the Archbishop who only desired to prove his constancy, for he held the papal bull in his hands, and had already despatched messengers to S. Katharine's, bearing the order that the weeping maiden should not assume the dress of a nun, but that she should repair in all secresy to Cöln, accompanied by the venerable Lady Superior.

Then came the last day of the year of probation. Tomorrow every hope must be laid aside.—On the morning of this last day, the pale and grief-worn Knight tottered once more to the palace of the Archbishop.

Gravely, but with deep sympathy in his manner, did the Archbishop, attired in his archiepiscopal robes receive him. He took the unresisting Knight by the hand, and led him to the Chapel.

From a hundred tapers a veritable blaze of light streamed towards them as they entered.

"What means this?" exclaimed the Knight with deep emotion.

The Archbishop made no reply, but conducted him to the steps of the High Altar, and there, led by the hand of the Lady Superior of S. Katharine's at Linz, his pale darling moved to meet him, a bridal crown twined amongst her raven locks, and the Archbishop after announcing the dispensation, performed the marriage ceremony between the deeply tried lovers.

"He was a Knight of Rennenberg," ended the teller of my tale.

In the year 1330, Archbishop Henry of Virneburg, conferred municipal privileges upon Linz, with the right of electing her own magistrates. He surrounded the city with stronger walls and towers; and granted her the privilege of levying a tax. After receiving such generous treatment from the Archbishops, we cannot be surprised that when in 1365, the Archbishop, Engelbert II., built a fortress in Linz, the citizens promised "to help defend and protect the building and the fortress from this day forth eternally and for ever with all our might as our own life and property and will so at all times and hours when and what time of night it shall be required &c."

(den Bau ind die Burgh van diesem Dage vort evelichen ind

immerme ind truwelichen mit aller onse Macht als ons selves Lyf ind Guit helpen huelden beschirmen ind weren ghen alre malliche u. zu allen Stuinden wanne ind wilghe Tzyt des Noit gebuert &c.”)

After the revolt of the Andernachers, the citizens were compelled to look on quietly, and see their tolls transferred to Linz. The sum for which Linz was mortgaged to the Duke of Jülich in 1347, proves its value in the eyes of the Archbishops.

In 1366, the town was conquered, and its prosperity greatly diminished by an attack which was made by night; and in 1391, it suffered still further from the ravages of a fire.

A period of fresh suffering came with the beginning of the year 1475, when the Emperor Friederich encamped his army before the town which was occupied by a garrison in the service of Charles the Bold. The siege lasted until March, when want and misery forced Linz to surrender to the Emperor. After he had disbanded the imperial army, a body of men from Andernach, who were returning to their native town, pitched their camp opposite to Linz without any fear of evil consequences. But from early times hatred and ill-will had been rife between Linz and Andernach; it is possible therefore, that the Andernachers were not the most generous of her foes, when they made their triumphal entry into the town; however that may be, at night when the men of Andernach were wrapped in profound slumber, the men of Linz faithlessly fell upon them, murdered many and carried off booty. A loud cry of indignation was raised throughout the whole land of Cöln, but as far as we know, a crime, which was enhanced by the offensive and defensive league made between Linz and Andernach in 1362, was left unpunished. It was the result of violent party spirit, which developed into such deep personal hatred, that intermarriages between the inhabitants of the two cities were forbidden by law.

Linz however, which had been incited by this ancient spirit of party to rise against the Emperor himself, received condign punishment in 1495, when the town was once more transferred to Andernach, to the great rejoicing of the latter. But the Archbishop of Cöln did not abandon his faithful city of Linz. Availing himself of his authority as lord of the land, he permitted the inhabitants to levy a toll, and the Rhine trade had one fetter more.



The disturbances in the archiepiscopal territory of Cöln, brought Linz into frequent danger. At one period the city was to have been burnt to the ground, because it had sided with the Ruprecht party, and to this end it had already been surrounded, when the arrival of the Emperor Friederich III. saved it from destruction; but it was not yet safe, for when Ruprecht solicited help from Charles the Bold, he garrisoned Linz with soldiers from Picardie.

The Emperor at length advanced from Andernach and invested Linz. The siege lasted from the month of January 1475, until March of the same year. The "Picards" retired, and the town was compelled to surrender on the strength of a treaty with the Emperor. Linz escaped more easily than the neighbouring town of Remagen, for this latter was plundered.

The fortress was burnt completely to the ground during the siege, but it was afterwards rebuilt. The peace, which was concluded between the Emperor Friederich and Charles the Bold, soon put an end to the most imminent danger, although Ruprecht was deprived of his archbishopric, and Hermann of Hesse was not disposed to favour Linz, on account of its adherence to Ruprecht.

The Reformation, as early as 1542, met with a favourable reception at Linz. Preachers of the reformed religion were appointed, and were eagerly listened to, but when the Churches became a prey to iconoclasts, Linz, upon command of the Emperor, issued at Worms, and dated 25<sup>th</sup> June 1545, was compelled to dismiss the preachers of the Gospel.

In the sanguinary war which ensued in consequence of the change of religion, and the marriage of Archbishop Gebhard, his adherents twice endeavoured to make themselves masters of Linz, but were repulsed by the gallant conduct of the citizens, and the town escaped without injury. It was not so fortunate in the time of the Thirty Years' War. Twice it came into possession of the Swedes, but they dealt less hardly with it than with other places. Gallantly did Linz drive back the Westerwald, peasants who were advancing under the command of Count Nassau-Saarbrücken. They plundered the district of Altwied, and desired nothing better than to do the like by Linz, where they even demanded winter quarters. But the Count fell in battle and the people dispersed.

During the 17<sup>th</sup> century, the Rhineland enjoyed but short

intervals of rest, wherein she might recruit after the troubles of days gone by, and gain strength to meet those still more bitter which were yet to come.

So in 1688, the French entered Linz, probably in conformity with a treaty. They appeared in the guise of lambs, but all too soon the citizens were destined to feel the teeth and claws of the wolf.

As an army from Trier was stationed in the neighbourhood, the Council secretly despatched ambassadors to entreat the commander for assistance against the French—but alas! for the hopes of the men of Linz, the army was not strong enough to venture an attack upon the town.

At length, one bethought him of a stratagem, which led to the desired end.

The army appeared upon the hill behind Linz, and the French, seeing this unexpected advance fell into no slight confusion. Had the French been acquainted with the number of the attacking forces, they would have overcome them without difficulty; they had not ascertained it however, because they had not anticipated any hostility from a city, whose Elector had vacated for them the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

The men marched past, and seemed to be about to enter the town through a defile; but once out of sight of the garrison of Linz, they wheeled round in a circle, turned their coats inside out, and returned by the same route. By this device their number appeared twice as great as it really was, for the French in the distance, mistook the lining of their coats for fresh uniforms.

The French were seized with a panic. Officer, soldier, man and beast poured out of the Rhinegate, and rushed to the ships and boats, which were lying at anchor; as the crowd became denser, for the most part, wild with fear, and believing the enemy to be already at their heels, they threw down their arms and plunged into the Rhine, in order to save themselves by swimming. Many, probably the greater number of those who had chosen this dangerous method of escape, found their death in the waters, for the Rhine was still icy cold (it was the 19<sup>th</sup> of March 1688.)

The citizens were still more thankful for this providential preservation, when it became known that the French had intended to set fire to the town. The street which now bears the



name of "Strohgasse" (Straw Street) was heaped with straw, and the garrison had declared their purpose of filling other streets also.

These demoniacal intentions were frustrated, and a few terrified Frenchmen, who were from time to time dragged from their hiding places in a half starved condition, were fortunate in that they did not fall victims to the fury of the populace.

The deliverance came on the festival of S. Joseph. Not only was the day itself celebrated with the utmost solemnity, but the additional honour of being unanimously chosen by the citizens for their Patron, was accorded to S. Joseph; and thus a perpetual commemoration of that memorable day was secured.

"A wide-spread story tis I tell,  
And known in ancient days full well,  
The Rhine will never change I trow,  
Till with fresh blood its waters flow."

This is a proverb familiar to the people who dwell in the Mid-Rhine country; a proverb which the history of centuries has unfortunately verified; for scarcely had the Spanish War of Succession commenced, when the Elector Joseph Clement mixed himself up in the affair and espoused the cause of France.

In the year 1703, the French got possession of Linz, and after them came the Hessians, whose deeds of violence wrought great havoc in the town. The end of the century brought the war of the Revolution; its consequences however were less severely felt by Linz.

Peaceful days came to Linz with the century whose earlier half saw the waters of the Rhine unpolluted with fresh blood; its industry and commerce were stimulated by the manifold productions of the fertile banks of the Rhine, and especially by the proximity of the rich quarries of basalt; so that the town flourished anew under Prussian rule.

May the "wide spread story" of "ancient days", prove a lie, and may the Rhine for long long years never again see "with fresh blood its waters flow."

## THE CASTLE OF OCKENFELS.

Though but little remains of it, it is visible from a distance; it is situated somewhat below Linz, and stands upon an open vineclad hill, rising scarcely 200 feet above the level of the stream. The summit of the hill on which Ockenfels stood, was wider and more level than those crowned by the other Rhenish fortresses, yet in extent its fortification never equalled theirs. The vine-dressers in their ardour filled up the moats with the walls of the enclosure; the stones were then covered with soil, and thus space for the cultivation of vines up to the very foot of the Castle was gained. Not a trace of the moats can now be discovered, nor does a vestige remain of the walls which surrounded the foot—they lie reposing at the bottom of the moats, clasped by the far reaching roots of the vines.

It is evident that Ockenfels was closely connected with, Linz, and it must have been a far more effectual protection to the town than Dattenberg, which stands back in the mountains.

This Castle differs widely in its ground plan from that which is common to the larger number of the Rhine fortresses, it belongs to a very remote period, and this increases our regret that no record has been preserved to us concerning the date of its building. Our only certain information is that a race of Knights von Ockenfels, built the Castle and chose it for their residence.

At all events we may conclude that either the requirements, or the means of the von Ochsenfels were very small, otherwise the Castle would have been of larger dimensions.

The Castle is scarcely referred to in earlier times, but is mentioned under the name "Ockinfeltz." in the 13<sup>th</sup> century in a deed of presentation, made by Sir Gebhard von Rennenberg to the "Convent of S. Katharine"

It is not known when the race of „Ockinfels“ became extinct; but it must have been in early times, for in the 14<sup>th</sup> century other families appear to have been in possession of the Castle. As a fief of the Electorate of Cöln it was one of the few „petticoat holds“ (Kunkellehen) and consequently descended to the female branch of the family, when the male heirs had died out; for the Castle, which for a long time, indeed until the year 1576, had been held by the Knights of Monreal, came through



an heiress of the Monreals, a daughter of Sir Dietrich von Monreal, into the hands of Valentine von Ellerbach, her husband, who had been governor of Ehrenbreitstein. in the Electorate of Trier.

The same fate which perhaps befell Linz, may, but in still earlier days, have befallen Ockenfels unless we may conclude, from the absence of any allusion to it, that the fortress fell into decay at a very early period, and was therefore of no value either in offensive or defensive warfare. If this is true, it must have been rebuilt; for in the year 1609, it appears as the property of Sir John Adam von Hoheneck.

As early as the year 1239, before this Castle came into the possession of these Hohenecks, the Electorate of Cöln had received it as a "collated fief" (*Lehen aufgetragen*) and held it as a dependency of Cöln; and thus when the race to whom the inheritance of right belonged became extinct, the fief of "Ockenfels" was conferred by the Archbishop and Elector upon the von Gerolds in Cöln; they retained it until the extinction of the feudal system, and indeed it is still the property of this same family.

Although the neighbouring village of Ockenfels, which was one included within the jurisdiction of the Castle and belonging to it, preserved its ancient name, yet the name of the fortress was so far lost sight of, that it was frequently called "Geroldsburg" after the von Gerolds, upon which family, as we said above, the Castle and its appanages, namely the village of Ockenfels and the estates belonging to the Castle. had been bestowed. In the year 1239, the von der Leyens held the Castle and village of Ockenfels in fief, and the former received the name "zur Ley." In this same year mention is made in the record of Sir Kuno, Sir Henry and Sir Arnold von der Leyen, who made over their "Houser Leyen near Linz" to the Archbishop of Cöln as a fief, and opened their "house" to him. The appellation "house" is synonymous with "Castle." It can hardly be doubted that by the designation "Haus zur Leyen" or "Haus Leyen bei Linz," the Castle which bore the name of Ockenfels is indicated.







*St. Stephanskirche  
bei Regensburg am Rhein*



## APPOLLINARISBERG AND REMAGEN.

The traveller will not easily forget the scene which presents itself when, after leaving the dark rocks of Andernach, the ruins of Hammerstein, and the modern Castle of Arenfels behind Remagen, with its glorious new Church of Appollinarisberg, lie before him, shut in as it were by themselves, with the peaks of the Siebengebirge visible in the back ground, and the great river lying like a mighty lake between its banks. The chaste and slender proportions of the Church as it stands upon the mountain attract the eye from afar, nor does the visitor again lose sight of it until the boat stops at Remagen, and he can yield to his desire to tread its sacred and richly decorated precincts. Strange is the impression made by the modern Castles of Rheineck, Arenfels, Lahneck and Stolzenfels, and beyond them Rheinstein and Soneck, rising in the midst of their ruined sisters—equally strange is the contrast between the newly erected Church of Appollinarisberg, and her venerable, though well preserved, sister buildings along the fair shores of the Rhine. She stands on the site of an ancient Priory Church, on whose walls time has done his work so indefatigably and completely.

But let us first wander through the streets of Remagen, and afterwards ascend the hill to the new Church. In so doing we accord to the town the prerogative belonging to its position. Once upon the hill we willingly and entirely forget the town.

Remagen is a town of very ancient date. It was known as Rigomagus, when the Romans planted their eagle here upon the Rhine.—So at least we find it in the maps of the Romans which Putinger has preserved to us, and there is no doubt about its name and origin; but the statement, that Julius Caesar was the founder of the place, must be ranked amongst those groundless assertions, which it is wholly impossible to prove; tho' it is one to which local-patriotism convulsively clings.

That the Romans had a camp here is a fact which cannot be disputed; for when under the government of the Bavarian Palatinate, the construction of the high road was begun, numerous Roman antiquities, such as sarcophagi, urns, and coins, were discovered. The government caused them to be transferred



to Mannheim, instead of having them exhibited in the place itself; thus the opportunity was lost of laying the foundation of a valuable museum which might have been enriched by later discoveries. Now everything is scattered, and little is left but the tradition of what once was there, When will people comprehend, that historical memorials of this kind are in their right place, and can be properly appreciated, only when they remain near the spot where they were discovered? The heaping together of antiquities of all descriptions from different localities, is an absolute wrong done to the places where they were originally found.

So thought Friederich William IV. of Prussia, when he not only left the beautiful mosaic floor, of which the museum of his royal city might have been justly proud, in the little place where it was discovered upon the banks of the Saar, but also commanded that it should be covered in, thus preserving the work and enabling the visitor to enjoy this treasure of art.

Amongst the things discovered was a milestone of some importance, proving that this high road of the Rhine was under construction during the reigns of the Emperors Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus; it is also stated therein, that the distance between Remagen and Cöln was 30,000 paces, and this proves further that Peutinger's table is tolerably correct.

It is probable that the wars of Civilis did much injury to Remagen, but the town seems to have been restored, and to have maintained its position until the fall of the Roman dominion on the Rhine.

Although we have no certain information on the subject, it appears that Christianity was at an early period planted here and nurtured by Cöln. The most ancient Church in the place built in the Romanesque style, was consecrated in the year 1246.

Archbishop Friederich I. of Cöln, about the year 1121, built a Church upon the hill where now stands the Appollinariskirche, and dedicated it to the gentle hearted S. Martin of Tours; who was much venerated upon the Rhine. At the same time he founded a Priory beside the Church. Below it was one of those peculiar crypts, or concealed subterranean Churches, the original purpose of which appears to have been celebration of Christian services, during the times of the bloody persecutions under the Roman Empire. Archbishop Bruno III. is its reputed founder. It is stated in a record of later date, that a Knight

of Landskron in the valley of the Ahr enlarged it, and perhaps also restored whatever had been defaced by age, or destroyed in times of war.

How the change of patron, and of the name of the Church, from Martinsberg to Appollinarisberg, came about, is related in the following legend.

Archbishop Reinald, who belonged to the family of the Raugraves von Dassel, felt himself moved to undertake a pilgrimage to Rome, to beseech the blessing of the holy father. At the same time he cherished the desire of bearing back with him some relics from the tombs of the martyrs in the catacombs, for the greater glory of the archiepiscopal residence, the holy city of Cöln." The holy father turned a willing ear to his request, and presented him with relics of the three Kings, which still form the treasure of the Cathedral at Cöln, and also with those of SS. Apollinaris, Felix and Nabor. Blessed in the possession of such priceless treasures, the Archbishop hastened across the Alps towards his home on the Rhine.

Wondrously favoured by fortune, he had passed through the most dangerous places and had at length reached Basle. There he was received with great honour, as also at Strasburg, and it was with a light heart that he took ship, sailed down the Rhine, and reached Coblenz as evening was drawing in. Here he was to have remained, in accordance with the wish of his brother of Trier, who received him with all honour, but his earnest desire was to reach the "holy" city, which his treasures should make yet "holier." Resisting the prayers of his brother of Trier, Archbishop Reinald promised the boatmen three-fold payment, if they would bring him with all speed to Cöln. The air was clear and mild; not a cloud to be seen in the star-strewn heavens, and the full moon turned night into day. The Rhine lay as smooth as glass and shining so brightly that no danger was to be feared from Bingerloch, from "wild danger", or from "curving bank"; so the boatmen agreed, and the little vessel was soon launched in the shining flood, whose waters were cleft asunder, by the rapid and regular strokes of the oar, as an arrow cleaves the air when it has been sped from the bow. The men were eager to obtain their rich reward, and exerted to the utmost their now recruited strength; for in Coblenz the cellarer of the Bishop of Trier had slaked their thirst with the noblest wines from the Moselle, and the head cook



had feasted these Alsatian boatmen with the costliest food which came from his master's table.

Already might be seen from afar the summits of the Siebengebirge, all glorious in the moonlight already they could trace out the lines of the venerable Remagen, and above it the prison and Church of S. Martin, when an event occurred which lay quite beyond the circle of their experience, and which evidently belonged to the region of miracles.

However carefully the boatmen dipped their oars, however mightily they put forth their strength, they could not move the little boat even a hair's breadth from the place, and yet it had not grounded upon a rock or a sandbank, but danced to and fro upon the open water, in the deepest part of the stream. When all attempts failed, the Archbishop and his suite alike confessed that this was the work of God, and that a miracle was being wrought before their eyes. The Archbishop, who was a religious man, threw himself upon his knees, and besought the Lord to reveal to him His will, inasmuch as his own insight was not sufficient to fathom the meaning of this miracle. Doubts arose in his soul as to whether it were the will of Heaven that he should carry *all* his precious treasure to Cöln, such treasures as would make more than one Church doubly sacred.

In reply to his prayer, the little vessel of its own accord and without any interference on the part of the sailors, directed its prow towards the hill where stood the little Church of S. Martin, and at the same moment the bells of this same Church began to chime, and no human hand had rung them!—The Archbishop was deeply impressed by these miracles, and still Heaventaught he laid a relic upon the precious shrine, wherein were preserved the sacred remains of the martyred Apollinaris, and at that instant the bells upon the mountain were suddenly silent,—and not the faintest echo of dying sound was heard.—And the Archbishop knew that he was right.

So they stepped ashore, and the priests who accompanied the Archbishop bore with them the holy shrine, and amidst songs of praise they ascended the mountain.

All the inhabitants of the little town had gathered themselves together at the sound of the bells, and now they followed the procession and joined in the solemn chant. And upon the mountain the Prior of S. Martin and his chaplains came to

meet them, carrying the most holy sacrament, and thus they entered the sacred precincts of the Church, and placed the venerable remains of Apollinaris the martyr upon the altar, and now the bells, upon the mountain above, and in the town below of their own accord, again rang forth a joyous peal to the honour and praise of the Lord. By these tokens Archbishop Reinard understood that the will of the Lord was done. And after commending himself to God in prayer, he descended the mountain, and the priests and the people conducted him to the boat, and when he entered it, unaided by human hands it turned, and seeking the deep water sped quickly down the Rhine, as if to make up for the time lost at Remagen. The Archbishop reached Cöln in safety, and miracle after miracle was performed by the relics of the three Kings, and by those of the other Saints.

It is not surprising that the fame of such a miracle, as had been worked at Remagen, should be quickly noised abroad in all the Rhine valley; and still less need we wonder, that the relics of the saint attracted men from far and near.

When the festivals had been duly celebrated at Cöln, Archbishop Reinald, accompanied by his Chapter and hundreds of Priests and faithful laymen, repaired to Remagen, to solemnize the feast of the dedication of the Church to its new patron. Thousands streamed to the place and laid their gifts upon the altar, and so rich were the donations sent by princes and nobles, that soon it was proposed to build a worthier resting place for the bones of the Saint. They were enabled to endow the Priory, which was under the direction of the wealthy neighbouring abbey of Siegburg, and to found stalls for the Priests, and fresh riches ever flowed into the Church, for it was the blessed object of pilgrimage to many a weary soul, whose troubles human art had vainly tried to soothe. Processions of pilgrims might be seen ascending the hill, singing as they went, and when they returned they bore back with them to their homes, whether far or near, forgiveness of sins and other rich blessings for their souls. And so the years rolled on, until times of trouble came, and the current of affairs was changed.

War, and war cries, disturbed the peace of this fair valley. And worse than all, the relics of the patron Apollinaris were taken away from the mountain which the saint had himself chosen for his resting place. Duke William of Jülich removed



them to Düsseldorf. Some of them were nevertheless, restored to the Apollinarisberg, and some even returned to Rome, whence the sacred body had been borne. But the noblest portion—the head—was taken to the Abbey at Siegburg, and thither repaired the processions of the faithful, and thus the Apollinarisberg lost its fame, its glory and its revenues. The war raged on through the Rhine valley, with no interval of peace long enough to give the land time to recover from the scourge. No holy thing was revered; the priory lost its property, and became as poor as any other which had been overtaken by a like fate. Not alone to external pressure did the priory and Church nearly succumb. Robbery and plunder assailed them from within; and in 1826, affairs had assumed so serious an aspect that men trembled for the safety of the Church itself.

Meantime the head of S. Apollinaris had been removed from Siegburg to Düsseldorf, where were already some of the bones, but now by command of the Archbishop Count Spiegel, it was brought back to the place which the Saint himself had chosen.

This was done with great solemnity but no further miracle performed. The time for great religious excitement had long passed away, and with it the period for great religious sacrifices on the part of the faithful.

Yet once more was an equally noble offering made by a Count von Fürstenberg-Mannheim. He came of a famous line from which more than one Archbishop had been elected; he was as richly gifted with the spirit of piety, as with the temporal wealth through which he could give it expression. As the Church fell further and further into decay, he resolved to build a new one upon the former site, and to dedicate it to S. Apollinaris, he determined that painter and architect should expend upon it their utmost skill, in order to build a house worthy of the holy man. The very man whom the Count required was at hand; a man deservedly of high repute—Zwirner, architect of the Cathedral at Cöln—; and in the School of Art at Düsseldorf, were those who might well be considered worthy to decorate the walls of the interior with frescoes.

Zwirner drew his plans, and carried out his peculiar scheme of lighting the Gothic Church with “Rose”, that is to say with round, windows, thus securing a larger surface for paintings,







Kupfer 1. 8. 2

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*Waldenbuch, von W. A. J. V. 1815*

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than could have been obtained, if the walls had been broken by the high and slender windows of the Gothic style. The Church is built of tuffstone, brought from the valley of Brohl; this tuffa is evidently a sort of volcanic mud, which flowed from the craters in the territory of the Lager See, and afterwards hardened.

When the exterior of the beautiful building was completed, in the year 1838, the artists Deyer, Ittenbach, and the two brothers Charles and Andrew Müller, from Düsseldorf, began their work. The frescoes are of various merit and represent scenes from the life of our Lord, of the Virgin Mary, and of S. Apollinaris to whom the Church is dedicated.

The mind of the traveller must needs be impressed by the work which he has just seen, and which has exercised a more than ordinary influence upon him, because two different branches of art, have here combined to make one harmonious whole. With thoughts like these he quits the beauteous House of God, and goes forth into His great and wondrous Temple, where rises the most glorious of all vaults overspreading this fair world of ours; the bright sun illumines the silver stream below, and the beautiful green clad mountains beyond.

He turns to contemplate this lovely scene. On every side he is greeted either by noble mountains, by fresh green foliage, or by the silver stream; on every side by signs of human energy and human skill. Railroad and steamship hurry forward to their appointed goals, and so the ruins of a byegone age tend to stimulate the genius of the present. Thus invaded by every day life, the charm of the "ideal" would soon cease to exist, did not some noble building here, and there the eternally young, eternally glorious creations of God, atune the finer chords of the human soul.

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## DRACHENFELS, ROLANDSECK AND NONNENWERTH.

High upon the mountain, behind the village of Rolandseck, there is a spot where the traveller may realize that which is so deeply and tenderly expressed in the beautiful poem: "My son,



my son, go not to the Rhine" (Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, geh' nicht an den Rhein).

A glorious vista lies before him. Above, upon the steep wooded height to the left stands the arched window of Rolandseck, through which may be obtained an enchanting prospect of the rich land; in the foreground upon a dizzy height is the ruined Castle of Drachenfels; and behind it the Siebengebirge; fantastic and wondrously beautiful, the fair green island and the buildings of Nonnenwerth, seem to float upon the surface of the silver stream below, and around these three, which form a lovely picture, tradition flings a sweet, and graceful garland.

By the time he reaches this spot, Father Rhine has grown old. Childhood, youth, and manhood, lie behind him, and old age comes upon him from behind these mountains; on he creeps through the plain; broad, shallow, and feeble, till weary of life he sinks in the sand, or goes down to the grave of his brethren, in the world's sea and vanishes for ever. Thus he flows hence quietly, peacefully, noiselessly onward, as in old age men grow calmer in speech and in thought—and yet!—

Strange! Here, on the very threshold of old age, live again the fair dreams of days gone by! We see again the freshness and passion of youth, the fulness of strength, the pregnant life! It is with him as with his wine, when the vine blossoms; once more his heart is full to overflowing,—but then again it sinks—languid and weary.—Farewell, farewell, ye beauteous days of youth! Evening draweth nigh—the sun is sinking. Good night. So feels the soul, so speaks the heart of him who contemplates this wondrous picture; this trio, which casts o'er all who gaze, a spell which binds them to look long and earnestly, upon the enchanting scene, till when the charm has passed away, cool, calculating reason reasserts her sway. Perhaps he asks, what is the past history of the Castles of Rolandseck and Drachenfels, and of the convent of Nonnenwerth, which floats there upon the silver flood? Reason however, is not omnipotent. The soul, too, has her sacred rights, and asks: "Thou hast also spoken of a garland of tradition; I long for its fragrance! Offer it to me!"

Well! to everyone let justice be done! We will first hear what history has to tell of this trio; then we will listen to the voice of tradition!

The right of precedence belongs to the Drachenfels; the sentinel of the Siebengebirge crowns a height which overhangs the Rhine. At the foot men have made their dwelling place, fearing neither the height of the mountain, nor the foaming torrent of the river.

Little remains of the towers or walls of the fortress. Still notwithstanding the steepness of the ascent, thousands climb the mountain to see the view over the wild district of the Eifel, where basalt peaks rise to the blue Heavens.

The eye ranges over the towers of "the holy city of Cöln"; where the cathedral stands like a venerable parent amidst his children and grand children, and far beyond to the level country, through which the Rhine flows like a band of silver light. On the other side of Cöln, the eye follows the line of the retreating circle of mountains to the distant curve, where the roaring engine hurries along upon its iron road. There girt round by mountains, lie farmyards, country seats, numerous villages, and the Royal Castle of Brühl.

Yonder lies Godesberg; and below, in the heart of the beautiful country, is the town where a noble king has created a home for science, a palladium, for the mental cultivation of the Rhinelanders. On the right, divided from us by the waters of the Rhine, rises Siegburg; where art strives to free the noblest work of God, the human soul, from miserable, fatal bands; there is the mouth of the Sieg, which flows from distant mountains, where faith and industry dwell together; and nearer yet, reposing in the heart of the Siebengebirge, are the remains of Heisterbach, where once the "Hora", (the bell which called to prayer) broke the silent night of the woods, where many an afflicted soul sought that peace—which even Heisterbach could not give—but only point out. There the Rosenberg greets us; beyond lies Rheineck; and further still the prosperous towns and villages on the river and in the mountains. On every side there is some spot where the eye would fain linger; if we turn to contemplate the Siebengebirge, we have before us a region where our soul shudders, as we consider how once the raging forces of the deep, and the powers of the lower world, here met in strife terrific; and those masses which now rise so rigid, so firm, so lasting, were driven out from the earth. And still, from time to time, the Spirit of the Deep, in wrath shakes his abode so



that the very heart of the mountain trembles at his touch, and men in their short-sighted wisdom call it an earth-quake!

A bold thought it was to build a Castle upon the mountain above the abyss, where the Rhine roars, and it is strange that tradition has not attributed any share in the work to the "God be with us" (*Gott sei bei uns*), as at Rheingrafstein; but on the contrary assigns to one who bore the crosier, the building of this fortress. It was begun and finished by Archbishop Frederick of Cöln, between the years 1101 and 1131. He built this Castle, and those of Rolandseck and Wolkenburg, in order to protect himself from the hostility of Henry V., who had wrested the crown from his own father. The Archbishop had renounced his allegiance, and in revenge, Henry carried the war into the archiepiscopal territory. There are people who imagine that all the German Castles had a Roman origin; but such a theory is not tenable in this instance. There is another account of its foundation, which is more veracious, and according to this Archbishop Arnulph, or Arnold I., built the Castle between the years 1133 and 1151. This apparent contradiction may be reconciled by the supposition, that Arnulph, or Arnold, either restored or added to the Castle or, perhaps it had been destroyed in a feud of which we know nothing, and he rebuilt it entirely. Many an event of those days is shrouded in darkness. In the Latin records of the times, the Castle is mentioned as "the Castle upon the Dragon's mountain", and from this it is clear that the fortress derived its name from the mountain. The Archbishops gave the Castle in fief to certain Knights, who were bound to provide for its defence; these Knights soon broke their spiritual bonds, and did homage to the "noble passion" (*noblen Passion*) of being robbers and high-waymen, they even attacked their own feudal lord, the Archbishop, and the property of the Church. The "free lords" must have carried their depredations to a great extent, for the Archbishop contrived to rid himself of them, and delivered the Castle over to the rule of the Prior of the Cassiusstift of Bonn; upon condition that it should always be an "open house" to the Archbishop, and prepared to defend his cause. Pope Victor IV. sanctioned this arrangement, and with money drawn from the ecclesiastical treasury, the fortress was enlarged and more strongly fortified than before. But we again find it in the hands of a family of

Knights, who had adopted the name: von Drachenfels; they appear as Burgrafen at the tournament which was held at Worms in 1209, and afterwards seem to have held the Castle as their own property. They must have been a wealthy family, for Golddeck von Drachenfels advanced the Archbishop such considerable sums of money, for the purpose of enabling him to prosecute the war with the Isenburgs, that rather than suffer the inconvenience of a reimbursement, and in preference to incurring new debts in order to cover the old, the archiepiscopal government chose to mortgage the Castle and its "demesne", which included a large number of places situated upon the mountain. One incident gives us a clue to the source of all these riches. The Knights of the land were one day assembled at a festival, and were displaying their signet rings, which were set with precious stones. The Knight of Drachenfels smiled as he held out his ring, and lo!—in the place of a jewel, there was set a piece of stone from the rock whereon the Castle stood. When the rest had indulged in many scornful remarks at his expense, he exclaimed: "This stone is more precious than your jewels; it brings me in many hundred guildens annually—money paid by the archiepiscopal government for the permission to fetch stone from my quarries to build the great cathedral!"—In vain did brave Friederich von der Pfalz besiege Drachenfels, when he advanced to aid his brother, Archbishop Ruprecht, against the states which had revolted, and equally vain was the attack made by the army of Charles the Bold, to whom Ruprecht also appealed for help. Horrible deeds were done afterwards. For murdering relations the family was deprived of the Castle, but after heavy penance it was restored. The curse of Heaven however, fell upon this wild, degenerate, race, and the male line died out. The Castle and its "demesne" passed to relations: von Waldpott-Bassenheim and Milendonk. The Archbishops contrived to regain their feudal rights in the 16<sup>th</sup> century. Who knows whether they had paid off their old debt?

Very variable were the fortunes of the Castle. During the war with Truchsess, Captain Funk, of the army of Cöln, defended it against Casimir, Count Palatine, but although it suffered very considerably during the war, the Archbishop did not cause it to be repaired; perhaps because his treasure was exhausted. The first restoration took place in 1523, after it had



been surprised by three hundred men of Sickingen and burnt down. Arbitrary transfers of fiefs long made the fortress and its territory an apple of discord, the question was finally decided by money. The discovery of the Freiburg monk eventually decided the fate of all these Castles. They could never have stood against cannon balls, and the later buildings still less than the older ones, because as clay was frequently substituted for lime, in their construction the strength and durability of the walls was naturally not increased.

When the storms of the Thirty Year's War desolated the shores of this beautiful river, and the Swedes took up their position before the fortress, either the "Field serpents" (Feldschlangen), and crashing cannon balls, or the fear of them, or both together, caused the Castle to fall quickly and almost uninjured, into the hands of the foe. The Swedish garrison in the Castle was besieged by the Spanish, but the siege was soon raised. About the year 1642, came its last hour, yet it came not in war. Archbishop Ferdinand caused it to be demolished. He must have had strong reasons for taking this step, and these perhaps lay in the changed mode of warfare, in the bad system of building of later times, and in the sacrifices which would have been involved in a restoration of the fortress, so thorough as to make it available in time of war. Nevertheless portions of the building must have been left which roused some fear in the mind of the French in 1689, for Count Montal gave orders that they should be blown up. Then the walls disappeared with the exception of a few ruins, which still defy the inroads of time. About the Castle itself there were no more disputes, but there were still some with regard to its territory, its "demesne", as it was called. It had become hereditary in the family of the Gudenaus. Nassau, which came into possession of the country in 1803, recognized the rights of the Gudenaus, as the French had also done when they occupied the land; but when Joachim Murat, as Grand Duke of Berg, took possession of it, the Gudenaus lost every thing except the great stone quarry, and a few estates of little value. These they sold and withdrew to Austria. But the ruins of the old Castle were in more imminent danger, than from the gradual destruction which time would work, namely the stone-quarries. The Prussian government deserves our thanks for having prohibited any

further excavations on this side, and for having thus preserved to us the most picturesque view in all the Rhineland.

We have now touched upon the main points in the history of the Castle. It is dry and unattractive! Let us listen to tradition! In what she has to tell us throbs a quicker pulse! Hear her story.

In the side of the Drachenfels lies a deep, dark cavern. In time of old, when the inhabitants of the land lived in blind heathendom, there dwelt in this cave a horrible dragon which was the terror of the whole country. In order to appease the monster's wrath, the people gave as prey him the prisoners whom they had taken in war. When there were no prisoners, the priests chose the sacrifices from amongst their own people. Warlike, and ever eager for booty, was the people who dwelt here. They were never at peace with their neighbours, and even directed their raids against Trier itself, which was already blessed with a knowledge of the Christian religion. Once in the spring time, a number of courageous youths headed by the two sons of their chief, passed beyond the Rhine to the shores of the far off Moselle. The dragon had spread devastation far and near, and the priests counselled the war that they might appease his fury with a feast of prisoners. So they went forth, and returned home with a large number of captives, who were all unsuspecting of their fearful fate. Amongst the prisoners was a maiden of wondrous beauty. The sons of the chief of the tribe could not resist the marvellous attraction of her charms, and a most violent dispute as to whom she should belong, to arose between the brothers as they were returning home.

Fiercer grew the quarrel, and the united energy of all the company of warriors was required to prevent a duel which would have ended in fratricide, and which would have left the destiny of the fair prisoner at the mercy of their father and the priests.

Terror and dismay filled the heart of the chief, when his sons appeared before him, in order that each might urge his claim; for glowing passion spake in their words and flashed from their eyes. How should he, how should the priests decide, without fanning the hatred between the brothers into flame? Where could he find counsel?

Then stepped forth an aged priest and said: "Hear me! She



shall belong to neither, she shall be the booty of the dragon. To thy sons it will bring deep sorrow; but when the cause of the quarrel no longer lives there will be peace!"—This advice pleased all men, and without being suspected by the brothers, the priests led the lovely girl at midnight to the place where the Dragon was wont to find his offering. There they bound her to the mighty trunk of an oak tree, and then hastened to a safe distance to witness the horrible spectacle.

Their departure however with the prisoner had not passed unnoticed, and when the eastern heavens were flushed at sunrise, a crowd of people thronged around the priests; for it was the hour when the horrid beast would drag his hideous carcass out of the cave, to the spot where his dainty meal awaited him under the oak.

Scarcely had the the sun's earliest beams illumined the dusky wood, when a touching spectacle was witnessed. The maiden was praying fervently; she pressed the little cross, which she had concealed in her bosom to her pure lips, to her faithful heart, and her eye was turned hopefully towards Heaven.

A crashing was heard among the branches, and a shudder ran through all that crowd; stones were hurled into the depth where rolled the Rhine; and anon came a roaring like that of a storm. These were the heralds of the monster. He was approaching to break his fast!

The defenceless sacrifice was filled with terror and dismay, when she felt the burning, pestilential breath of the dragon, and when her eye suddenly fell upon his horrible form.

"Oh Lord, forsake not Thy child, who trusts in Thee!" she cried beseeching Heaven; with her snow-white hand she raised the little crucifix, the token of redeeming love, and held it towards the huge beast.

At sight of the holy sign the greedy monster hissed fearfully; reared himself up so high that he fell backwards, and his ponderous weight dashed from rock to rock till it fell into the abyss below, was swallowed by the eddying, foaming waters of the Rhine, and was buried in its deepest depths!

A death-like stillness reigned, whilst the maiden praised her heavenly deliverer with sighs of unutterable thankfulness;—a death-like stillness around, where in dense masses the people

stood round the priests in dumb amazement, witnesses of the miracle.

So the tormentor and death was conquered, and the maiden miraculously delivered, and now awoke the voice of praise and thanksgiving. They hastened to the maiden and loosed her bonds; but she held the cross on high and spoke words of wondrous power, which pierced to their very hearts. They led her to the chief of the tribe, and recounted the marvellous tale. And deep was the impression thereof! But when the maiden herself arrived, she cried, as though inspired: "Know that the Lord is the living God; He it is who saves from Death; He it is who has destroyed your idol! Give God alone the glory!"

The circumstance together with these words, worked mightily amongst the people and they turned to the Lord, and the maiden tarried amongst them, and proclaimed the Word of Life. The love which burned in the hearts of the two brothers was purified by the light of the Gospel, all earthly shackles fell from it, and they henceforward worshipped the maiden as some higher being. She sent for priests from Trier, who completed the conversion of the people, and afterwards laid the foundation of the Abbey at Heisterbach.

Within its sacred precincts the maiden found her rest, when ere long amidst the tears and lamentations of the people, she entered into the joy of her Lord.

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The legend of the dragon is found also in another form, and it is thus that it has been granted a place amongst the heroic legends of the Niebelungenlied.

When Siegfried the noble hero, was scarcely more than a youth, he forsook the Castle of his ancestors and journeyed up the Rhine, full of desire for action and adventure. And he came alone into the wide forest which covered the summit of the Siebengebirge. Of the horrible dragon who housed there he knew nothing. His spear procured him game for food; the stream quenched his thirst; the trees gave him shelter; the moss was his couch; his heart was light, and his courage high. No human dwelling place did he find in the mountains, for terror



of the dragon had driven all men thence. One day when ranging woods and hollows in search of game he heard unexpectedly the blows of a smith's hammer resounding from a distance, the man was an armourer, who made swords and spears for the knights to use in tournament and chase. Following the sound Siegfried found the place whence issued the noise, and he stepped boldly up to the armourer and said: "Take me for thy companion." It pleasureth me to fashion good armour!"

Then the master and his workmen laughed at the lad on whose chin the down had scarce begun to show, and the master exclaimed scornfully: "How wilt thou wield the hammer boy? Thy arm has not the strength."

Then young Siegfried's face became crimson to the very forehead, round which clustered his golden curls; he drew near glowing with anger and cried: "Give me thy heaviest hammer and I will give thy spiteful tongue the lie!"

Then the smith scornfully gave him his hammer, which he himself easily lifted, laid a red hot iron bar upon the anvil, and held it with a mighty pair of tongs: "Now strike my little lad!" scoffed the master. Then young Siegfried in his passion, seized the hammer, swung it with one hand and hit the bar with such force that it fell to the ground in two pieces, broke the oaken block on which the anvil stood in twain, and drove the anvil itself deep into the ground.

The master and his companions started back in horror. Such gigantic strength they had never beheld.

The master did not dare to dismiss him now, for they all feared his strength and his indignation; but they took counsel secretly as to some means of getting rid of him, and cunning is never long at a loss. One day his master said to him with a friendly smile: "Our charcoal is coming to an end Siegfried." Go up the mountain which falls sheer down to the Rhine, to the place where the oldest trees grow, fell some and burn some charcoal for us there."

He thus described the place where dwelt the dragon, but about him young Siegfried was told nothing.

In obedience to his master's orders Siegfried took the axe, which he had forged himself and which he alone could wield, and a mighty iron rod for a poker, set out cheerfully for the place and began to fell the trees. Then he piled a huge

heap of wood for the charcoal, covered it in with turf and lighted it. After that he laid himself down to take his well-earned repose. He was just about to close his eyes, when he heard stones rolling down the mountain and branches crashing, then he heard the horrible snorting of the dragon. Full greedily he was coming towards Siegfried's resting place, but no sooner had Siegfried descried the monster than he sprang up, seized the heavy iron rod, swung it as if it had been a hazel wand, struck the monster on the head, so that he staggered and fell bleeding to the ground, and when he was about to get up again in grim rage, Siegfried's blows fell thick as hail, and so heavily that the monster soon lay dead, and a stream of black blood poured from his jaws.

Suddenly a little bird brilliant with golden feathers, flew over young Siegfried's head and sang:

"Fine young warrior free  
Wouldst thou horny be  
Into his blood dip thy bodie."

The wonderful little bird repeated these words again and again, fluttering round and round Siegfried's head all the while, as if it would earnestly entreat him to obey the song. Siegfried perceived that this meant something, so he obeyed and daubed his whole body with the blood which welled forth from the disgusting carcass of the dragon. But there was one spot which remained untouched either by blood or fat, because a small leaflet, which he could not see was sticking to it. After he had dried himself by the charcoal fire, he cut off the dragon's head with his axe and hastened to the forge with it, to avenge himself upon his cunning foes. The men at the forge were congratulating themselves upon having got rid of this strong fellow; but their fiendish delight was quite at an end when they saw him coming, and when he threw the head of the dead monster at their feet.

Then the smith tried to cajole him by praising him highly, but Siegfried swung his iron rod and slew the false master and his wicked companions. This done, he lighted the forge fire, fashioned for himself costly armour, and cheerfully pursued his way up the Rhine in the hope of doing glorious deeds. And from that time forth his skin was horny, and his whole body invulnerable, except in the one little spot



where the leaf had clung, and where he was at last struck by Hagen's fatal weapon in Odin's woods.

One more tradition lives in the mouth of the people, which connects the fortress of the "Drachenfels" with the "Hochkreuz". This Hochkreuz, (High Cross) is a beautiful monument of the 13<sup>th</sup> century, standing on the right of the lovely road between Godesberg and Bonn. It was most probably erected by Walram Archbishop of Coln, and has been restored in later times. Tradition does not trouble herself about historical data; but gives the following account of the origin of the Hochkreuz: Many, many, years ago a knight and his wife lived happily and contentedly on the Drachenfels. Two children, a son and a daughter, were born to bless the happy parents. But there was a time in the life of the knight, of which he disliked to be reminded, and of which he was unwilling to think it was a time of unbounded excess. A son was left to him from that time born of unlawful love, and whose birth had cost his mother her life. His father sent him to the Abbot of Apollinarisberg to be educated, and wished him to become a priest.

The bold spirit of the boy who was ignorant of the story of his birth rebelled against the scheme. His father had always kept him well supplied with money, and he found means to leave Apollinarisberg secretly. He hastened to join the Imperial army which was preparing for an Italian Campaign. Hard battles were fought and under an assumed name Bruno did famous deeds. The Emperor knighted him, gave him presents and lands, and after a glorious campaign he returned home.

Bruno longed to see his foster father on the Apollinarisberg, and still more his beautiful home on the Rhine, where indeed he had now become a stranger. Noble friends took him to the Drachenfels. But they found that the old knight and his wife had gone down to the grave. The son of the Knight was Burgraf, and his sister had grown into a maiden whose beauty was everywhere justly praised. Bruno was a handsome man, and ere long a warm attachment grew up between him and the maiden, but in proportion as the sister's heart inclined towards Bruno in love, the brother's heart turned from him in hate. He perceived that Bruno was seeking to win his sister's love, and as he had promised her hand to one of his

friends, the thought rankled in his bosom, and when he surprised his sister and Bruno in a confidential conversation, all his long pent up hatred broke forth. He accused Bruno of having abused the laws of hospitality, called him a nameless vagabond who was propably a bastard, and forbade him ever again to enter the fortress of the Drachenfels. This demanded vengeance and the hour of vengeance was to come!

Meanwhile, news of the loves of Bruno and the Lady of the Drachenfels, reached the Abbot of Apollinarisberg.

This old man alone knew the state of affairs exactly, and therefore repaired with all haste to the Drachenfels, that he might be in time to prevent the horrors that were impending.

But on the self-same morning, Bruno and the Knight of Drachenfels met on the spot where now stands the Hochkreuz. In their hearts lust for vengeance burned, glances of fierce hatred shot from their eyes, and in an instant swords were drawn and a furious combat commenced.

Victory was long doubtful, but at length the Knight of the Drachenfels mortally wounded Bruno, who fell dead from his horse. Leaving the body in charge of his squire, he hastened to the ferry that he might cross to the opposite shore, for his own blood poured from many a wound. He reached his Castle, where the Abbot was awaiting him with his sister.

His open wounds led them to suspect a duel. In answer to their enquiries he confessed what had happened.

The maiden wrung her snow-white hands, bitterly bemoaning the death of her lover, and horror and dismay filled the soul of the Abbot.

After a while spent in meditation, the Abbot spake to the maiden and said: "Thank the Lord my daughter, that he has preserved thee from horrible guilt!" Then turning to the Knight he said; "But thou my son repent! Unwittingly thou hast become a Cain, a murderer of thy brother!" and he disclosed to them the fearful secret. The Burgraf overwhelmed with intolerable anguish, became a penitent in the monastery at Heisterbach. And the maiden took the veil in the convent at Nonnenwerth.

But before the unhappy fratricide buried himself within the dark walls of Heisterbach, he caused the Hochkreuz to be erected upon the high road, so that pious folk might pray for his soul,



and for that of the fallen. He divided his property between the monasteries of Heisterbach, Apollinarisberg and Nonnenwerth, where not long afterwards, the passing bell gave witness that a poor suffering heart was broken.

Let us now turn to Rolandseck and Nonnenwerth!

Mindful of the charming tradition which has its home at Rolandseck, and which in many ways recalls to us Schiller's ballad of "Ritter Toggenburg", the traveller looks up with especial interest at the simple arched window, which is now almost the only witness that a little Castle once stood here; for very little is left of the other walls.

There is a beautiful village of the same name situated upon the bank of the river, whence pleasant paths wind through the woods up to the Castle. At intervals on the way are placed seats, commanding the finest views, and thus ever freshly incited, the traveller almost unconsciously gains the summit.

Drawing back a few paces from the window, the lovely landscape appears as it were framed, and the effect is enchanting, for although the view is almost the same as that from the Drachenfels, the changed position of the traveller lends it fresh charms, and the Siebengebirge range especially, derives new beauties from the altered grouping of its summits.

Some years ago the arch of the window at Rolandseck threatened to fall in. Then the poet Ferdinand Freiligrath, interested himself, appealing to the people in a pretty poem "Unite to sustain the falling arch!" But his appeal was vain, and a noble Princess of the royal Prussian house gave orders for its restoration, and then for the first time it became known that the Castle belonged to her. Now, the tradition ennobled window was worthy the devotion of the poet's song and of the princess' aid, so that the words of another singer were again fulfilled: "that poet and King should go hand in hand!"

And hast thou feasted heart and eye on the glorious prospect, and looked from the window at the beautiful island in the Rhine, then wilt thou gladly hear the tradition. In olden times there lived in this Castle a Knight whose name was Roland. He was young and handsome. His heart yearned towards Drachenfels, where another heart beat for him. The fervent love of his youth bound him to the daughter of the Count. Her parents had blessed the bond; the blessing of the priest was to unite them for ever, when who might

tell the tears?—the Emperor's call summoned the young knight to a campaign beyond the Alps, where the German had never prospered. That was indeed a bitter parting, but hope was high—a year would soon be over!

He went where honour and distinction awaited him, but these he would willingly have sacrificed for the sake of remaining at home.

A year afterwards, the Emperor dismissed him with high rewards.

Eagerly Roland hastened to the Rhine, where lived the fair object of his hopes. He was forced onwards by some mysterious and almost overwhelming dread of evil. It was dark night when he at last drew near. He left his own Castle behind and hurried up the mountain to the Drachenfels, but what did he hear!—The noise of war, the clashing of swords? "It is an enemy's attack!" he exclaimed, set spurs to his horse, and was soon in the rear of the foe.

A Knight from the country, a freebooter and disturber of the peace, as universally feared as he was hated, had cast his eye upon Rolands' charming bride and sought her hand. The old knight owed him something certainly, for he had once helped him in a feud, but he could not listen to his suit, although he pressed it more and more urgently. "She is Roland's bride," the old man said, "and even now he is on his way home!"

The knight in fury threatened to fetch his bride by force, and away he went in a rage. Roland was at hand the lord of the Drachenfels had said, and so indeed he was.

Perhaps the Knight suspected this, for he had put his companions, soldiers and vassals, in ambush in the forest. He knew too all the secret ways into the fortress. And when night came on, he led his company unobserved towards the Castle, scaled the wall in a weak part, entered the fort without hindrance, and opened the gate to his own men. And the brave old lord of the Drachenfels found out too late, that he had rested in peace and security, when prudence and vigilance were required. He assembled his men and hastened to the gates to meet the enemy.

Fierce contest ensued. The darkness was so profound, that none could see his neighbour and there was no distinguishing friend from foe. At this critical moment Roland appeared and attacked the enemy in the rear. This sudden onslaught filled them with fear and dismay, but the old knight



of the Drachenfels was fighting amongst the crowd under the gate-way, and it came to pass that Roland fell in with the father of his bride, and gave him his death-blow. At the same instant a light from the Castle-yard, where the torches were being kindled, fell upon the face of the old man, and Roland discovered what he had done. The enemy was indeed defeated, but he was the murderer of her father, Alas! Alas! the blessing of the priest would be turned to a curse!

She took the veil at Nonnenwerth, and day after day Roland sat in the window of his Castle, bearing his grief in his bosom, looking down upon the place where she was fading away in silent grief until at length the weeping nuns laid the broken rose beneath the violets of the grave yard. And when the passing bell rang out, as if bearing to him her last greeting, a shudder ran through his frame—he sank down in the window and was dead.

So says tradition. And it is hard to banish feelings of sadness as we stand on the spot where this faithful heart broke. We know that the fortress itself was small in circumference, but it was strong and defensible. The stories told of a Roman camp, and also of the Knight Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, its reputed founder, are fanciful and without foundation. The Romans had no camp, the Franks no fortress here. The probability is (as we said before of the Drachenfels) that it was built by Archbishop Friederich the first, when he was threatened by the Emperor, Henry V<sup>th</sup>. But how the fortress came by the name of Rolandseck, is one of the many riddles which will remain unsolved. Archbishop Friederich placed faithful vassals in charge of this fortress. But it suffered in the struggle with the Emperor Henry, although it did not fall into his hands. Archbishop Arnold repaired and added to it; and for this reason he is mistaken for the founder, and the same mistake has been made with regard to the Drachenfels.

At the time when the Emperor, Albrecht I.; moved thereunto by the merchants of Cöln, abolished the dues of the Archbishop, the heads of the archiepiscopal council were sitting in the Castle; but neither were they, nor was their lord, inclined to lose the tolls; and although the Custom House was not in the Castle itself, but at Nonnenwerth, we cannot doubt that Albert gave effect to his orders, by besieging and disabling the fortress, or else by requiring its destruction. Whether the Em-

peror disabled it himself, or whether it was done by one of his allies, remains a mystery. But it was disabled not destroyed, and Dean John of Bonn repaired, enlarged and strengthened it. The beautiful situation of the Castle made it a favourite resort of Archbishop Dietrich II, and the days which he spent within its walls were doubtless the most brilliant which were ever seen at Rolandseck. When Charles the Bold attacked the Drachenfels, he had already conquered Rolandseck and garrisoned it with his mercenaries, who lived a gay and luxurious life. It would have been better had they exercised more vigilance, for the allies of the Archbishop fell upon them unexpectedly, and drove them away. Not that it was an easy matter, for they were soon on the defensive, and it seems as if the retreating Burgundians had set fire to the Castle, for henceforward its name disappears from the annals, the Castle itself is never mentioned again, although we hear of its territory which was not inconsiderable. Fire alone can account for such complete ruin as we observe. The arched window alone stands, and will stand because the clinging ivy of poetry twines round, and upholds it.

In the year 1011, Rolandswerth was the name of the beautiful island in the Rhine which is now called Nonnenwerth that is. Nonneninsel (Nun's island); for Werth in the Rhenish dialect, is the name for Insel (island). At this time it belonged to the Abbey of Siegburg; but upon his urgent entreaty, Abbot Kuno presented it the Archbishop Friedrich who founded a convent upon the island, and placed it under the superintendence of Abbot Kuno of Siegburg. At a later period it fell under the guardianship of the Abbot of Gladbach. The Rules of Abbot Benedict of Nursia were followed in the convent.

It has frequently been a matter of debate, whether, when the Archbishop begged the island from the Abbot he had any intention of placing a monastery or a convent there; it is more probable that he meant to build a custom house; but the citizens of Cöln prevented him from doing so. Plans of this lucrative nature may indeed be set aside for a time, but they are taken up again as was the case here. What Friederich had not the courage to do, Archbishop Arnold I. did under more favorable circumstances, moreover he did not find his conscience at all overburdened by the act of converting the consecrated walls of a convent into a custom house, and providing for the



nuns in a convent at Cöln. But the citizens of Cöln were not men who would put up with anything from their Archbishop, particularly in matters of trade, when they found their own purses were concerned. Their complaints to the Emperor Albert I, resulted in his coming with a powerful army and destroying the custom houses. Then the nuns returned to Nonnenwerth, and the damage caused by the avarice of an Archbishop, was repaired by rich gifts from the hands of the faithful. The Emperor's army too had done them considerable injury, for the so-called "Boys" (Buben) and „Brandboys", (Brandbuben) in Albert's army were as unmanageable as wild beasts. Pious donations supplied also the means of adding an hospital and a Chapel to the nunnery; the Chapel was only recently pulled down, because it was not possible to save it any longer.

Once again, in the year 1359, the Archbishop essayed to build a fortress upon the island, so that he might secure the shipping tolls; but the Hanseatic league had become too powerful, and its protest was so earnest and forcible, that the Archbishop's favorite scheme was abandoned, from fear of the vigour with which the league might enforce its objections. The storms of the Thirty Years' Wars shook the convent considerably, and obliged the nuns to fly; but they returned, and that time which burst open many cells some with, some without, the consent of the occupants passed gently over. The venerable walls, which had lasted through such vicissitudes of fortune, might have stood many years longer, if they had not been completely destroyed by fire, in the year 1773. Under the care of the Archbishop of Cöln the convent was rebuilt; more beautiful and more roomy than before and according to the taste of the day. It existed until the year 1802. This time it was through the solicitude of the Empress Josephine, Napoleon's good angel, that this lovely asylum was preserved for the nuns; but the convent did not thrive, and in 1822 the building was alienated, and again underwent a most remarkable change; it became an hotel, which was more frequented than any other, in summer particularly the beautiful island presented a very gay aspect. One lovely summer day in the year 1841, absolute processions of people might be seen moving along the roads towards Nonnenwerth. Franz Liszt had conceived the idea of giving a concert here in aid of the building fund for the Cathedral at Cöln. The island was again peopled; but it was now no sacred strain which







1847

*Alten Heidebuckel.*

Geogr. von d. Heidebuckel zu Wiesbaden

Verlag v. J. J. Neumann, Neudamm



echoed through the convent halls. Time deals strangely with the work of men's hands.

Yes! with men's hands and their work and with hearts too! The hand that rendered so enchantingly on that day Franz Schubert's "Lob der Thränen" the hand of Franz Liszt — became afterwards that of a Priest! Such changes does time work!

Since the year 1845 the building has again become ecclesiastical property and is once more a convent, from hotel to convent, before from convent to hotel. Are its changes at an end yet?

Can such a thought fail to occur to us when we glance at the changing fortunes of such a place? And specially such fortunes as those of the fair triad in the lovely Rhineland!

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## THE ABBEY OF HEISTERBACH

in the Siebengebirge, in the neighbourhood of Königswinter. The mountainous region of the Siebengebirge, is the most distant and the mightiest offshoot of the volcanic range of the Eifel, on that side of the Rhine, and is as remarkable for the romantic and poetical character of its scenery, as for its wonderful volcanic formation.

Although each one of these proud, strangely shaped mountains, which are so closely grouped together, has its own peculiar attraction for a lover of mountain scenery; although the view from each of their summits is worthy of notice for its surprising variety, the lofty Stenzelberg nevertheless merits special attention.

Man has penetrated to its very centre to obtain the beautiful trachyte, which is darker here than in the neighbouring mountains. It stands in perpendicular shafts, six, and even eight or ten feet thick, which being deeply cleft, are more easily blasted here than elsewhere.

The stone quarry is nearly a hundred feet wide, and from eighty to ninety feet deep. It was worked as early as the thirteenth century, but was abandoned for a while, on account



of the difficulty of transporting the stone to the Rhine. It regained importance with the commencement of the restoration of the great cathedral at Cologne; when the stone was recognised as excellent. And thus as before the stone was used in building the Abbey at Heisterbach, so now it is for the Cathedral at Cöln but it is also serves other purposes, and this quarry vies with that of Niedermendig on the Laacher See, in supplying stone for doorsteps, windowsills, flights of steps, and other purposes, in private houses.

As we stand on the brink of the yawning chasm in which a hundred labourers are at work with pick and chisel, where blasting rouses the distant echoes, and carts and waggons appear and disappear amongst the mountains towards the Rhine, we feel as if we were looking down into the very haunts of the Kobolds, with legends of whom the region is rife. There is a strange world of motion and life down there; there is something mysterious about it which gives the imagination scope for a variety of fancies. Reports like firing of cannon are heard, and echo carries on the rolling sound till it dies away in the far distance. Then the mighty pillars raised by some fearful convulsion of nature give way; clouds of smoke and dust enwrap everything for a while, and, when they have drawn aside, clear and regular rings the stroke of the tools with which busy hands shape the stones for the erection of buildings to the honour of God, and for the service of man. But we turn to the landscape. There they stand, the mountain giants towering upwards, clothed in bright green; and between them lie narrow ravines, rocky depths, cool, dusky, wooded, valleys, small meadows, through which clear mountain streams skip merrily, or flow gently along, enlivened by the thrilling song of the thrush, and the merry hawfinch; whilst the melting tones of numberless nightingales, float through cool shades, disturbed only by the cry of the cuckoo, or the croaking of various birds of prey abounding in the mountains; where they find safety for their eyries.

But the eye lingers longest upon the charming valley of Heisterbach; where nestling in the midst of the surrounding hills, reposes the ancient ruin and the glorious choir which still remain to tell the traveller that a magnificent building once stood here; bounded by the Petersberg, the Nonnenstromberg and the Stenzelberg, which link the lower hills.

A troublesome descent leads to the place where the valley bears the distinguishing name of: "the Mantle of Heisterbach"; but the traveller is well repaid, for the it is wonderfully secluded, fresh, and fragrant, magnificent groups of trees overshadow clear fishponds, on whose peaceful inhabitants the pious monks, on days of fasting and self-denial, were wont to regale themselves; make the command to fast tolerable, and even acceptable! by a table amply supplied with fine savoury fish. And when they understood how to angle ham, veal, and mutton, as peculiar kinds of fish, from the preserves at Eberbach in the Rheingau, then indeed fast days lost their bitterness, and turned to feast days. Wooded heights enclose and conceal the lovely valley, as with a mantle—thence the name: "The Mantle of Heisterbach."

It is still possible to trace the extent of the monastery, and the statues of the two famous founders stand like door keepers there; Benedict the holy Abbot of Nurtia, and Bernard, who converted the dreary mountain valley into a "clara vallis" or Clairvaux;—but not alone do the monastic buildings claim our attention, there is yet another point of attraction the choir of the noble Church still remains. It is a jewel of Romanesque architecture, and seems to have been preserved from the barbarism of our times, simply to make us deplore more deeply that the rest of so magnificent a building should have been destroyed, that its stones might serve to hem in the stagnant waters of a canal at Neuss, and be used in the construction of the almost useless fortifications at Cöln. If I have indicated the year 1806 as the date of this vandalism, I have at the same time mentioned that about 1689, and since the commencement of the present century, ruthless hands have laid low or entirely destroyed, many a beautiful building of the Middle Ages.

We must listen to the legend concerning the choice of a site for the foundation of a Cloister, though without it we might recognise the taste and feeling of the monks.

The Cloister the site of which was afterwards "the Mantle of Heisterbach," originally stood on the summit of Mount Saint Peter"; and for this reason the valley to which it was afterwards • transplanted was called "Peter's valley", until this name was gradually lost and gave place to that of Heisterbach. The mountain round which the storms howled furiously, was too cold for the monks whom the Archbishop of Cöln saw fit



to place there. It was uncomfortable even in summer; and in winter when surrounded by ice and snow, and when storms raged around, it was unbearable. So they wearied their Superior and patron with prayers that he would grant them some other place wherein to pass their life of penance, until at length he demanded of them where they desired to live, and made them promise at the same time to inhabit miserable huts, until a safe shelter should be provided for them. But where should be the place? Amongst all those beautiful mountains the selection was difficult!

Then the Abbot proposed that they should load the ass which had hitherto brought them their supplies from the Rhine, with the relics from their altar, that they should reverently follow him themselves, and on the spot where he should lie down, there they should erect their monastery. This came to pass.

The ass wandered to the valley watered by the Heisterbach, which was also known by the name of the Kallenbach. Old Greyskin climbed indefatigably over the rolling stones and broken rocks, although his burden was heavy, but when he reached "The Mantle of Heisterbach" where the grass grew luxuriantly along the sides of the brook, hunger and thirst overcame him. He drank greedily of the pure cool waters, refreshed himself with the rich grass and was in high content.

The monks had followed him prayerfully, and now stood waiting to see what he would do after his ample repast, and for once old Greyskin was no ass! After he had eaten as he could, he let his voice ring out lustily, rolled over in the grass, and finally lay down quietly to rest.

Thus was the place pointed out and the monks set up their huts there. And when this wonderful story spread throughout the land, rich presents, the gifts of the faithful were showered upon the monks, and they were not compelled to pass many years exposed to wind and weather in their poor huts. The vaulted roofs of the Cloister sheltered them, and there stood Heisterbach in all its splendour, abundantly and richly endowed.

As a remembrance of this strange legend, the ass ought to have been granted a place in the shield of the monastery: but that, even in those days, would have been of rather doubtful meaning! So a beech tree in full leaf growing by the side of a stream, was chosen for its seal. Whether, as is supposed

the beech tree was called: "Heister" in that region. I do not know; but if it were, the name of the Cloister would be indicated in the arms, albeit in like coats of arms and seals, we rarely fail to find the image of a saint. These arms may still be seen on a house at Königswinter, which formerly belonged to the Cloister, and was used for the tithing of wines.

The history is in no way remarkable. It tells us that the building of the Cloister was begun in the year 1202 by Guerardus, the second Abbot. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and met with much sympathy at the gentle hearts and hands of the higher and lower nobility of the land, to whom in return, the monks were willing to grant a last resting place in their beautiful Church.

The monastery with all its outbuildings, dwelling-rooms, and offices, was not entirely finished until the year 1233. The Church was completed first and in the meantime, dry cells instead of huts had been provided for the monks. It was consecrated together with the high altar, by Archbishop Conrad of Osnabruck, it is a curious fact, that up to the year 1227, sixteen altars had been consecrated; to which a seventeenth side altar as well as the high altar, was added in the year 1233.

Altars in those days were chiefly erected and endowed by wealthy families, and it is an undoubted fact that the Church was not only large and beautiful, but that it was also liberally enriched by its patrons.

Amongst these donors the Counts of Isenburg and Sayn were distinguished for their rich and frequent presents; other families were not backward; the highwaymen even atoned, as they believed, for their sins against their neighbour's property, by bestowing a portion of it on so celebrated an Abbey. The stain of unrighteousness which clung to it, was wiped away by the hand of the Church, and consciences were freed from guilt. As its reputation and the odour of sanctity increased, so also did the landed possessions of the Cloister. Arable land, farms and vineyards, both far and near became its property.

The Benedictine monks, in those dangerous days did good service, not only to the cause of religion, but also to that of science, and we owe them thanks for the treasures they have preserved amidst the wild storms and grim darkness of those times.

In this twice blessed service the monks of Heisterbach



steadily persevered. In course of time they gathered together a large and valuable collection of books, copied them, preserved them carefully, and studied them industriously.

There were famous men in their monastery, amongst whom one chronicler may be specially named, whose annals notwithstanding the introduction of many a marvellous story, such as the character of the times required, still form an important mine for historical research; this was the celebrated Caesarius of Heisterbach, more properly called Caesar of Milendonk; the saintly Conrad of Thuringia belongs here also, and that pious and holy monk Christianus, of whom the legend tells that when he sang mass, Christ the Lord and the blessed Virgin, always sang with him. But besides these three, there lived within the silent walls of the Cloister, far removed from the whirl of time, many a skilful scribe, whose pen adorned his manuscript with initial letters and pictures, artistically illuminated in living, glowing, colours and richly embellished with gold and silver.

If we think that the unus rather indulged in trifles, we cannot withhold our wonder and admiration of the skill, and perseverance of the monks, and the beautiful manuscripts which were executed by the Benedictines, who shine out brightly in that era of darkness as the chief supporters of learning.

Centuries passed over the ancient abbey, whose fortunes were various and often dark, and it rejoiced in a protracted existence, to which its retired situation doubtless contributed. The wild wars which raged on the shores of the Rhine resounded up the valley, and dashed their waves against the mighty mountains, which spread their protecting mantle over the abbey, and held back the destructive tide until the Reformation; which was a critical period both within and without, as well for her, as for her sisters in other districts.

The Truchsess disturbances were particularly fatal to her, for in the year 1388, a wild horde of the Truchsess poured into this asylum of peace, and went about robbing, plundering and rioting.

After they had plundered the abbey, and become intoxicated in its cellars, they set fire to the building. The monks, who had already suffered severely fled to the mountains, and when at length they ventured to return, there stood a mass of blackened ruins round the noble house of God, which had

defied the fury of the fire, although the roof had been grievously injured. But this was soon repaired with the help of benefactors.

But those were not days in which it was an easy matter to rebuild the sacred walls of a Cloister, with requisite offices and then years elapsed before they again arose beneath the hands of bricklayer and mason.

The zealous abbot John Buschmann a native of the town of Düren, was the soul of the new building. I have not been able to discover whence Buschmann obtained money for the work, and it was no mean sum, but there it was, and the buildings were thoroughly completed on a large scale, and stood firm amidst the storms of later times, particularly those of the 'Thirty Years' War. The quiet Cloister was not dealt with hardly notwithstanding the so-called levies, and though the monks were more than once compelled to flee to the mountains.

Order seems to have ruled in the household of the Cloister; for the discoveries made in other places, that the means of the monasteries were almost exhausted by the excesses of the monks, were not-verified in this instance, even the fire and the subsequent rebuilding by Abbot Buschmann, and the extortions which the Abbey suffered during the Thirty Years' War did not ruin it, and when the fiat went forth, and the walls were torn down by sacrilegious hands; the Abbey Church still possessed treasures of art which to this day delight the eye of the beholder.

Reader, have you sauntered through the halls of the old Pinakothek in München, and feasted your eyes on the gorgeous and beautiful pictures of the saints it contains, and have you in thought retraced the history of art to the days of those painters, who, as it were, breathed life into the canvass? Then must your thoughts have wandered to the protecting "mantle of Heisterbach" for many of these valuable pictures adorned its altars.

They were saved from destruction by the efforts of the brothers Boiserée and their friend Bertram. who afterwards sold them to King Ludwig of Bavaria.

Those who pulled down the sacred walls in order to obtain materials for building a canal, or for the construction of insignificant fortresses, troubled themselves little about pictures, and indefatigable Sulpice Boisserée was always on the watch and led home, not one bride, but many. It was fortunate that



the French and Spaniards, who overran the land after the Thirty Years' War, made no more raids upon the pictures than did the German troops. They were skilled in the lore of and passionately devoted to the precious metals if coined, and although they were connoisseurs and collectors too of coins, yet neither art nor the historical meaning of the stamp interested them, but solely their money value, and had not the three friends, above mentioned, secured those glorious pictures, they would have perished with the rubbish. It is surprising that works of art should have been spared so long, when the Abbots of later times amused themselves at Königswinter or Bonn, instead of concerning themselves about the morals, order, and learning of the Cloister—like some English rectors who travel on the continent leaving their work to be done by substitutes. What taste these gentlemen had for art will be best exemplified by an anecdote which was related to me by the hotel-keeper at Königswinter. It was some where about the year 1790, that a traveller came to the Abbey, and was presented to the Abbot, with whom as a man of the world he had some pleasant conversation. When he enquired about the antiquities, he was not a little surprised to be referred to the cellarer. The subterranean treasures entrusted to him were of paramount importance to an abbot of the most learned of all the monastic orders which however had become superannuated, as does inevitable everything earthly, even though it may once have exercised wide and powerful influence.

We may form an idea of the esteem in which study or deep research was held, in the days of the spiritual movement at the beginning of the Reformation, from a monkish fable with which this account will close.

During the time that many in the Cloister asked for the word of God, craved for it, and meditated upon its meaning, there lived in the monastery at Heisterbach a young and learned monk who day and night bent over his Vulgate, and strove to understand it. Searching and pondering, he was particularly struck with the passage which runs: "that a thousand years before the Lord are as a watch in the night" which he could not rightly comprehend and began to doubt.

He was a thoroughly honest man, this monk and really anxious to know the truth. Once after he had been meditating upon it for a long while, his narrow cell became unbearable

He stepped out into the beautiful abbey garden, and even there amidst the fresh green, and the bright beauty of the flowers, his mind was still so busy with the words, that unwittingly he left the garden and wandered away into the wood and on and on amongst the rocks.—For how long?—That he knew no more, than did his brethren in the Cloister know that he had gone forth. But suddenly the sound, of the vesper bell struck clearly on his ear. He rose and with hurried step sought the gate of the monastery, and hastily rang the bell, lest he should come too late for evening prayer.

The porter opened the gate, but the two gazed at each other in astonishment, for neither recognised the other, although the brother averred that he left the garden scarce a quarter of an hour before.

In doubt both entered the house of the Lord; but fresh surprise seized the returning brother; for here was indeed the beautiful old Church; but these brethren who are they? A stranger sat in the place by the altar steps which he had himself occupied yesterday, and the day before nay even that very morning.

When vespers were ended the porter announced to the abbot the arrival of the strange monk. This latter gave orders that he should be brought to him; and he enquired of him what he knew of the Abbot and the brethren of that 'Cloister to which he maintained he had that self same day belonged.

At first the Abbot looked compassionately upon him; for he thought the 'strange monk was mad; but soon found that therein he greatly erred, and fear fell upon him.

At length, the Abbot hit upon the most certain method of arriving at an understanding of this wondrous story; he fetched the Necrologium belonging to the Abbey, that is to say, the register of those who had died in it, but even here he could find nothing to throw light upon the mystery—until he had turned back leaf after leaf for full three hundred years! There stood his name—the name of the stranger, but with this remark: that Brother Xaverius had wandered beyond the precincts of the monastery and disappeared, and that had he not been so religious a man, it must have been believed that his deep thought had led him to doubt and that he had fled back to the world, notwithstanding all enquiries no trace of him could be found.



Then a holy dread fell upon the Abbot, and upon Father Xaverius, for three hundred years had passed away, and to him it had seemed but a quarter of an hour.

Both crossed themselves and sank upon their knees, and Brother Xaverius confessed to the Abbot his sinful doubts about the words of holy scripture, and how the Lord had thus enlightened him concerning those sacred words; "that a thousand years before him are as a watch in the night." And in holy penitence, he continued to live in the Cloister, honoured of all men, until, at last, in extreme old age, the Lord called him to the place where all dark things are made plain. Thus far from the realm of tradition. Let us now return to the present.

Heisterbach after being purposely laid in ruins in an age which should have had more appreciation of a place whence issued a stream of learning in days of darkness, had been alienated from the property of the state, and thrown into the lap of chance.

It was by good luck; if I may be allowed the expression, that the beautiful ruins came into the possession of Count Lippe, and found a friend in him. He bought them in the year 1820, and converted the immediate environs of the Abbey into a park, and twined a wreath of flowers round the building itself, reverently sparing, respecting, and upholding, all that was ancient. And if Father Xaverius could now return from his three hundred years walk, though he would mourn over the departed glory of the house of God and his Cloister, yet when he knelt in the choir, in the place where the high altar stood and prayed for the souls of those who had gone home whilst he had been "walking", he would assuredly, pray also for a blessing upon the man who had caused flowers to spring out of the venerable ruin.

## GODESBERG NEAR BONN.

Within view of the beautiful Siebengebirge, foremost of which stands the Drachenfels with its traditions and its ruins; within view of the Rhine whose waters roll on though they would gladly linger in so fair a spot; within view of Rolands-









eck and its ruins; standing forth from a distant circle of surrounding mountains there rises a solitary height, on the brow of which are the lovely ruins of the Castle of Godesberg. Itself commanding so fine a prospect, it attracts the eye from afar, any one professing to have seen and enjoyed the delightful neighbourhood of Bonn, ought to have witnessed the panorama from Godesberg, when the setting sun sheds its purple and gold upon it; then this glorious landscape with its romantic colouring revels in the brightness of a glory the beholder can scarcely forget.

The hill, upon which Godesberg is situated, stands about 270 feet above the level of the Rhine, Trachyte and Graywacke form its component parts. Beside the Castle but partly in the foreground, reposing on the mountain side, and lovingly screened by it from the keen winds, lies a rapidly increasing village, bearing the same name as the neighbouring mineral and medicinal springs, the "Draitscher Quelle."

A warm, I might almost say a southern air rests calmly here; the plain widens towards the Rhine, and the lungs inhale a soft pure breath. I do not know a lovelier spot in which an old man could spend the evening of his days.—Well for him whose lot it might be!

Whether the fortress took its name from the mountain, and whether it has been handed down from heathen times, and was originally Wodausberg, or Godinsberg, or something different again, according to the endless variations in the M. S. records of the middle ages, has been a cause of great contention amongst learned and frequently perverse interpreters, who as is usually the case could come to no common conclusion. The author of this account has as little desire to drag his readers into the confusion of learned discussions, as he has himself to contribute to, or to disturb the already existing trash upon the subject. The reader would gain nothing by it, but on the contrary would lose much, namely the precious hour which no book-worm can give him back; whilst his pleasure in the beautiful picture might be disturbed. Thus much will suffice; in the early times, when Christianity was first established here, a small Chapel stood on the summit of the mountain, doubtless one of those baptisteries which are so frequently met with on the Rhine, where they became the humble precursors of glorious Cathedrals and rich Cloisters. Nevertheless I must add for the sake



of completeness, that in the records of previous centuries, when a Castle stood beside or had taken the place of the baptistery ---mountain, castle and village were called Godinsberg, Wodinsberg, Gudesberg, Gudensberg, and finally in later times Godesberg.

Several paths lead from the village of Godesberg to the hill, which is of considerable elevation, and covered with vines towards the south east. The road which was formerly the main road to the Castle in the most convenient. By the road side stand small niches filled with images of saints. They bear the marks of age and rough weather, and if their forms do not satisfy the better taste of our own days, the simple reverent Godesberger is more modest in his claims, perhaps even more so than he properly should be, in the neighbourhood of the holy city of Cöln." (der hilligen Stadt Coellen) where the art of sculpture has flourished since the restoration of the Cathedral.

Ruined walls indicate the more distant line of fortifications round the Castle, which was formerly protected by towers around which ivy, true friend of ruins twines tenderly, as if it would fain shield them from the storms of ages, or from the silent decay which time so surely works.

Passing upwards among the vines, the former outworks of the Castle are at length entered, there beneath the decaying ruins of ancient masonry, rest the mortal remains of those in the village who close their eyes for ever to our beautiful world. This is the burial ground of the community, and the crosses, some fallen some falling, some quite new with faded tinsel crowns, rustling in the evening breeze, mark the graves of once blooming youths.

The crowns are least tokens of the love of former companions, many of whom will soon perhaps have the same light, perishable gift placed on his or her early grave. But here, in the midst of the Kingdom of mortality stands the Sign of the purest love of God, rising high above the tombs of the children of time, telling the world of a peace which those tired sleepers under the turf have now found in its fullest blessedness; it is the Church; the quiet, holy house where peace from above descends into the faithful, loving, trusting soul. It is only a little Church, and bears the impress of the hand of time, indeed its appearance might bear out the assertion that it was built in

very early times, as Christian custom demanded on the site of the original baptistery.

The Elector Joseph Clement of Bavaria, who belonged to the ducal house, built this little Church, or perhaps only restored it, intending it to be an oratory for the order of S. Michael. All the decorations of the building confirm this view, as do also the two banners which adorn the altar, which are invested by the imaginative faith of the people with a halo of very high antiquity, against which certainly both manufacturer and donor who placed them here, would raise a decided protest if they could. The banners are said to date from the time of the Crusades.

Beside the little Church stood a hermit's cell, which in former days was always inhabited, but which has now fallen into decay for it is long since it had an inmate. Men love society better now than they did then.

Perhaps it was a significant token of the spirit of the age when the fortress was built, that that which should elevate the soul of man above earthly things stands low down on the mountain, while the Castle towers proudly above it. A steep road leads from the home of death, from the cell of the world fleeing hermit and the quiet house of God, up to the fortress through the yet strong Castle gateway.

The visitor having arrived at the glorious central tower of the building the so-called "trit" which stands nearest to him on this side, is in a position to measure the extent of the fortress with a critical eye, but it is not so easy for him to gain a clear idea, of the arrangements of the interior; for walls every where cross each other in a veritable maze, and show how every foot of space was turned to the best account. This proud tower chiefly claims the attention of the visitor. And when after some troublesome climbing, he has reached the battlements, those broken walls and ruined chambers can no longer fetter his spirit. His whole soul is intent upon the picture—the glorious Panorama which is presented to his view. Immediately before him rise the mighty cones and dark green of the Siebengebirge, now peaked, now truncated, now showing the bare rocky walls of some dizzy height, and now densely wooded.

Who could ever weary of contemplating this picturesque range from this point of view? And yet in the midst of the



admiration of such wonderful scenery, comes the thought of the fearful subterranean power and force which must have been at work when these heights were piled together, when these craters poured forth pillars of fire and ashes when melting, burning lava flowed down into the valleys and the earth quaked continuously. The thought of the convulsions and disturbances of this period, which lie deep in the bosom of the past, of which man knows nothing, and of which no record has been preserved, except that which is written in the stones, is truly terrible. What was the appearance of this country, now beautiful as Paradise, when those volcanoes were at work on that side of the Rhine, and the yet more numerous ones of the Eifel district on this side? Who does not shudder when he tries to realize it?

Close beside the spur of this wonderful range which unfolds new beauties from whatever side it is seen, and excites fresh wonder and admiration under whatever circumstances it is contemplated, close beside the spur I say, we are greeted from the peaked summit by the ruin of the Drachenfels of which we have already given the reader a picture and a description; "and below flows the Rhine," quietly and peacefully, like a silver band which would fain twine itself round the wonderful mountain group; and modestly, as if it were neither the mainspring of the trade of the world, nor the prize for which nations have striven, and bloody battles have been fought. On this side flourishing townships and villages lie along the shore, and fine country houses are scattered here and there, telling of quiet homes of pure enjoyment of nature, and of merry hours spent in the society of friends; and up the mountain side creeps the vine in its full green, and the plain beyond is clothed with fields of waving corn. They are the mountains of the country about Siegen, near the heights of the Westerwald. Further back Schloss Bensberg looks down from a height, and in the murky distance lies hidden the city of Cöln, the Cathedral of which may be discerned. Then the eye turns towards Bonn, the pleasant seat of learning; it is surrounded by a lovely region, as it were God's own garden, upon which he has poured a plentiful shower of blessings.

Towards the right fair Nonnenwerth rises from the silver stream; above peeps out the window at Rolandseck, whose beautiful tradition lingers in the memory; and the eye is carried

over the fruitful plain to the stately houses of Godesberg, which stand fronting the Siebengebirge. In the far west, tower the mountain summits in the valleys of the Ahr and the Eifel, among which the Landeskronen and Hochacht are the highest.

Can we wonder that he who stands up then, and allows his eye to wander over this scene, finds it hard to persuade himself to look down into the ruined and desolate maze of walls which once constituted the fortress? The tower, on whose high battlements the traveller stands, is a fine, handsome building of two divisions, a style which is hardly to be met with elsewhere in the Rheinland. The entrance, as is commonly the case with these towers which were used as a last resort in times of siege or surprise, is placed at a considerable elevation, whilst below where not a ray of light could penetrate, lay those horrible dungeons, where as the poet says: "was the home of toad and salamander, and on whose thick walls the sighs of the unfortunate died away. The tower was connected with the Castle by means of a toll and drawbridge, and when the bridge was drawn up, it isolated the tower and closed the entrance to it.

A building of considerable size seems to have stood on the right of the gateway, which the guide who as is customary everywhere, draws his facts from the fountain of his own wisdom, simply calls "the brewery." Outbuildings, or perhaps a dwellinghouse may have stood here, for there are traces of a kitchen and a cistern or rain water tank; for this mountain, like many other rocks and mountains chosen for the sites of feudal Castles, seems to have had no springs. This conjecture would appear to be the more probable, from the fact that the Chapel adjoined this large building: it was dedicated to S. Servatius, of ill repute amongst all garden lovers as one of the three "Frost Saints"

A dilapidated winding staircase in a lauten tower led to the so-called "Highcastle," (Burgstadel) the main building of the fortress and the residence of the "family" ("Herrschaft") whilst the building which we mentioned above served perhaps for the officials, or for branches of the clan ("Burgsippe") In the high Castle the Archbishops of Cöln held their court, and its walls could tell many a tale of gay revels, and some of the stories would also show from whence came the rich revenues of the archiepiscopal Church.



The banqueting hall and state drawing room, a building of very considerable size is ninety feet in length and about thirty feet in breadth, adjoined this portion of the Castle.

From here the position of the former out buildings etc. can still be clearly traced. It is a remarkable fact, but nevertheless one that can be explained, that on the side facing the Rhine all the masonry is crumbled and decayed. He that would tell the history of any building in due order, ought to begin with the foundation stone; this would of course be quite impossible. But my reader asks how comes this? and where is this foundation stone?" and I reply, it is not to be found at Godesberg nor yet in the museum at Bonn, where many things are not, but at München, the distant metropolis of Bavaria. It is of black marble and bears the inscription that this fortress was built by Archbishop Theodoric in the year 1210. So in this rare instance we know the founder, and the date of the foundation, and in short have before us the register of the birth of the fortress. Twelve years ago, when I was spending some time in München, I enquired about it, but those whom I asked knew nothing of it, and those who knew, I probably did not ask; but perhaps as is so often the case, "Nobody" know anything about it, and it lies in that Samelsurium, which is called a "miscellaneous collection."

Many are of opinion that the beautiful Frit is more ancient, and how could it fail to be ascribed to the Romans? A Roman mania has infected many of our antiquaries and they must needs gather themselves together, even though their discoveries turn out to be vain imaginations as in the case of Marquard, Freher who would have us believe that all the names of the places in the Palatinate are Latin, that is, to say Roman. The tower at Godesberg was clearly not founded by the Romans, for there is no doubt that in the beginning of the twelfth century there were no buildings upon the mountain, except the Chapel dedicated to S. Michael, the archangel.

And that some secret communication, at least existed between the Chapel and the Drachenfels, seems so probable that we require nothing but this hint to enable us to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion about the origin of it. Roman coins and such like have been found here. But as regards the coins they passed current among the Germans also, and cannot be considered such trustworthy guides as the characteristic shells of the geologists. But even supposing that the Romans

had a fortress up here, which is not impossible it would certainly have been completely destroyed by the Batavi under Civilis, as were other places.

Under the Franks, and even in the time of the first Saxon Emperors, Godesberg is called a ("Pfalz") but there are no proofs that the "Pfalz," "Palatium," "Palast", or in other words the Kings court stood *upon* the mountain, contrary to the custom of the Emperors of the Franks therefore the honour of having built it can scarcely be ascribed to any other than him, who in the black marble chronicle on the foundation stone, claims it for himself, viz Archbishop Theodoric of Cöln. He was an adherent of the Emperor Otto IV, whom the Pope, put under the bann and so the inhabitants of Cöln not unwillingly listened to the advice to build upon this spot a fortress of sufficient strength to protect the country.

But when Theodoric, in spite of hard taxes and heavy tolls on the Rhine, was unable to meet the expenses of the building he was obliged to resort to forcible means. What did it matter if in all friendliness he caught hold of some rich Jew, and so effectually lightened his money bag that the fortress grew apace and was soon finished? He could relieve his own conscience of its burden, and the Emperor, who thanked Heaven that the Archbishop supported *his* banner, made no disturbance about a "servant of the exchequer," who had grown somewhat poorer. But that an Archbishop of Cöln should pull down the ancient Sanctuary, the Chapel of S. Michael the Archangel, and build it in another place, for the sake of a fortress, was a crime which roused the indignation of the historians of those days. As a matter of course they affirm that it brought down the wrath of Heaven. The picture of the Archangel fled in anger, with a loud "cry of woe" over the Rhine to Manut S. Peter in the Siebengebirge, and out of this range of hills there came forth an army of ravens, which day and night flew croaking round the "desecrated spot."

The Archbishop did not interfere with the freedom or emigration rights of the flying picture, moreover he let the ravens take their pleasure, and to the chroniclers allowed their resentment, whilst he himself continued to build with the spoils of Israel as if he had a lawful claim to them: his conscience indeed seems to have been superior to such matters, as in general to the question, whether a curse or a blessing rested on his fortress;



but he could not escape the avenging hand of God; he was destined never to see the completion of the building. The Pope degraded him from his dignity as Archbishop, and banished him from Cöln.

There, like his friend Otho, he was made to feel the burden of excommunication, though Rome at all times dealt more mildly with the clergy who offended against Holy Church than with the laity, even if these latter wore the crown, or rather because they wore it. Some years afterwards Theodoric was pardoned and would have returned Cöln, if in the year 1224, death had not overtaken him at Rome, whither he had repaired as a humble penitent. Thus he was never able to complete the building of his fortress at Godesberg. To abandon the fortress in those unquiet times was impossible, because its importance was too much felt by the Archbishops preferred smiting with the sword to blessing with the crucifix, who and therefore Engelbert I, Theodorics, successor quietly continued to build and complete it, notwithstanding the flight of the picture, and "the ravens who were croaking themselves hoarse." Godesberg was of vast importance to the Archbishops; for the citizens of Cöln were not to be jested with, and when on account of some unreasonable demand the former had been driven from the city, Godesberg was a strong and safe asylum. Thence they were able to maintain a strict watch over the town, and in the keeps of the main tower there was a small place, where even the hardest heads of the citizens of Cöln, might be made soft and tender, particularly when long continued fasting for the souls welfare had been enforced, as was quite in the right order of things. For this purpose the Keep of the Castle was employed by Archbishop Conrad of Hochstaden, and Engelbert of Falkenburg, who made imprisoned citizens go through such a course of humiliation as might not easily be blotted out of their memory.

But the fortress served more than once as a refuge for the Archbishops, when their exorbitant demands for money had made the citizens so restive that they forced their spiritual enters to flee from the "holy" city, where they certainly had no desire to cry "Alaaf Köln!"

But not alone were the sighs of prisoners, or the war cries of besiegers, heard in Godesberg. Then as now, the beautiful situation of the Castle was appreciated. When peace prevailed

in the country, the Archbishops took up their residence here during the autumn, that they might rest from the heavy burden of existence, and grow merry amidst a circle of the nobles of the land, who at such times assembled for high festival at Godesberg, and discussed the noblest wines from the Rhine and the Ahr, which the Archbishop's cellars contained.

The charge of the Castle of Godesberg was entrusted to vassals whose faith had been proved, and it was the same with all the Castles belonging to the clergy, who were unable to guard and defend themselves. During the middle ages, no one knows how, the fortress had acquired the name of "Frei Peterling" and so it came to pass that the men of the garrison were called "Frei-Peterlings." It is not known whether peculiar privileges and duties were attached to the Office.

The fortress at that time was considered one of the strongest, and was indeed said to be impregnable. The following circumstance gave rise to the supposition: When Archbishop Sigfrid had a feud with the citizens of Cöln and fled to Fort Godesberg, Count William of Cleves led the army of the citizens to the fortress, and for five long weeks "vexed it mightily". But in vain did he lay siege to the "inaccessible fortress"; in vain did the Count use every means to force it to surrender. He was compelled to retire, without even having done any particular damage, and the citizens bore away with them no agreeable recollections of the siege.

Archbishop Wichbold of Holte here held the sons of Count Revenger of Wied captive, who had criminally and arrogantly repudiaded their feudal allegiance, and had the misfortune to fall into the hands of their deeply offended lord. Their friends advanced with all speed to the fortress and scaled it successfully. "Do not reckon without your host," might have been addressed as a warning to the men of Wied: for whilst they were celebrating their triumph, the Archbishop approached the tower and surprised the conquerors, and few of those who had gloried in their easy victory, returned to tell the tale at home, this time the Castle suffered, but Archbishop Wichbold quickly had it restored and made stronger than it had been before Count Wied's attack.

Archbishop Heinrich of Virneberg learned to appreciate its value when the rebellious citizens of Cöln, after disabling all the rest of his fortresses, found that they could not obtain pos-



session of Godesberg. He therefore strengthened and enlarged it, but died before his work was finished, it was completed by Archbishop Walram, who held that the rebuilding of the high tower which had been laid in ruins by the men of Wied was of the greatest consequence. In the vaults beneath this tower he placed the archives of the Archbishopric and country, and thus its importance was so greatly enhanced that at his election each succeeding Archbishop was compelled to bind himself to sacrifice everything in order to preserve it.

The Castle as we have already observed, was a favourite resort of the Archbishops during the vintage and hunting seasons. At such times feast followed upon feast, and the vast hall and banqueting room, was filled with the nobility of the land, and with guests from far countries.

But the spirit of those days was wild and unruly, and even the sanctified presence of a prince of the Church, even his residence in the "Frei-Peterling" was not sufficient to keep it within bounds. So it happened at Christmas, in the year 1347, that Archbishop Frederick III. assembled many of the nobility around him in the hall and amongst the guests were the wild Burgrave Johann von Reineck, and Ritter Bullmann von Sinzig, towards whom the Burgrave bore a deadly hatred. When flushed with wine, the rash count did not fail to find a cause of quarrel with the Knight, who was not a man to endure insolence patiently. The dispute grew hotter, and as they two were sitting opposite to one another at the table, Johann von Reineck suddenly drew his long dagger from its sheath, and before any friendly hand could thrust it aside, plunged it up to the very hilt in the heart of Bullmann, who sank down without uttering a sound.

Such a crime, implying contempt of the holy festival of Christmas, of the Freipeterling, and of the Archbishop as a Priest, as well as of the laws of hospitality, could not be allowed to remain unpunished. Notwithstanding the holy season, and other considerations, the Archbishop caused the criminal to be arrested and thrown into the dungeon of the Castle. Many thought: "He will soon be at liberty again!"

But all due honour to the justice of the Archbishop! Soon after the festival, the head of the Burgrave fell beneath the hand of the executioner, in the courtyard of the Castle, in accordance with the unanimous sentence of the court, through

which the Archbishop administered justice. This same Archbishop fortified and enlarged the Castle still further, because he was frequently at feud with the citizens of Cöln, whose arrogance at this period knew no bounds.

Archbishop Dietrich II. who was luxurious and extravagant, chose Godesberg for his favourite residence. Whether he distrusted the citizens, who complained loudly of the money wasted in feasts and revels, we cannot say. At Godesberg he got rid of all troublesome witnesses, and well knowing what he was about, converted the tower of Godesberg, where the M. S. treasures of the Archbishopric were preserved, into a storehouse for the sacred treasures and jewels belonging to the Church. This was cunningly done for he foresaw a period approaching, when by pawning these valuables he would be enabled to replenish his empty coffers. The time soon arrived. The treasury was exhausted; but not his taste for feasting. The chancellor could raise, no money without again exciting the wildest tumult in Cöln. Archbishop Dietrich soon resolved what he would do mortgaged the treasures of the archbishopric and of the Church at Cöln, to Jews for an enormous sum; and when this too had been shamefully squandered, he mortgaged the Castle and jurisdiction of Godesberg, making them over to his chancellor for a sum of 1700 Gulden. All the Castles belonging to the archbishopric had been already mortgaged, and the proceeds wasted in riotous living. Godesberg was the last to go, and the last in another way also. Dietrich died before he felt the pressure of want; an unmerited piece of luck for so great a spend thrift, who well deserved to feel the ill effects of his extravagance.

The rejoicing was general when the tidings of his death came from Godesberg to Cöln; but then for the first time, the enormous debt in which he had involved the archbishopric also became known, and silent dismay fell upon all men. But worst of all was the pawning of the reliquaries and consecrated vessels to the Jews. The people murmured loudly against such unworthy and unchristian conduct in a bishop, and their rage threatened to turn against the venerable heads of the chapter. A storm, the results of which could scarcely have been calculated, was only averted by taking measures for a fresh appointment together with the insertion of a clause into the conditions



of the Election, that no future Archbishop should have the power of mortgaging or selling the property belonging to the archbishopric or country, without the unanimous consent of the Chapter, and specially Godesberg, which was to be inalienable. Thus, with great difficulty, was the anger of the citizens appeased; for they thought of the cost of the redemption of the mortgages, the emptiness of the treasury and their own purses, which were necessarily appealed to, whenever misfortune or extravagance brought the country and archbishopric to poverty. But the power of the archbishop was greatly diminished.

How mortgages were redeemed and debts paid in those days, is testified by the proceedings of Ruprecht von der Pfalz, successor to Dietrich II., the spendthrift. He advanced with an army to such Castles and Cloisters as held the mortgage deeds of Archbishop Dietrich II., and demanded them—or—This “or” worked wonders. The deeds flew to Ruprecht’s hands, doubtless with many a blessing behind them; but he gained his point and that was sufficient to justify the proceeding. This was “teaching by facts”, as is occasionally practised in our own days; indeed it reminds us of the manner in which we all try to obtain our wishes. But parallels do not lie within the range of this history, although it is difficult to pass them by on the other side.

Many violent storms raged over the Archbishopric and over its last stronghold Godesberg, until the eventful XVI<sup>th</sup> century approached. Hitherto Godesberg had always been the scene of the autumnal recess, but doings such as those of the time of Dietrich II had never since been known there. The Archbishops had a warning example ever before their eyes, of the effect of such a voluptuous mode of life, and their election oaths served as checks to keep them within bounds.

It was found necessary to remove the archives or records from the damp vaults of the main tower of Godesberg, and to place them at Bonn; and though the castle may be said to have lost some of its importance by the change, yet it gained a world-wide renown in the realm of history, when it became connected with the fate of Archbishop Gerhard, Truchsess von Waldburg. But how greatly was everything changed! What a new life seemed to breathe throughout the German nation and people! Wittenberg in Saxony was the cradle of this new life, and a monk, the monk Martin Luther, was the origina-

tor of strange movements and changes, and made the old Church quake to its very foundations. Gerhard Truchsess von Waldburg, the second Archbishop of Cöln who bore this name, looked with a penetrating eye on the gathering storms of the period, and watched their progress with a mind and heart, whose interest and sympathy were fully awakened. The sun of a fresh existence shone for him, and he drank in the breath of the new life opening before him. But the right day and hour was not yet come. He was convinced of the truth of the Gospel, and the chapel of Godesberg became the place whence issued the word of God, and where the sacrament was administered according to Christ's ordinance. The marriage of Gerhard with Agnes of Mansfeld, proclaimed to the world that he had forsaken the Roman church.

He was living at Godesberg, and it was there that the storm-broke over him. Though he was degraded from his dignity of Archbishop he thought he might still maintain that of Elector of the German empire; but in spite of the assistance of true and noble friends, victory shunned his banners. He was forced to flee from his beautiful home at Godesberg and take refuge in Strasburg. Agnes his faithful wife accompanied him; but at his desire sought safety with her relation the Rhinegrave of Grumbach. The fate of her beloved husband broke her heart. She died at Grumbach, in the Castle belonging to the Rhinegrave, and was interred in the vault belonging to this line of an ancient race in the church of Sulzbach, near Grumbach, in the Prussian division of Triers; and the ceremony was performed so quietly that the tidings of her death reached the ears of but few. Only the name on the met a coffin betrayed what sorely tried sufferer rested there. It has been asserted that her death was caused by poison. Was this required to break her poor heart? Were not her life and existence poisoned without poison?

The Castle of Godesberg was garrisoned by faithful adherents of the unfortunate Gerhard, when Ernest of Bavaria ascended the vacant chair of Cöln. With the help of his brother he was enabled to obtain possession of the Archiepiscopal territory. In the year 1583 he advanced with a great force to the castle of Godesberg, where the last strength of the friends of Gebhard was collected.

But the altered mode of warfare had already determined the



value of such strongholds. There could be no doubt that this one could not hold out against cannon, although these had not the strength, nor were capable of carrying as far as the guns of modern times, to which even Sebastapol was forced to succumb.

Batteries were erected upon all the surrounding heights, with their mouths turned upon the devoted castle. The summons to surrender was gallantly rejected. Then balls poured down upon the fortress, spreading death and destruction around, but what the balls destroyed by day the besiegers braving death, repaired by night, and the bombardment commenced afresh. Again a free retreat was offered; but with the courage of despair the heroes of Godesberg once more rejected the proposal. Impatient and furious at the refusal of their terms, the besiegers now resolved to undermine and blow up the castle; and so skilfully did they go to work that they excited no suspicion in the minds of the besieged. They cut their trench in the direction of Friedsdorf. At first, until they were hidden beneath the ground, they worked only by night, then by day also, and foot by foot they drew nearer to the walls. When the besieged first perceived that the enemy was approaching by subterranean passages, it was too late to hinder the work; the mine was laid and sprung, and the sheltering walls blown into the air; terrible shocks shattered many other buildings, and all the horrors of desolation and destruction lay around them. The tower alone was uninjured. The brave heroes of the fortress were seized with dismay and consternation at a thing till now unheard of. For the first moment they were stunned and utterly helpless, and upon this their foes had reckoned.

Smoke, vapour and dust still concealed both mountain and castle when the enemy made a furious attack upon it, never heeding the danger, which was imminent, they crowded inside the walls, and then a fearful struggle ensued. Hand to hand stood the combatants, but although the besieged fought with all the courage of despair, the enemy proved too strong for them. The latter were in full vigour, while the former were weakened by the increasing pressure of famine, and by their ceaseless toil in repairing the breaches. They were compelled to allow that portion of the castle, which had been destroyed by the mine, to remain in the hands of the enemy. Night indeed put an end to the battle, but with the dawn of day it began

anew. The besiegers were forced to buy every step with their blood; the result of a battle, carried on with such fury could not long remain doubtful. Death was fearfully busy on both sides. The heroes of Godesberg were reduced to seventy-two. The dead bodies of their brethren, built up an awful wall in front of those whose strength was well nigh wasted.

At length these seventy-two heroes gave way, but such power to rob the heart of every human feeling, had the hatred roused by difference of faith that the wearied and worn out garrison was butchered with indescribable fury, and the enemy like wild beasts satiated their hate on the very corpses.

The Commandant alone, who was incapacitated, was saved, and this was only effected by the intercession of the Abbot of Heisterbach. The Abbot was actuated by feelings of gratitude, for he had been a prisoner at Godesberg, and the man whose pardon he now obtained, the only one spared amongst all those gallant fellows, had treated him with kindness and given him his freedom.

When the mine was sprung, the above mentioned foundation stone of black marble was hurled from its place, and Duke Ferdinand of Bavaria, after causing a triumphal inscription announcing this horrible victory to be engraved upon the back of it, had it conveyed to München as a trophy. The walls were broken down. Much that had been injured fell with them. The central tower alone, where the heroes had fought last, remained unshaken, a proof of the excellency of the building. It is still standing and its masonry promises that for many a century yet, it will stand, to tell of the deeds of bravery, which it witnessed in the last battle of which Godesberg was the scene.

During the Thirty Years' War a garrison was placed in the ruins, and in 1673 the Imperialists during the siege of Bonn, made it their main point of support. When the French, in the year 1689, laid siege to Bonn they entertained some thoughts of fortifying Godesberg afresh, but gave up the scheme. In order that they might not depart from the plan which they had adopted throughout the Rhineland, they completely levelled the remains; with the exception of the tower upon which they spent their strength in vain.

When Frederick William IV., while still Crown-prince, made a tour through the newly acquired province in the year



1819, the wooden staircase was constructed in the tower, for the purpose of enabling him to see the beautiful panorama it commands. Since that time thousands have enjoyed the view, but no one has thought of erecting a monument to those brave men who shed their blood for the Gospel's sake. Though their gallant conduct deserved some memorial, apart from the sacred motive which prompted it, no attempt has been made even to rescue the place, where so many heroes fell from the destruction which the elements are rapidly effecting. What could not be made of these ruins, if one of those wealthy men who spend the summer in Godesberg, would convert them into a pleasure ground, and bring to pass here also those words of the poet, "And from the ruin springs new life!"

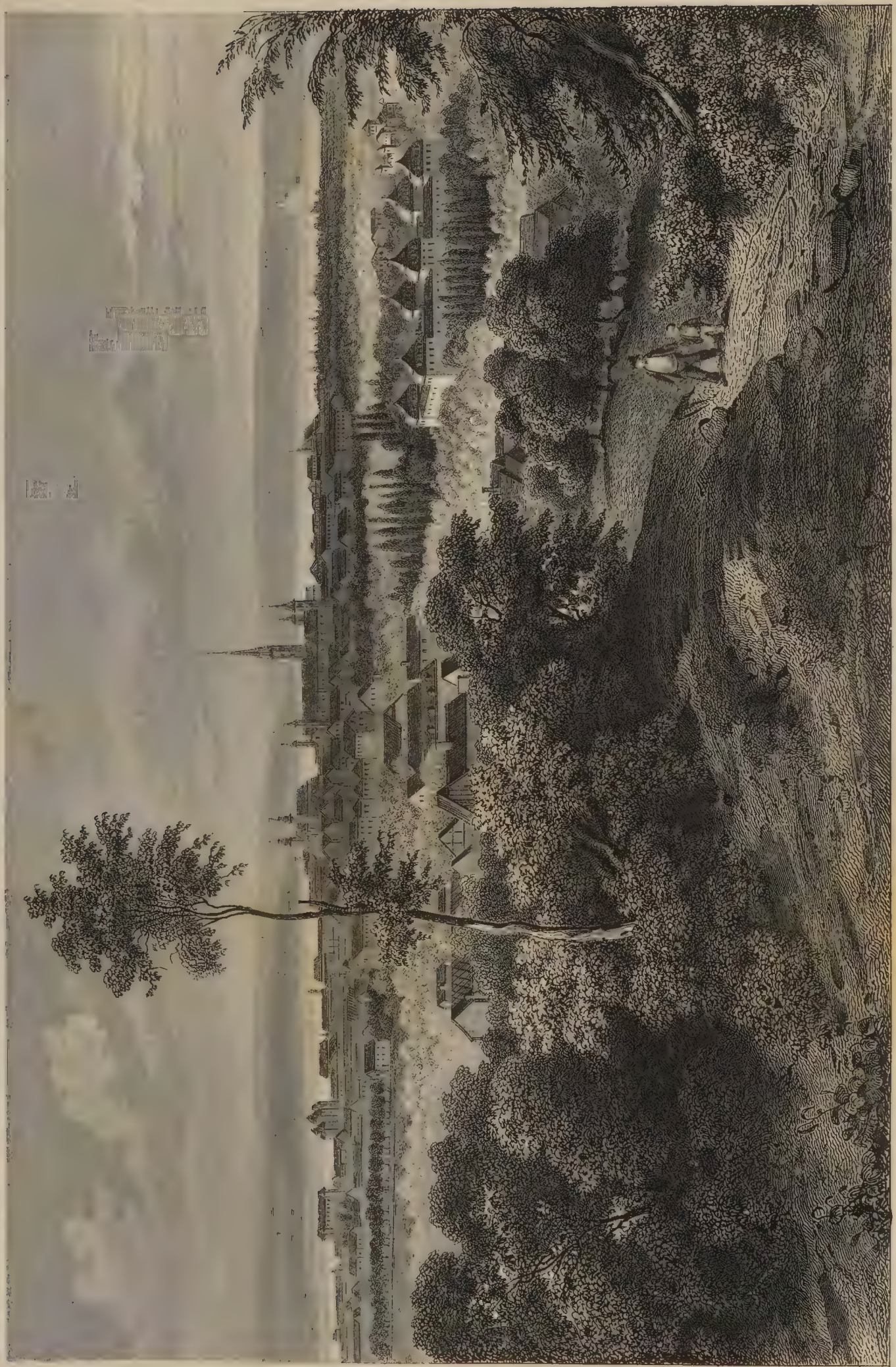
No one who comes here should ever forget that a piece of the history of the world, and that not the most gratifying, was enacted within the narrow circuit of these walls.

## BONN.

Leaving the Siebengebirge, Rolandseck, Nonnenwerth, and even Godesberg behind us, we enter the wider part of the Rhine valley. Towards the right, the eye rests upon the nearer mountain chain, on its villages, and on Siegburg; towards the left lies Bonn with its beautiful country-houses, its fine Coblenterstrasse, its Castle, its Minster towers; and there upon the old Custom-house (der alte Zich) the statue of "the gallant Arndt". This is all that we see of the town from the Rhine. Nothing that is particularly attractive.

No one would suspect the number of centuries which it has seen, for from the Rhine it makes no show of antiquity externally. And yet Bonn is a Roman city; its name (Bonna Castra Bonneus) is of Latin origin, and is often mentioned by Tacitus. It was the station of fine legions, and was remarkable for its temple of the god of war. It was united to the opposite shore by two Roman bridges, and was famous for a bloody battle fought during the insurrection of Civilis. What more is wanted in order to prove Bonn's Roman origin? By whom the castra was constructed must remain an open question, as,





Bonn.





it can no more be positively asserted that it was built by Drusus, "the fortifier of the Rhine", than that the famous Ara Ubistum stood precisely *here*.

And what would become of all the treatises and paper wars of antiquarians, if this, and many such like things were proved?

Julian is said to have renewed, enlarged, and strengthened the fortifications, after their destruction by the wild tribes of the Allemanni.

At all events Bonn flourished in the reign of Constantine the Great, though perhaps there is no ground for the tradition that his mother Helena built the Minster, or at least, caused a Church to be erected upon the spot where the Minster now stands; and that this Church after its destruction by the Allemanni, indicated the place, where some time in the course of the twelfth century, the great Minster should be built; on what was already consecrated ground. The town can have recovered but slowly from the effects of this destruction, for it would probably not have been spared when the object was to destroy all traces of the Romans. From this it had certainly recovered when all signs of higher cultivation on the Rhine were swept away by the invading Normans.

Wherever they went, everything showing power and prosperity, was laid low by their "Berserker Fury"—if I may be allowed the expression—devastation, moreover with them was no half measure; they did their work with horrible completeness. It is related that Bonn twice endured their terrible ravages, for, upon their return from the legions of the Upper Rhine, they put the finishing touches to the work which did not fully satisfy their thirst for destruction.

In the period which succeeded, the town seems to have prospered. In the year 1240, it had acquired so much importance that the Archbishop of Cöln caused it to be surrounded with walls and towers, but did not anticipate the fact, that twenty-eight years later, his successor would be compelled to seek protection within these walls from the citizens of Cöln, who would not believe "that it was good to live under a crosier"; their own experience was very different and indeed quite the reverse of this proverb; and they were not inclined to allow themselves to be quietly fleeced.

But what was fatal to the Archbishops was a source of advantage to Bonn, for although at enmity with the citi-



zens of the Archiepiscopal residence, or rather on account of this enmity, they learned "to deal tenderly with the boy Absolom", and favoured Bonn in the hope of avoiding a like rupture for Bonn had become a strong member of the league, its citizens "had begun to feel themselves", as the saying is, and an evil example might have become infectious.

The archiepiscopal court brought more money among the inhabitants than the trade of the town could have done, it was not the court only however, for the various branches of the government which assembled round the person of their sovereign contributed to it, and the wealthy nobility of the districts on both sides of the Rhine, brought something besides their splendour namely their money to lavish at court. Notwithstanding the spiritual dignity of the ruler, life in his residence was gay and merry.

It is worthy of note, that upon the monument of Archbishop Engelbert, who was driven by the citizens of Cöln to take refuge here, in the year 1268, the town is not called Bonn, but Verona, and that the most ancient seal of the town designates it by the same name. It may be explained as follows; the town itself, in order to distinguish it from the Roman fortress Bonna, was called Verona; and continued to bear the name, until the time the two were united, and when the name Verona disappeared, and Bonna alone came into use.

These circumstances contain a point of considerable importance to old German tradition, for Verona is Berne, and the story of Dietrich of Berne, as Simrock says, seems to point to Theodoric, king of the Franks.

The name Verona, as used for Bonn, occurs also in the Cöln edition of the Rhine Chronicle by G. Hagen, as well as in a record of the year 1145; it is to be found in other places also. It is a curious fact moreover, that the arms of the town of Bonn resemble those of Dietrich, the hero of Berne, a crowned lion gules on a field argent. —

The events of the time of Archbishop Gebhard, Truchsess von Waldburg, make a very important epoch in the history of Bonn.

The Archbishop, having embraced evangelical doctrines married the beautiful Agnes of Mansfeld, whose tomb has lately been discovered in the vault of the old Rhinegrave of Grumbach, in the Church of Sulzbach, near Grumbach.

This momentous step on the Archbishop's part did not remain without effect in Bonn. A large number of the citizens adopted the Protestant faith. When the Archbishop was overtaken by his hard fate, when he was laid under the bann of the Church, declared an outlaw, degraded from his archbishopric; when a warlike host took the field against him, and these struggles spread desolation around,—it was not possible that Bonn, which was faithful to him, should remain undisturbed. The Spaniards took up a position before the town, besieged it, and gained possession of it by a piece of infamous treachery. And then the law stepped in with bloody severity.

Ernest of Bavaria, the new Archbishop, manifested his zeal and orthodoxy by causing two Burgomasters to be beheaded at once. The Evangelical pastor of Bonn, John von Nordhausen, was condemned to suffer a different, and perhaps still more shameful death. His hands and feet were bound together, and he was thrown into the boisterous flood of the Rhine. His fellow believers held that a miracle had been worked for him, for he did not sink. Whether the cords which bound him became loose, or whether he succeeded in loosening them himself, is a mystery, but he reached the shore and escaped unhurt. When Bonn fell, much was gained, but not everything. True it is that affairs looked ill for the cause of Gebhard, but his Field-marshal, Martin Schenk of Niedeck, had grown up in the school of the Netherlands.

He was cunning and crafty, brave and dexterous, and in the year 1587 he succeeded by outwitting the enemy in getting Bonn into his own hands. There he halted and eagerly began the work of rebuilding, enlarging, and strengthening the fortifications; he provided ammunition, and a sufficient supply of provisions, and maintained the town for six months against the forces of the Spanish Field-marshal, Alexander of Parma. The violent cannonade wrought fearful havoc, and worked indescribable misery in the town. Half of it lay smouldering in ruins, and at length dire necessity forced "the iron Schenk" to capitulate, in the month of September 1588.

Thus, the town again came into the power of the archbishop, who made it feel the weight of his hand, for he bore it no goodwill.

Scarcely had it risen from its ruins when it was visited by the Thirty Years' War, and although the rod fell less heavily



here than upon some other towns, it got a foretaste of what it had to suffer in the wars which followed.

Under the rule of the Elector Maximilian Henry, the French took up their abode in it.

There as elsewhere, they did the city no good, and in the end there was little to choose, between those who were considered friends, because they were accepted and received as such by the archbishop, and those who soon afterwards stood opposed to them as foes; for Montementi and the Prince of Orange were approaching, and the Imperialists and Dutch laying siege to the town, eventually gained possession of it. It had been hardly dealt with. Between the years 1673 and 1689, Bonn had fairly recovered, when the French again made themselves masters of it, and thus occasioned a fresh siege. This time it was the Imperial army, under the command of the Elector Frederick III. of Brandenburg, which surrounded the city.

The French defended the town with great bravery and perseverance. It is worthy of remark, that Frenchmen here stood opposed to Frenchmen; for the so-called "great Musketeers" of the Prussian army were Huguenots of noble birth, who, when driven from their native country, found a second Fatherland in Prussia. They distinguished themselves by their desperate bravery, when the town, which was already in flames from the effects of a fearful bombardment was taken by storm. Then it might have been thought that Bonn's last hour had come, for fire and sword vied with each other in its destruction.

The Elector obtained possession of the town, but it was almost a mass of ruins, and its inhabitants were fearfully decimated; whilst those who had escaped with their lives possessed little else for the long siege had reduced them to a state of utter destitution.

The fortifications were repaired, but the interior of the town presented a sad spectacle. It rose but slowly from its ruins.

If peace had shed its beneficent influences over the city, it would gradually have been healed of its wounds; but once again before better times came, it was destined to feel the pressure of war. During the Spanish wars of Succession, the Elector Joseph Clement of Bavaria, true to the unfortunate propensity of his race, allied himself with the French, and admitted a French garrison into the town of Bonn, and soon afterwards a besieging army took up its position before it. The

town was invested by an army, under the famous Duke of Marlborough and two Dutch generals. The equally famous Coehorn was placed in command of the terrible artillery of the besiegers, and it was from him that a species of gun, endowed with peculiar capabilities for destruction, and with whose power and importance he was but too well acquainted, derived its name.

In about as many days, as the Elector of Brandenburg had required months, to reduce the town, the tremendous fire he opened upon it, compelled it to surrender and he thus gained this glorious prize. The cannon had destroyed the walls and battered down the tower; many private houses were demolished, and all that had been rebuilt, since the last bombardment, at the cost of much labour, again lay in ruins.

The world rang with the praises of Coehorn, (pronounced Kuhhorn Couhorn) and the admiration roused by the Dutch devastator was proclaimed in the words:

"The walls of Jericho fell down at the sound of the trumpets of the priests of the children of Israel, the walls and towers of Bonn fell still more quickly at the sound of a—Coehorn."

This cheap wit did not rebuild Bonn, but it carried the fame of Coehorn forth to the world.

But the hardest lesson which the destruction of Bonn taught to its rulers was this: that the strongest walls and towers, to which as near an approach can be made as to those of Bonn, are absolutely useless when guns of such power can be brought to bear upon them, and that their reconstruction would be mere waste of money; this lesson was a hard one to learn, and it was only in compliance with the demands of Holland, at the treaty of Baden in 1717, that the walls of Bonn were not rebuilt. In pursuance of this article of the Treaty, all that had been left standing was razed to the ground. The town however, lost none of its usefulness in time of war in consequence of this, moreover it was decidedly the gainer in point of healthiness, and at the same time, the barriers disappeared which had rendered an outward growth impossible. The Elector Joseph Clement, who was fond of splendour, made use of the space which the razing of the walls and towers placed at his disposal, by building there a new and magnificent castle.

Who could have foreseen, that in the place of the walls destroyed by an Elector of Brandenburg, a castle devoted to a sumptuous court should be built by an Elector of Cöln,



thus preparing a place where after the lapse of a century or thereabouts, a Prussian king with fatherly care for the mental culture of the Rhineland, should found an University; which should vie with the most venerable institutions of the land in fostering science in Germany?

Who could have foreseen that in the Chapel belonging to this Castle the Reformed faith would take root, and the Gospel be preached. Any thoughtful person must be struck with the changes time has wrought here, as well as with many other things which in the course of meditation will occur to him in connection with the events which took place after the conquest of 1688.

But long before Frederick William III, the noble King of Prussia, founded the University of Bonn, the town had possessed an University, though it was differently constituted and in part devoted to other objects.

The splendour loving Electors of Cöln, who were descended from some of the chief ruling families, manifested a partiality for the beautifully situated town of Bonn. Under such care the place grew rapidly, and its prosperity necessarily increased. Debts incurred during the war were cancelled, such buildings as had been injured were restored. Maximilian Frederick founded an academy, which during the reign of the following Elector developed into an University. It was provided with excellent professors, and gave fair promise for the future, but all this vitality was completely crushed by the wild hordes which poured in from the west, using many enticing words never justified by deeds.

If any town on the Rhine was ever bitterly deceived it was Bonn. The seat of learning perished; the once flourishing residence of magnificent Archbishops ceased to draw life from their presence. The streets of Bonn, as well as its harbour and castle, became silent and deserted. Step by step it sank into the insignificance of a poor country town. There seemed no prospect of any improvement. Fortune frowned upon the once flourishing city and her position between Cöln and Coblenz contributed to her misfortunes.

At Leipzig, Napoleon's star went down, and after a short threatening gleam, finally, fell for ever at Waterloo. But what fortune might be in the lap of the future?

An archbishopric endowed with temporal power could

never again exist. Time had settled this, and what could a Roman Catholic town expect from the Protestant king, who was to be in possession, from Vienna to the Rhine?

There Frederick William III. known as the just, the true, and the gentle, spoke words of comfort to his new subjects on the Rhine, words of promise among which "University" sounded prominently; thus revived old hopes in Bonn, awakened old recollections, and pointed to a future full of fresh hope and life, after years of humiliation had crippled the energies of the inhabitants, and had been the more depressing from following so closely upon the period of splendour.

These hopes did not prove delusive.

The year 1818 brought their fulfilment right royally. The Castle offered its rooms for lecture rooms; they were speedily set in order; the magnificent aula (entrance hall) rose in all the glory of art, and the most brilliant names known in the German scientific world, shone amongst those which were here to unfold the treasures of knowledge to the youth of Germany.

The fairest future was opening out for Bonn. Its most fervent desires received complete fulfilment.

Within the precincts of the Castle, where a manufacture of beet-root sugar had been vainly struggling to make up for the want of colonial sugar, whose importation was forbidden by the Napoleon's miserable continental system (the time had not yet come when such undertakings were fostered by science), within this same Castle science was now taught by men of experience, on whom Germany looked with pride.

"Hurrah! Bonn for ever!" shouted the youths of the old universities, with freshly stimulated ardour.

Students ("Burschenschaft") watched hopefully for the ripening of a new harvest. Numbers of happy youths might be seen passing through the gates of Bonn, full of bright schemes for reviving German student life in its noblest form, free from the burdensome restrictions which in other places fettered its energy, and which alas! were only too soon to disturb and cramp the aspirations of the new school.

The first year of the existence of the new University was not one of deep study, as all who lived at that time could testify. Young wine must first work off its effervescence before it settles down to steady fermentation. Besides, the country which surrounded the new University was too beautiful, and



possessed many attractions; and there were other circumstances little calculated to facilitate or suggest much study, such as found expression in a favourite Students song (Studentenlied) running thus:

"What do the fellows upon the Rhine?  
Trade in wine!"

All this however, was but an exuberance of happiness which could not last, and gradually each settled down into the quiet course of individual study marked out for him by the purpose of his life, and of the institution.

The King watched with parental solicitude over his child on the Rhine. Scientific institutions were established. The library was rapidly formed; the fine collection of coins and plaster casts, the physical cabinet, the museum of home antiquities with its ever increasing treasures were added, and the neighbouring Castle of Poppelsdorf once called "Clementsruhe", which had been presented by the generous king to the University, was converted into a museum of natural curiosities; and the grounds which surrounded it were laid out as a botanical garden.

From the beginning was the venerable Nestor Noeggerath one of the lecturers at the new University; and it is to him the mineralogical and paleontological museums owe their foundation and growth, whilst the zoological cabinet testifies to the care and activity of Goldfussy.

The Agricultural Academy at Poppelsdorf is also of great value to the Rhinish provinces, but its foundation is of later date. Other institutions connected with the University are also to be found in the Castle of Poppelsdorf, and between this and the town stands the Observatory, which, in addition to its arrangements and apparatus, deserves attention on account of its architecture.

When we remember how often war has brought horror and devastation to the town, how despoiled it has been shattered by the artillery which has been levelled against it, and then turn our eyes upon the beautiful Minster, we are astonished to find that it has suffered so little in these assaults; it would almost seem as if Coehorn and earlier besiegers had spared the sanctuary, and pointed their guns in other directions, and as if the fire which at such times raged in Bonn had reverently passed by the Holy Place. At least such traces as may have been left by those days of horror were wholly effaced in the last

complete restoration of the building, which took place at the time of the transition from round to pointed architecture.

The Minster is said to have been founded by St. Helena; whose name is frequently to be met with, and of whose activity we find numerous tokens in the Churches and cloisters of the country lying near the Rhine and the Moselle—in the valley of the Ahr also, there is a cloister bearing her name. To this mythical account, tradition adds: that in default of the money commonly used in the country, they paid the masons with leaer coin, and so again called into existence on the Rhine, a mode of payment in vogue among the ancient Phoenicians. We who are inundated with paper money can scarcely be surprised at this. Leather money was more durable, so why should not Helena have had some coined if the workmen would accept it, and it would pass current in the country? query? Had there been occasion for them, would any forgers of false coin have been found? — The worn out soles of shoes might have supplied material for the work!

Near to the so called “Cossiusstift”, stood a very ancient baptistery—it was a Rotunda of small dimensions, as were all these ancient baptisteries.

Contrary to the most ancient custom, which demanded as a sacred right that such sanctuaries should in some way be incorporated into the new building, the walls were pulled down and carried away—and this in the year 1811! Another old church St. Gangolph’s, which stood in the neighbourhood of the Minster has long since disappeared, nor have we any precise information as to when and wherefore.

Simrock tells us that the bells of the Minster bore the strange name of “St. Cassiu’s dogs”, and that this afterwards became a term of abuse. He calls the Prior Gerhard von Ahre, who was at the head of the establishment for half a century, the true and undoubted founder of the Minster; of whom it is related, that his humility prompted him to refuse the archiepiscopal throne at Cöln, and that he presented the “county” of Bonn to the Cassiusstift. To the Piror belonged the temporal jurisdiction over Bonn and the neighbourhood, but the increasing power of the citizens appears to have put an end to their rule: doubtless the presence of the Archbishops, who had been driven from Cöln contributed to this result. The priors however,



seem to have retained some portion of their market days rights until a later period.

The town has recently been enriched by two noteworthy objects, which must not be overlooked. Bonn is known to have been the birth-place of our great and glorious Beethoven, and the city has erected a statue to the the memory of her justly famous son. It stands on one side of the Minster Square, near to the Post-Office, but it is heavy and by no means beautiful. No wonder then, that it did not escape the wit of Frederick William IV. who was present when it was unveiled—for in addition to its want of beauty, it is so awkwardly placed that every one is astonished to find it in such a position.

In a far different, glorious spot, down by the Rhine upon the "Alte Zoll" where the Siebengebirge in all its glory is open to the view, where the waters of the river roll proudly past, whither every one eagerly wends his steps to see the sun set behind the Siebengebirge, stands the beautiful statue of the true German poet and man C. M. Arndt. He stands as if he would watch over his beloved Rhine, which "should ever be Germany's stream but not its boundary". The German rejoices over him, and sadly remembers the wounds which were inflicted upon the true, honest, heart of this great man, in a period of fatal blindness such as would fain have cried to the sun "stand thou still".

We cannot close our account of Bonn without mentioning the "Hochkreuz", an ancient mounment which stands upon the high road to Godesberg has been well restored.

Upon a basement ascended by four steps, rises a slender pyramidal cross thirty six feet high. It is four-sided and constructed in three divisions. It is executed in Gothic or gracefully German style.

The traveller loves to linger beside the sacred monument of a by-gone age, and to let his eye wander over the glorious scenery.

According to the Cöln chronicle, Archbishop Walram built the cross towards the middle of the fourteenth century, but the following addition is made to the narrative"; yet there are some who write that Bishop William of Genney his successor, caused the same to be built" ("doch schryven ayn degl dat Bischof Wilhelm von Genney son naevolger datselve have loin machen"). From this we may gather that the date of the foundation was clearly ascertained, but that there was some uncertainty about

the absolute founder. There can hardly be any doubt that it was built for a "station in solemn processions."

A tradition has attached itself to this beautiful and venerable monument of the piety of our forefathers. It tells that", formerly a dense forest stretched down to the shores of the Rhine, and almost up to the gates of Bonn, that in the thick underwood there was much game which came down from the mountains, and here the Knights of the country in times of peace, were wont to refresh themselves with the pleasures of the chase.

At Kloehter Manorhouse near Friedsdorf lived two brothers, Knights of Hochkirchen, and they loved one another tenderly. One foggy morning in the autumn, Hugh, the eldest, was desirous of continuing the search for a huge wild boar which he had vainly tried to slay upon the previous day. The boar worn out with the chase, had concealed himself near to the place where the Hochkreuz now stands; at least so Hugh believed, and so he had told his beloved brother.

The latter had some important business to transact in Bonn, and rode over to the city before daybreak. After finishing it he returned, and concealed himself on the spot mentioned by his brother, so that he might the better watch for the monster.

The elder brother crept up to the spot, observed a movement in the brush-wood, and, believing it to be the boar, let fly his arrow, which went straight to his brother's heart. He found him a corpse! — Vain were all his efforts to restore him to life. In his despair he threw himself upon him, and his cries rang through the forest. Servants came and found him lying by the side of the brother whose death he had unwittingly caused.

After dividing his property between the archiepiscopal see of Cöln and the abbey of Heisterbach, he retired to the Cloister in the Siebengebirge, to seek consolation there. With him his race became extinct. The Archbishop caused the Hochkreuz to be erected upon the spot where the accident happened, so that every pious pilgrim might repeat an Ave Maria for the welfare of the souls of the unfortunate brothers.

We will only add to this chapter a short account of a few of the main features in the immediate neighbourhood of Bonn, and amongst them we must not omit the beautiful view from the Kreuzberg. About a hundred feet above the plain, and a quarter of an hour's walk from Poppelsdorf, stood a Chapel



whose foundation was laid in no enlightened past. It was pulled down by the Elector Ferdinand, who, in its place, built a Cloister to which numerous pilgrimages were made. The Cloister was rich, and its beautiful and healthy situation, together with its suitability for that particular purpose, induced the Elector Frederick III. of Brandenburg to make it his head quarters, during the siege of Bonn in the year 1689, and his presence probably did not add to the wealth of the monks. The Cloister has disappeared, but the church remains, and in the vaults beneath, some monks still find shelter; they are mummies, dry corpses, one of which presented, and perhaps still presents, a truly ghastly spectacle, for the poor fellow seems to have died from some kind of tetanus. The dried up, I had almost said wooden, body, holds its mouth wide open, and a tooth it has lost furnished an English author, some forty years ago, with material upon which to build a fearful ghost story, which at that time was much read and translated.

If the traveller allowed himself to indulge in grave thoughts on the subject of death, in this vault of the mummies, he will be able to continue them in the churchyard of Bonn on his way back to the town, but they will be of a less horrible nature, than up there with the mummies of the "holy men" ("hilligen Männer") as the peasants say. He will feel more deeply touched, as he pauses beside the monuments of certain famous men, whom Bonn once numbered among those who sowed the seed of knowledge in the eager mind of youth.

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## THE ABBEY OF SIEGBURG.

Close beside the spot where the Sieg issues from wild mountains, and throws itself into the arms of old Father Rhine, rises, a magnificent hill, upon which the old Abbey of Siegburg stands out in bold relief: its situation reminds us of that of the richest Abbey in Austria-Molk on the Danube.

These noble buildings command a distant view; indeed wherever we stand in the broad valley of Bonn we see this place, where once a tyrant plotted ruin; where next grew up a

home of pious devotion, and where now through the paternal solicitude of the king: the most unfortunate of all, the insane, find refuge and perhaps health, and whence if they prove to be incurable they are conveyed to the abbey of St. Thomas near Andernach, where they may remain until death brings them the only certain relief. Strange have been the changes, wrought in the destination of these buildings in the course of time, but they have ever been put to nobler uses, until at last they have become a blessing to a great and prosperous province, and to the most wretched of her children.

Upon the very spot now occupied by the Abbey, stood in early times a fort, which served as a defence for that part of the country; it commanded the place where the river, issuing from the mountain district which abounds with metallic ores, enters the fruitful plain beyond; it was situated in the territory of the Sigambri, or "gallant men of the Sieg", a tribe who fought many a bloody battle with the Romans. The history of the fort is enveloped in all the mists of a bygone age, out of which only meagre information has reached us.

Not until the eleventh century does light begin to dawn; when we are at once met by a fearful object. It is Henry "the Madman", Count Palatine, who ruled over the Eifelland, the provinces of Zülrich and Curgau or Buhrigau, and who was also lord of Siegburg.

Sigiberg was the name of the rock fortress from which he hurled defiance.

It appears that he suffered from sudden attacks of madness, lasting for longer or shorter periods, which made him conspicuous, even amidst the rudeness of that fierce age, for the savageness and violence manifested in his battles and in many fearful deeds. In one of these attacks he had struck off the head of his excellent wife. From Siegburg he made incursions into the territory belonging to the archbishopric of Cöln, murdered, plundered and burnt whatever came in his way, and filled the land with such terror, that whoever found it possible to escape fled into the town of Cöln; and implored the assistance of the Archbishop. Archbishop Hanno II. was compelled to have recourse to arms before he could rid his land of this monster. Victory attended him, and it was so complete that Henry "the Madman" was taken prisoner and carried in chains to Cöln.



The Count Palatine, whose<sup>1</sup> humour was as variable as the weather in April, had recourse to entreaties and promises, and in order to gain the goodwill of the Archbishop. he presented him with Siegburg, and betook himself to a Cloister near Metz, with the intention of doing penance there. But that stability could scarcely be expected from a man of such changeable mood as the Count Palatin, was quickly apparent.

He soon tired of the discipline of the Cloister, escaped, assembled an army, and then fell upon the archbishopric more furiously than ever. Fire, slaughter, and rapine marked his path.

His army stationed at Kochem on the Moselle was preparing for battle, for Hanno and his men were drawing near.

Here it was that in an attack of frenzy he murdered his wife; then rushed out into the camp, laughing and clapping his hands, and proclaiming his dreadful deed.

Everyone was seized with horror a few days more saw his army completely dispersed, he was taken prisoner by Hanno and confined in the monastery of Epernach near Rheims, where he died, or rather raved himself to death.

Siegburg had now come into the possession of the Archbishop, and Hanno conceived the thought of sanctifying the place where Remy had committed such atrocities, by converting it into an abode of peace and devotion. The legend runs thus; one morning, while Hanno was praying in one of the churches in Cöln, an aged man approached him and spoke the following soul-stirring words. "Hanno, delay not to prepare thy tomb forth, with upon the mountain where the Siegburg now stands, for the end of thy days is at hand". About the same time Hanno received other signs from Heaven of like purport. One day, when the inhabitants of the village of Pielsdorf were going to Church, they saw in the Heavens an enormous cross, which was marvellously bright, like the sun, and it shone over the Siegburg.

At the same time some Greek Pilgrims passed a night in Bonn. They saw in a dream a ladder, which glistened like gold, standing upon the Siegburg, and it reached to Heaven and snow-white lambs were ascending it. This settled the matter. The Church and Abbey were built with such vigour and expedition, that in the year 1066, both were ready for consecration.

When this was spread abroad rich presents from all sides flowed into the new institution, not only from Hanno himself,

but from the Emperor Henry IV., and many other noble lords and princes.

Hanno sent for twelve Benedictine monks from the monastery of Fructuaria, beyond the Alps; this Cloister was near Turin and, as there can be no doubt that he might have obtained inmates for his monastery from some place nearer home, we may fairly suppose that he had a special regard for this Cloister and that he held its discipline in high esteem. He himself was always glad to withdraw to this lovely and healthy spot; and did not forget the warning which the strange old man had given him; he prepared a burial place for himself, and not long afterwards, in the year 1075, in accordance with his last desire they clad him in the Benedictines cowl and laid him in this simple vault to take his long repose. Men's judgment of him differed widely; the burghers of Cöln hated him and called him the "putter out of eyes", because he had instituted this horrible punishment, and shed the blood of the citizens; and the nobles hated him because he had overthrown their power. This much seems certain, that Hanno was hard and cruel in his punishments, and quick-fingered where appropriation of property was concerned. But of what avail were these judgments against the clergy, who exalted him to the highest glory in Heaven? And yet even the power of the Church could have effected nothing in this instance, had not Zöllner, ("taxgatherer") who was prior of Siegburg 108 years later, proved that both during his life and after his death, Hanno had worked 430 miracles of the most wonderful character.

In the time of our Lord, if only on account of his name, the Prior would have come off badly; but just now his evidence proved opportune; although the *Advocatus diaboli* had he been so inclined, might easily have overthrown the authenticity of these miracles; however Siegburg gained one more Saint to enter the lists against Cöln; but the weaker sex will no doubt always be in the ascendant, for the 10,000 Virgins who are the boast of Cöln, are in themselves a goodly number!

Hanno's successors upon the Archiepiscopal throne gave not only their good will, but also the valuable gifts which it prompted, to the already wealthy institution founded by this Saint, and thus we find Siegburg increasing in power and importance, in wealth, lands and population, in benefices and revenues; we see the Provostship of Apollinainsberg, the Cloister of Nonnenwerth,



Fürstenberg and others, subject to its rule and guardianship, it even had control of the bann of the Empire and penal judgment; of the right of mining, and of the taxes levied upon the mint and market, as well as of the customs; and these constituted possessions of incalculable value.

The name "burgher", though in a sense widely differing from our own acceptation of the word, was given to those who colonised beneath a Burg (or fortress), and placed themselves under its protection. Such burghers had probably settled below Siegburg, long before the "Burg" of the Count was converted into a Benedictine Cloister, thus proclaiming the victory of ecclesiastical over temporal power.

The Abbot was lord of almost all the country that he could see from his windows. The citizens profited by his wealth and still more by the privileges which the Cloister possessed, but their greatest source of profit was in the number of pilgrims who, attracted by the four hundred and thirty miracles, wandered to the tomb of St. Hanno.

But when a Cloister "annexed" as much as did Siegburg, neighbouring states trembled lest in their turn they also should be "annexed," and began to devise means whereby their rapacious neighbour might be kept within bounds. The position of affairs was serious, and had the martial spirit of St. Hanno, who now reposed in the Cloister revived in another Abbot, the temporal sword might not have been able to check the growth of spiritual power.

The always important boundaries between "mine and thine" gave an excuse for a quarrel, for the counts of Sayn were not inclined to lose the "Blankenberg" without dispute. Thus differences arose, and the "temporal lords," who in those days bore no good will towards the "annexing wearers of the cowl," were still less disposed to forbearance, from their consciousness that the arm which warred with temporal weapons, was often less well defended than the invisible arm of spiritual power.

The Abbey was a "thorn in the side" to the counts of Berg, still more than to the lords of Sayn, and to make matters worse was situated in the very heart of their country.

The advantages accruing from jurisdiction over Siegburg next came under discussion. In the year 1230 it had given rise to a feud between the archiepiscopal Church, and Count Berg, and the opposing claims continued to be a fertile source of

discord for hundreds of years, until at last in the 15<sup>th</sup> century the powerful count remained in undisputed possession. This must have been all the more important to him, as the right of jurisdiction occasionally gave him the opportunity of successfully opposing the Abbot who ruled "by the grace of God."

Moreover the powerful and wealthy Abbot as a fully authorised member of the Diet, and an independent lord was sometimes a sore trouble to the Archbishops of Cöln; but no one felt his arrogance more bitterly than did Count Berg. Disputes and quarrels were always rife between them, especially as the pride of the Abbot often rose to such a height as to excite the indignation of the Count. The Thirty Years' War found the Abbot less eager for the struggle, and the heavy drain which it caused upon the wealth of the Cloister, must have crippled its resources, though not by any means to the extent which might have been expected.

The Abbots had too long considered their immediate dependence on the Empire an established privilege; and Herr von Bock (Buck) the "last of the unmediatized abbots". fared as did the animal which figures in the coat of arms, of the most estimable guild of tailors, whose name he bore, he over estimated the strength of his house and played so-called gambols (*machte sogenannte Bocksprünge*) which are more than usually dangerous in the hazardous realm of diplomacy.

This time, for the Abbot had mistaken the century, a miscalculation which occasionally occurs in our own days, this time the temporal lords gained the victory. In the year 1676 the imperial liberty of the abbot terminated, and the Abbey came under the supremacy of the Counts of Berg.

When the worldly-wise St. Hanno or Anno converted Siegburg into a Benedictine Cloister, he must have cast a prophetic glance, into the future; for he left the young Abbey defended by all the fortifications which belonged to the former fortress, and the Abbots had by experience arrived at the obvious conclusion, that they could live very comfortably behind these same fortifications, whilst their armed vassals fought, and their monks prayed. They carefully kept the walls in repair, and relying on them for defence, issued their challenge to the temporal powers. These fortifications remained until the year 1673, but they were not strong enough to present effectual resistance to the fire arms of modern times.



The age of warrior Priests, in the mediaeval sense was past; besides, the Thirty Years' War had so forcibly crushed the last remains of worldly warring with fleshly weapons, that all hope of its revival was distinguished for ever.

Time moved on with measured steps, and trod down one by one all traces of the olden time; mind triumphed over rough matter; the revolution roaring hitherwards from the west swept like a destroying hurricane over the face of the earth, and bore away all antiquated and useless forms. Siegburg too gave way before the violence of this storm, which exercised a lasting influence upon the good as well as upon the evil, in the world of human life.

The hour which found Siegburg for the last time in possession of its spiritual owners, sounded in 1803 and deprived it of its original character.

What was to be done with these large and well preserved buildings? This question remained unanswered until the Prussian government conceived a scheme for whose execution it will ever deserve the blessings of this fair province of the Rhineland.

Neither the earlier ecclesiastical, nor the later French government, which was intent only on its own advantage, had ever bestowed any care, as even so-called "humanity", apart from any Christian duty, imperatively demands. The noble King of Prussia Frederick William III, a just and Christian monarch, solicitous for the welfare of his people, the same who laid the foundation of a flourishing seat of learning in Bonn, and everywhere encouraged the building of schools was mindful of those unfortunate people, and while revolving schemes for their benefit, had his attention drawn towards the Siegburg; Such was the origin of the Humatic Asylum, where Jacobi did good work in the cause of suffering humanity until his universally regretted death.

Some of course there were who looked unfavourably upon the new institution, and attempts were made to restore the Abbey to its former use, but the waves beat against it in vain; they broke on the Siegburg rocks, and rolled back to the muddy bed whence they had flowed. The asylum still prospers.

The internal history of the Abbey contains much that is remarkable, but it would lead us too far if we offered to the consideration of our readers events such as took place within

the Cloister. We will only mention that the number of its inhabitants was restricted to twelve, but the increasing wealth of the establishment, which promised a comfortable home, soon caused this narrow limit to be extended, and not infrequently did the spiritual part of the community number two hundred, for whom there was ample accommodation.

The consideration of a small army leads us involuntarily to the thought of barracks; retaining an idea which we cannot cast aside, and knowing as we do, that a single man scarcely ever found it possible fully to enforce the rule of the Order, we must infer that the discipline maintained amongst them was not always of the severest kind, or at least we may fairly suppose, that the noble aim and intention of the learned Order of Benedictines, which was to support and advance the education of the people, as well as to improve their physical and moral condition, was not and could not be always carried out to the extent prescribed by the rule of the Order, and this especially, as great scientific knowledge is often of little practical account.

For these reasons we shall not be surprised to find that, as early as the year 1317, Archbishop Henry of Virneberg reduced the number of monks, which had attained to 120, and restricted it to 90.—However it did not long remain so. Indeed the spiritual jurisdiction of the Abbey was, as we have said above, too extensive that a small number of occupants would not have been sufficient for the services required of them. The income of the Abbey not very long ago amounted to 50,000 Thalers, and taking this into consideration we may make a fair guess at what it was in former days, when the revenues flowed directly into the treasury.

Besides all this the Abbey possessed and cultivated vineyards which kept the large roomy cellars well filled, and the piece of the grapes which came from them must have quenched thirst with “noble draughts”; but in spite of this, under the Bavarian rule at the time of the dissolution of the monastery, its wine debts amounted to such a sum as made it necessary to cede the Abbey of Altenburg with all that appertained to it, in order to satisfy the creditors, when we consider this we must needs confess, that the monks of Siegburg could have been in no danger of suf-



fering from thirst, even if this was very great and there were many throats to be supplied.

The town of Siegburg whose probable origin we have already mentioned, which had been closely connected with the fort and was afterwards as closely connected with the Abbey, probably suffered more from the disquietudes of the period, than did her patron on the fortified hill. It is mentioned as a villa in the year 1125, but was privileged in many respects.

For example the merchants of Siegburg were exempted from any land or water taxes in Cöln, and Hanno conferred municipal privileges, with all the rights and immunities thereto appertaining, upon the place.

The town increased in course of time and acquired strength, prosperity and importance; but its former dependance upon the Abbey became weaker in proportion. From this we can understand how it comes that in a record dating from the 14<sup>th</sup> century, this connection seems to be recognised only as friendly intercourse, and to have existed as a voluntary alliance.

Siegburg suffered during the feud with Limburg on account of its fidelity to the Counts of Berg, but it suffered still more during the struggle with Truchsess in the time of the Reformation.

The Thirty Years' War brought loss and distress upon the town as well as upon the Abbey, and the effects had scarcely passed away when Francis Egon of Fürstenberg, quartered a division of his French troops upon them, and thus completely impoverished them. Moreover the soldiers were guilty of such excesses as must be passed over in silence. The town was afterwards set on fire by bands of marauders, who cared little if it were entirely burnt down.

Again the most terrible misery seemed to impend when Archbishop Joseph Clement threw himself into the arms of the French, but Colonel James of Brandenburg was fortunately at hand to support Siegburg.

The town until Prussia took it under her protection, underwent much suffering both before and during the time of the Revolution, and the name of Jourdan is still in bad odour, for the recollection of his heavy extortions has not yet passed away.

We may assume almost with certainty that a variety of

legends and traditions are connected with so ancient and famous an Abbey as Siegburg.

Thus during the time of the first Abbot St. Erpho, the story of the meditation upon the passage of the 90<sup>th</sup> Psalm that "a thousand years before the Lord &c." is to be met with precisely as we have related it above in speaking of Heisterbach.

The following story is told of the Wolsberg near Siegburg: Deep hidden in the mountain lies a rocky cave, and in it upon a mighty block of stone sits an old and powerful king. Before him stands a table of stone; he sleeps, and in his sleep grasps the hilt of a large sword with both his hands. The cave runs far into the mountain in all directions, and in these passages there stand strange horses saddled and bridled, and they paw the ground impatiently whilst their armed riders lie sleeping.

Between twelve and one, on Walpurgis night, the cave is open to any one who has the courage to enter.

Once on this night, and in the beforenamed hour of spirits, a huntsman wearied with the chase, sat down to rest and fell asleep. He afterwards lost his way in the darkness, when seeing a light he went towards it.

And thus he came into the cave, when he stood before the table the King arose and heavy with sleep he asked, "Does the magpie still fly round the mountain?"—The huntsman, who was quite overcome with terror, was obliged to answer the question in the affirmative; for as he was going out to hunt he had seen a magpie flying round the mountain, and had discharged his gun at her, in vain but did not therefore suspect any evil.

Thereupon the king grasped the hilt of his sword more tightly than before, bent his snow white head and fell fast asleep again.—Again silence reigned, only the horses stamped and snorted impatiently. The terror-stricken huntsman fled, and just as he left it, the mouth of the cave closed behind him with a crash like thunder, for it was one o'clock.

The cocks of Siegburg were crowing, and the huntsman, bathed in a cold perspiration, wended his way homewards.

Such is the story as it is told in Siegburg, and "they say" that when the magpie no longer flies round the mountain the day and hour will have come, the subterranean sleepers will awaken and come forth, and under the rule of the sleeping king begin a new and golden age.



"To this tradition there clings yet another. "Once upon a time thus it begins, some smiths were going home late in the evening from the "Müller Hof" at Siegburg. Near to the Wolsberg there met them two strange little men with long white beards, who requested them to follow and do some work requiring immediate attention, promising good pay.

At first the smiths felt some alarm and hesitation, but when the little men continued to press them in a friendly manner, and to promise a high reward, the smiths determined to dare the undertaking; and followed the little wights.

Their road lay through the copse, but soon they entered a cave which was brilliantly lighted up, and led far down into the mountain, where slept many men of strange aspect, and where saddled and bridled, stood many horses such as could nowhere be found in all the land of the Sieg.

The walls were hung with shining shields and weapons of quaint device.

Then and pointed out a huge glowing forge and a large anvil the little men desired the smiths to examine the hoofs of the horses and to shoe such as needed it.

"Now for it!" cried the little men. "The horses must be fresh shod for soon the great battle will begin!"

Then a large number of these little wights came to the master smiths and did good work at the bellows, at the forge and at the anvil; and there was such a forging and hammering as the masters of Siegburg had never heard before. But neither the King at his stone table, nor the giants were roused by it, the strong horses patiently allowed their old shoes to be taken off and new ones to be put on, and the work was done with such rapidity as the smiths had never even dreamed of.

At length the business was over, every worn out shoe was replaced by a sound one, and the masters began to think about going home. Then the little men opened a door, and exhibited to the astonished eyes of the smiths great heaps of shining gold coin.

"Take as much as you can hide! But be quick for the time will soon be over!" cried the wights. The good smiths did not require to be told twice. They seized the money, stuffed their pockets full, then their hats and then the skirts of their leathern aprons; and thus loaded and constantly urged forwards by the little men, they left the cave and close upon the heels

of the last of the retreating smiths, the mountain closed with a roar like a clap of thunder.

It was pitch dark!-and they did not even know where they were, until the sound of the cocks crowing at Siegburg warned them which direction they must take. And from the tower of the Abbey the bell rung one, and the chant of the "Hora" told that the spirit's hour was past.

The high wages the smiths received for the shoeing of the horses, put them beyond any further necessity of working for their daily bread.

Many smiths afterwards went that self-same road from the "Hof" to Siegburg in the darkness of the night, hoping to meet with the like luck, but to none did it ever befall. It never occurred to them that all the horses had been shod!

A pair of wonder working leathern breeches also plays a part at Siegburg.

Once upon a time a peasant from the neighbourhood, I do not know from what village, was going to Siegburg. His heart was heavy, for he was on his way to the town to spend his last piece of money in buying bread for his children, and there was famine in the land and great distress. The man was very poorly clad, and the cold north wind seemed to blow with peculiar keenness through many a rent which had appeared in the leathern breeches he had inherited from his great grandfather. Sighing he went along, then a little mannikin carrying a large bundle stepped up to him.

"Why art thou so sad?" asked the mannikin with a show of much sympathy.

"Who would not be sad?" said the poor fellow sorrowfully with seven children starving at home, I am going to buy bread in the town with my last penny and when that is eaten Matthew will be on his last legs."

The mannikin was silent. After a pause he began again: "Why do your teeth chatter?"

"Whose teeth would not chatter when his stomach is empty, and when the bleak north wind catches his skin through the holes in his trousers?" returned the poor fellow.

"Why does not your wife mend them?" enquired the mannikin.

"It is all very well for you to talk little one," replied the peasant sadly. "Hunger and misery have long since laid her on her bed of straw, and her fingers are bent with rheumatism



like the claws of one of the owls in the Siebengebirge." "Everything certainly seems to be going ill with you!" returned the mannikin. "Your misery goes to my very heart. I will help you at once! Sit down there upon that trunk and pull off your torn trousers; I will give you another pair!" Therewith he unrolled his bundle and pulled out a pair of leathern breeches. Old they were certainly; but they were perfectly whole.

"But will they fit?" asked the peasant doubtfully. "They will fit any one," answered the little man, whether he is as big as you are, or as little as I am. They stretch or shrink as they are required." Thereupon the poor man sat down gladly enough, pulled off his torn trousers and put on those which had been given him, and they fitted so well that the most skilful tailor could not have made them to suit him better. He thanked the little man very heartily and they walked on together.

"I say" asked the mannikin, "how much money have you?"

"Three silver mites from the Siegburg mint," replied the poor fellow, who had put his mites into the pockets of his trousers.

"Take them out and count them" said the little man.

His companion obeyed; but what was his surprise when he pulled out six mites!

"Now", spake the mannikin, "put three into the right and three into the left hand pocket of your trousers."

The man did so. When they had gone a few more steps the mannikin stood still and said: "Count once again." The poor peasant's head seemed to spin round, for this time he had six mites in each pocket.

"Listen," said the little man. "That will always be the case. In five minutes the money you put into your pocket will always be doubled. If you leave it there the pockets will soon be full; beware of letting it go on increasing too long, for the seams will burst and that will be fatal, for the money will never be doubled again."

The peasant then wanted to kiss the mannikin's hand and thank him, but lo! he was gone and had not left a trace behind him!

The man stood still, half crazy with delight, and all kinds of thoughts ran riot in his brain. And when he put his hands into his pockets they were crammed full of good Siegburg mites, but he soon emptied them into the pocket of his jacket and hastened towards the town. In his hurry and delight he

had left nothing in his pockets, but now he had plenty of money. So in the town he bought himself a wheelbarrow, filled it with bread and other provisions, and begged the doctor to come and see his dear wife. Then he set out again, and once more put a couple of mites into his pockets, which were soon as full as they could hold.

He had prudently bought himself a little bag, he emptied his pockets into it until it was full, and as this was soon the case he left his pockets empty.

You can imagine the delight of his children when they could eat as much as they wanted, and the happiness of his wife, when she saw all the money and heard how he had come by it. They gave thanks to the good God, and the woman got well, and the children thrived and forgot what it was to be hungry, and the poor peasant soon had his garret quite full of money. He bought himself the finest farm in all the Siegland, and soon became the richest man in the country.

Money-matters are always troublesome things. The man who has money finds that he never has enough and grows proud and selfish; so it was with this peasant. His wonder working trousers seemed too shabby for him to wear every day; for they were gray with age. So he said one day to his wife.

"The leather is shabby and dirty, it is buckskin so it can be washed and cleaned with crusts of bread. Do it."

The wife did as she was told, and hung up the trousers in the sun to dry. Then there arose a great storm of wind, and the trousers were blown about in the breeze, which whirled them round and round, until soon afterwards they disappeared.

Repentance followed, but that always comes when the deed is done, and often as it did in this case comes too late.

Moreover there is no doubt that the mannikin came in the storm and fetched away his breeches.

The history of the poor man who had become rich by means of the old leathern breeches became known throughout the country.

There was living at Siegburg at this time a very wealthy man, a councillor and a bachelor. He was the personification of avarice and covetousness, gave nothing to the poor and carefully guarded his money bags, and he was as usurious as any Jew.

"Ah" thought he a little fellow like that can't know every-



thing. Suppose we play him a trick and get hold of the breeches, that would be a joke!" No sooner said than done! One day in November when the snow and rain were striving for the mastery, and the cold west wind was driving them both hard before it, a little withered old man, clothed in rags and so cold, that his teet were chattering was leaning on a stick and tottering along the road to by which the poor peasant had once gone Siegburg to buy bread for his hungry children. He groaned so loud that he was heard some distance off, and at the end of every three steps, he stopped to rest this was none other than the rich councillor of Siegburg who wanted to deceive the mannikin.

Ere long the mannikin with his bundle under his arm stood beside him, and asked in a sympathizing voice, "why he was so sad?" Then the councillor told him a horrible, and false story about his poverty and misery. And the impostor had not a single mite in his pocket, nothing but double louis-d'or, and he had taken care to bring plenty of them; for he hoped that he might become very rich.

Question and answer went just as they had done the year before.

And the the mannikin said: "Sit down and pull off your torn trousers!

The impostor obeyed and his heart beat for joy; but hardly had he done so when the mannikin seized them and disappeared as quick as lightning.

Then the councillor who had been deceived, or rather punished, called out and prayed but all vain! Half naked, and benumbed with cold and wet, he hastened home and it was lucky for him that it was pitch dark.

But when he reached home he took to his bed and became dangerously ill. Then came his smiling heirs, under the pretence of being of service to him, but in reality to see whether they would not soon inherit his money. The councillor wandered in his talk; they could understand enough, however, to enable them to put tho whole story together. The councillor who had lost the money which he had put into the pockets of his old trousers was unable to get over it. He stretched himself upon his bed and died, and the others joyfully divided his rich inheritance. From that time forward nothing has been heard of the mannikin's money making breeches.

## BRUEHL

## THE CASTLE AND TOWN.

In the midst of the fertile and populous plain which surrounds the ancient city of Cöln, lies the royal Castle and town of Brühl: to the left lies Cöln, from which uprises the glorious Cathedral now nearly completed, and numerous other Church towers; before it flows gently the broad old Rhine; to the right are the beautiful Siebengebirge, and beyond, lying on the banks of the Sieg are dark wooded mountains, upon the foremost of which stands Siegburg with its unhappy inmates.

It has been supposed that the name Brühl is derived from the wooded district "zum Broill", but the very name "zum Broill" which simply signifies "belonging to Brühl", implies that Brühl, to which the wood belonged, is particularly indicated. The word "Brühl" is to be met with in the Central Rhineland and elsewhere, in almost every town and village it signifies: "a meadow planted with fruit trees and enclosed by a hedge."

It could scarcely have been doubted, even if this supposition had not been confirmed by the remains of masonry and inscriptions, that Villas stood here in the time of the Romans; for the "Via militaris praetoria consularis", the great military road from Köln to Trier, ran this way. These villas were surrounded by gardens, so that the German name "Brühl" was fully justified by the place. The Ubii were as the name testifies a German nation.

Whether the Romans had a fort at Brühl is doubtful, at all events no traces of masonry have been discovered, but the Franks are supposed to have built a palace here which Archbishop Engelbert caused to be restored, and made fit for habitation (for of the building of any dwelling for his own residence nothing is known) and here he took up his abode in the year 1263, because the insolent burghers of Cöln made the place too hot for him.

All these palaces (Säle) belonging to the Franks were stately buildings erected for the occasional abodes of the Emperor.

The turbulence of the citizens of Cöln compelled Archbishop Henry of Virneburg to rebuild, fortify, and surround with moats the habitation of his predecessor, which he found to be indefensible. As the place meanwhile had been increasing in



size, and as the Archbishop desired to see it increase still more, he raised it to the rank of a town and placed a burgraf in the new Burg.

The following circumstance leads to the presumption that he also surrounded his "town of Brühl" with walls and towers; otherwise, in the year 1317, it would never have been able to hold on for four months against the besieging armies of Cöln their numerous and powerful allies; and compelled them eventually to raise the siege.

Henry of Virneburg was a discontented man, who hated the "shopkeepers" of Cöln, (Cölner Crämer) and it was he who had been the cause of this war; but he was a brave man and his fortress of Brühl, as it was built on no mountain-summit must have been well fortified and garrisoned, to have been able to withstand for so long the attacks of a united and disciplined force.

After the peace the fortress and town of Brühl were for a time under the government of Baldwin of Trier, possibly they were mortgaged, or perhaps this stipulation was made in the terms of the peace.

Fort and fortifications must nevertheless have suffered considerably in the above-mentioned feud, for not long afterwards Archbishop Walram, on account of his quarrel with Count Jülich, found it necessary to restore, and make them stronger than before.

The year 1352 first saw Brühl invested with all the brilliancy of an imperial court. The citizens of Cöln, as is well known, had no love for the Emperor Charles IV, and had not scrupled to let him know it, consequently he on his part did not feel particularly well disposed towards them. This gave him sufficient ground for choosing Brühl as a residence for himself and a numerous suite, whence we conclude that the fort built by Henry of Virneburg, and the restorations and additions made by Walram, must have been very extensive. And this abode of the Emperors still admits our conclusion that an imperial palace, a *Curtis regia* of the Franks, formerly existed here.

The critical position of affairs and the great age of Engelbert III brought his coadjutor Kuno von Falkenstein, of whose strength we have already heard much in the history of the upper Rhine, to the head of the government in Cöln, and Engelbert that he might pass his last days in repose, with-

drew to Brühl, where he remained until his death in the year 1368.

At a later period the "Castle of Brühl" was inhabited by a layman, Count Godfrey of Arensberg, who presented his property in Westphalia to the archbishopric of Cöln, and in 1371 took up his abode at Brühl, where he lived quietly upon the revenues received from the place. He must have required but little room, otherwise he could not have remained there with the Emperor's court. The demands upon houseroom, however, were far more modest at that period than at the present day!

A brave defence saved Brühl from being burnt down by the wild Engelbert von der Mark, who laid many places in the mountains in ruins, when he was at enmity Archbishop Friedrich of Saarweden.

The Archbishops of Cöln, who were disposed to war and often at variance with their own subjects, frequently found themselves in that unenviable position occasioned by a lack of the current coin of the country; in such situations they were compelled to have recourse to mortgaging their property, and to this made up their minds without much difficulty. Thus then in 1443, Brühl appears as a mortgage of the wealthy knight Roland von Palland. Archbishop Ruprecht was forced to lay siege to Brühl for three months, before he could regain possession of the town and fortress. Whether by this means the "deed of mortgage was cancelled" is not known. Ritter Palland probably took care to secure his own interests, like certain Israelite heroes of our own day, who advance money upon princely mortgages when current coin runs short. The Archbishop must have had some grounds for causing the noble Ritter von Palland, who was unfortunate enough to fall into his hands, to be imprisoned.

When Archbishop Ruprecht afterwards quarrelled with his Chapter, and the representatives of the country who dethroned him and conferred the government of the archbishopric upon Hermann, Landgrave of Hesse, he made an alliance with Charles the Bold, who had had a dispute with the Emperor at Trier and supported his claim and retained possession of the town and Castle of Brühl, notwithstanding overtures of peace made by the Emperor Friedrich III. until the year 1477, when he came to terms and restored Brühl to the Archbishop.

A large colony of Jews had settled in Brühl and built



themselves a Synagogue. They had assisted Ruprecht with money and thereby incurred the hatred of his successor, Landgrave Hermann of Hesse. The citizens of Brühl shared the anger of their new ruler for similar reasons; mercy to the persecuted was no longer thought of, and a favorable opportunity for offering an insult to the Archbishops money lenders was eagerly embraced. Hermann who was desirous of building a Cloister for the monks of the order of St. Francis could not, or perhaps would not, find any suitable site for it, and therefore caused the Synagogue to be pulled down and built his Cloister on its site. No one thought of making any compensation to the poor injured Jews, and prudence demanded that they should submit to the oppression in silence. Even in the year 1493 the Archbishop, a second St. Crispin, consecrated the Chapel belonging to the Cloister, without feeling any qualms of conscience for of the wrong done to the Jews.

Archbishop Valentine of Isenburg expended great sums upon rebuilding the ancient fortress, and it was here that he assembled the deputies of the states when he resigned the reins of government in the year 1577.

The Truchsess war did much injury to the Castle of Brühl; for the Elector Gebhard Truchsess, employed everything of value in the Castle for the payment of his army. A large garrison which was stationed there did not contribute towards keeping it in good repair, however the Count of Saxony obtained possession of it, and in 1642 it was threatened with fire by the hordes of Guebriant, who were completely defeated by the brave Johann von der Burgh. Guebriant, then despatched a thousand men from Hesse and Weimar to lay siege to Brühl, but the inhabitants of a neighbouring place attacked them in the rear, and the siege ended in their entire defeat. But the imprudence of Archbishop Ferdinand put them in possession of Brühl! He dismissed a great portion of the garrison, and the Hessians, who were aware of it, fell upon town and Castle, plundered them and perpetrated barbarous cruelties.

The hospitality shown by Archbishop Max Henry to Cardinal Mazarin, who had fled from Paris was unfortunately followed by evil consequences; for after the death of Max Henry some members of the Chapter and deputies of the states refused to recognize the right of succession of his coadjutor, Cardinal Dean of Fülstenberg.

That Germans should ever have appealed to France for as-

sistance is cause for shame! But he did so, and soon there appeared an army of French auxiliaries which garrisoned Brühl and other places in the Diocese. His opponents, unable to tolerate this, laid siege to and bombarded Brühl. Burning shells set fire to the powder magazine and of course to the Castle, which fell before the violence of the flames and the force of the explosion. The enemy could no longer hold out, they capitulated and became prisoners of war.

Elector Joseph Clement had not money to rebuild the Castle, and as he was much attached to Brühl consoled himself with building a simple house in the park.

Half a century passed away and the Castle still lay in ruins. The times were hardly adapted for it, but the popular Archbishop Clement Augustus of Bavaria conceived and energetically carried out the idea of restoring the Castle as it now stands. He was a patron of Art, and claimed her assistance in the decoration of his Castle, which he called "Augustenberg."

It became his favorite residence, and thence he made his hawking expeditions. Hawking was an amusement greatly patronized by the jovial priest, who spent large sums of money in endeavouring to revive this pastime of the middle ages. In the year 1727 he even caused a building to be erected, at about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Castle, which he called "Falkenlust" (Talcon's Joy.)

And besides it he placed a chapel, so that heavenly things might not be forgotten amidst the pleasures of earth. But before the whole was completed death overtook him. His successor Max Friedrich, Count of Königseck-Rottenfels finished it in accordance with his plans.

The last of the line of the Electors of Cöln, Maximilian Francis, in whose veins flowed the blood of Maria Theresia, did much towards laying out the gardens at Brühl.

Life passed merrily under his rule. He delighted in days spent in country pleasures and loved brilliant festivals no less. Brühl never witnessed more gorgeous entertainments.

It should never be forgotten that it was in his reign that the poet Blumauer, known by his travesties was invited to Brühl, where during a considerable period he was able to devote himself solely to literature.

This circumstance is significant of the spirit which ruled in the court of the Elector.

He was the last of the Electoral line, for the storms



commenced which resulted in the destruction of the German Empire, and which brought the fair shores of the Rhine, the pearl of Germany into the hands of the French. It was on the 17<sup>th</sup> September 1804. that "the heir of the revolution" Napoleon whom we call the First, came to Brühl.

His manner on this occasion, was "remarkably hurried." He certainly admired the famous staircase, but he ran up it, hasted through the rooms down the stairs again, sprang into his carriage and crossed the glorious park to Bonn.

Notwithstanding his haste he had determined to what use he would put the Castle, but as yet told nobody and not for some time afterwards did his resolve become known. He chose Brühl for the station of the fourth Cohort of his Legion of honour.

Many things at Brühl were out of repair; nothing had been done for the gardens of the Castle, and the fountains, which had been constructed according to French taste, were out of order.

The Count of Salm-Dyk, Chancellor of this Cohort of the legion of honour, thought it incumbent upon his dignity to propose plans for the restoration and improvement of Brühl; but one thing which is essential to all designs for efficient decoration, the absence of which, has led to many a downfall was not forthcoming here, and when Brühl lost its dignity as a military station the plans fell completely through.

Napoleon meanwhile had not forgotten Brühl. He was accustomed to reward his military favorites nobly, and so in the year 1809 we find that he bestowed the Castle and grounds upon the Prince of Eckmühl.

At first it seemed as if the new proprietor intended to restore and beautify Brühl, and to furnish it as a residence. He had plans laid before him; but when he found that a million francs would be required for the purpose, the rich French Marshall withdrew, and Brühl remained as it was, or rather as must necessarily be the case with everything that is neglected—its ruin became more complete, and Davoust did not trouble himself about it. He lost this portion of his property when his master's supremacy over the Rhine regions terminated, in the year 1813.

Brühl takes its place among the royal domains of Prussia.

In later times much has been done for the Castle, the gardens and the park, but not so much as might be wished.







W. H. W.



The former Franciscan cloister, which had been turned into a French school, has under the Prussian regime been converted into a Roman Catholic training school, which is of much value to the Roman Catholic population.

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## C Ö L N.

"Cöln a jewel fair above all towns" ("Coellen ein' Kroin boven allen Steden schoin"). So from early ages rings the praise of gay, vigorous, old Cöln; and when we have passed along the "great Parsons road" ("Pfaffengasse"), as the Rhine was called between Spires and Cöln (some say between Basle and Cöln), the eye rests with pleasure upon that which forms a worthy conclusion to this portion of the noble river, even upon the "holy city" ("Hillige Stadt"). Such was the title of Cöln in the middle ages, in contra-distinction to Mainz, which was striving for the same prize, and bore the name of the "golden city" ("güldene Stadt").

Cöln obtained the name of the "holy city" on account of its venerable relics; on account of its soil, which was steeped in the blood of martyrs; on account of the number of its glorious Churches, and not from any speciality in the disposition or life of its inhabitants, for neither of these could lay claim to such title.

The name of "Cöln" is of frequent occurrence, as for example in the North on the muddy Spree; in the Rhine territory it is borne by a poor little village, in the valley of the river Alseny, which discharges itself by the Ebernburg; but wherever met with is derived from the word Colonia, and we know that this points to a settlement mainly of foreign tribes, and times when the Roman dominion extended over a considerable portion of Germany; even if the name was not given by the conquerors themselves.

Thus both the name and origin of the place, carry us back to this nation once detested by the Germans, to whom we are very deeply indebted, and amongst other things for the first thorough knowledge of our people, particularly of the Rhenish tribes, and their country, as well as for the seed of the Christian religion, which found a fertile soil in the hearts of the Germans.



Much that derives its interest from ancient times is gathered together here.

When the Ubii crossed over from the right to the left bank of the Rhine, they chose the spot where Cöln now stands for their colony. The settlement must have been one of considerable size, for the Romans thought it advisable to establish themselves there also. This was done however in military fashion and with warlike intent, and thus in mutual relation arose tower and fortress. When A.D. 50, Agrippina, a native of Cöln, the daughter of a noble father, and the mother of a tyrant, founded a colony of Roman veterans, it received the name of Colonia Agrippina: and then also, Colonia Agrippina Augusta.

The settlement increased in size, and became the chief town of the Roman territory on the left bank of the Rhine, and a station for five Legions; and even in those days was numbered amongst the chief towns of the Rhine. The government and administration of the city retained much that was Roman, even after the Romans had ceased to visit these shores. Many events which occurred in Rhenish-Roman times served to render Cöln famous in history. When Civilis raised the standard of rebellion the city espoused his cause and that of his party. Vitellius caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor here. Remains of masonry show the spot where stood the stone-bridge built by Constantine the Great, and destroyed by Archbishop Bruno. Sylvanus as well as Vitellius here received the imperial purple.

The ancient history of Cöln is rich in remarkable events. Struggle followed upon struggle. The walls were destroyed and rebuilt. Childeric and Clovis appeared, and the latter was crowned King at Cöln. These are things which can be told of scarcely any other town; but such details as concern the inhabitants would form a chronicle of honors.

The town notwithstanding, always revived with all the strength of youth, it was of great importance as a commercial city, and in the time of the Hanseatic league its influence extended far into the Netherlands. Elevated to the rank, and endowed with the full rights of a free imperial city, the internal strength of Cöln necessarily increased, and it was able to resist the encroachments of the Archbishops, who were de-

sirous of crushing this dangerous power, and bending the town to their will.

Serious discords and hard battles ensued in which the streets of Cöln were dyed with blood. There were violent struggles with Archbishop Hanno, but the burghers were united, and Hanno was compelled to leave the city. But the difficulties did not end there. Hanno assembled an army and appeared before the walls of Cöln. In spite of a gallant resistance he was victorious, and the citizens were compelled to obey his commands and do him the homage which they had refused before. It need scarcely be said that the inhabitants yielded most unwillingly and with suppressed indignation, and as little need it be added, that many a spark of discontent still glimmered, and that the independent spirit of the citizens frequently showed itself in opposition to the power and arrogance of the Priests.

Notwithstanding the menaces of the Church, the city supported the cause of Henry IV., and showed real bravery when Henry V. endeavoured to subdue it. He could effect nothing against it.

Great as was the power of the citizens, the power of the Archbishops nevertheless continued to increase. Successful wars extended their influence without, and as a natural result strengthened it within also. The warlike Philip of Heinsberg distinguished himself especially; he also strongly fortified Cöln and extended the archiepiscopal territory. Engelbert was one of the noblest of the Archbishops; governed his country well, was highly esteemed by the Emperor, and loved and honoured by his subjects. He had formed a scheme for building such a Cathedral as the world had never seen, when he fell by the hand of an assassin. Archbishop Conrad of Hochstädten, or Hochstadten, adopted this grand idea, for the chronicle of 1248 says "that he had riches beyond measure in gold and silver, such as he considered inexhaustible, and that therefore he had commenced the building of the great, costly and eternal Cathedral". Eternal certainly, for the same chronicle adds that in the year 1499 "they were building at it every day, and the chronicle of 1872 may repeat the same thing; although the wonderful building seems to be rapidly approaching completion. But what changes has time wrought! In those days the growth of the building was ensured by gifts from pious hands now by successful lot-



teries, because gifts do not flow in with sufficient rapidity, even if they have not altogether ceased.

The building however progressed slowly, for feuds within and hindrances without frequently caused it to be discontinued, and consequently the work has come down to our own times as an unfinished miracle of art, which time had been endeavouring to crumble to decay. The author of this glorious plan which has now been revived, is unknown. More is the pity! History might at least have recorded the name of one of the greatest architects the world has ever known; but it has disappeared; is not even inscribed upon the parchment plans of the building, every trace of the man is lost; but his work remains and has defied centuries.

The names of some of the Master-builders have come down to us, and amongst them appears that of Gerhard in 1252, of Arnold in 1299, of John in 1308. But who were these Masters and whence came they? Their names have survived them, but nothing more. From the disputes and contests between the citizens and the Archbishops, which dragged on through two hundred years, arose the chief hindrances to the progress of the building. It was an embittered struggle for freedom on the part of the citizens against a struggle for power on the part of the Archbishops, a terrible struggle in which the Archbishops were eventually worsted.

It was only in the year 1322 that Archbishop Henry of Virneburg consecrated the choir which in itself would form a magnificent Church; and it is not until we stand beside the flying buttresses that we recognize their stupendous grandeur. The building was continued, as the above quotation from the chronicle of 1499 informs us, but seems to have been carried on without zeal, and in the beginning of the 16<sup>th</sup> century the work ceased altogether, and the constant interrogation of the crane on the tower, waited all through those troubled times for a reply, which no man could give. The Cathedral shared the same fate as its brethren in other places, which stand equally unfinished; they have waited for our days, and they are waiting yet, until those poor in faith, but rich in the inspiration of art may finish the work which no one has entrusted to them. The Cathedral at Freiburg alone stood up proudly, and looked on the one side to his brother at Strasbourg, who had been torn from the country where alone there was any real life, and on

the other to his brother at Cöln and asked: "When will ye be what I am?" While he of Strasbourg remained silent, Cöln could reply: "Soon!"

True it is that this "soon" still lay hidden in the lap of the future when the German Rhineland was reft from the German stem, and the sound of the French language "sighed" along the Rhine". The building suffered more and more; for it was converted by the French—a veritable token of the spirit of those days—into a store-house for hay. The lead upon the roof was probably made into bullets, which found their way to the heart of many a young German, and thus might wind and weather rage through it at will, until the joists became loosened and the choir threatened to fall in.

Then Frederick William III., "the Just and Well-beloved," and the cultivated and artistic Frederick William IV. set themselves earnestly to the work. Large sums of money were contributed; but what could these have availed had not the right man been found, who after deep study of the place entered into the "spirit of the building", discovered what was needed and applied himself to the task. The name of the man, who studied and lived in this great work of art as none other ever did, who chose this Cathedral as the object of his highest aspirations, and of his life, and who to his last breath remained true to his love, was Zwirner.

Under his guidance the work proceeded and approached completion. His death came too soon. We could have wished him to have lived to witness the accomplishment of his task, but this was denied him. That work has been placed in experienced hands, nor do we consider ourselves over-bold when we assert that it will be finished, if the sun of peace will continue to shine upon it as heretofore. Up to the towers is the great work consummated; these too are striving upwards, and the time will come when the crane will no longer stand questioning and the world will possess another wonder.

The story of the Cathedral and its foundation have compelled us to make a digression from the history of Cöln. The picture which greets us from the time of Engelbert I. is no pleasing one; it is a tissue of bloody wrangles; intriguing passions.

On one side we see lust of power, on the other love of freedom, upheld by a resolute adherence to rights and privileges



received. When such opposing interests come into collision the issue must of necessity involve bloodshed, more especially at a period when men were used to decide all causes by main force. This brings us to a struggle between the Archbishop and the people, which raged almost without intermission for two hundred years, dyeing the pavement of the streets (wherever such a thing existed) in blood, of which it was impossible to say whether it had flowed in the veins of an aristocrat or a democrat. But we should be doing the citizens of Cöln a great injustice if we let it be supposed that the word "democratic" was used to designate a party fostering republican tendencies. This was not the case. They had learned to know the power of the Church, and thoroughly to detest its government; they desired no rulers beyond the Burgomaster and the Council, and after them the Emperor. In short they nicknamed those men whom they would not have to rule over them: "bald pates and cowl wearers" They who constituted a close community, and played into one another's hands. This the burghers saw and resisted to the death.

That very Conrad of Hochstädten or Hochstaden, who began and afterwards promoted the building of the Cathedral, was at enmity with the town as Engelbert had been before him. He harboured unbounded hatred towards Herman Grein the Burgomaster, who opposed him with dexterity and skill; with earnestness and firmness, whenever he threatened to overstep the limits of his office, that is of his spiritual office; and tradition tells us that the most cordial desire of his heart was to effect the removal of Grein.

Engelbert had a tame lion, a royal beast, who was destined to serve not for amusement only, but on occasion to do good service. He caused him to be taken to the house of two of the Canons of the Cathedral, and to be led into the reception room where he was left to grow very hungry. The Canons then invited the Burgomaster to be their guest. The latter accepted their invitation without suspicion, believing that he stood upon a friendly footing with them, and the more so because they were "Kölsche Jonge", i. e. natives of the town, and friends and companions of his youth. Who would have anticipated evil?

They received him apparently with their accustomed warmth, and conducted him into the hall where was the hungry lion, then

hastily closing the door behind the Burgomaster they made their escape, and treacherously left him in this horrible company.

No sooner had the lion caught sight of the Burgomaster than he began to switch his tail right terribly and crouched down, preparing for a mighty spring. This delay saved the Burgomaster.

He instantly wrapped his mantle round his left arm, drew his long dagger and courageously awaited the coming of his foe.

A lion cannot bear the eye of a man if it is fixed boldly upon him.

In this circumstance we may observe the supremacy of mind over brute force, the powerful beast crept all round his foe, who fixed his eye steadily upon him, and at length went forward to meet him.

Then with wide open jaws the lion sprang upon him.

Grein availed himself of the lucky moment; thrust his left arm, round which his mantle was wrapped, down the throat of the beast, and with his right hand plunged the dagger so deep into his breast, that he instantly expired.

Grein furiously threw open the door at which without expecting any such result, the canons were standing listening.

"Small wonder!" he exclaimed with flashing eyes, "if I plunged my dagger as deep into your hearts as into the heart of him who is lying yonder; but it would be a shame and a disgrace to mingle the blood of a noble beast with the blood of knaves!"

"Bear my greetings to your Master, and tell him we shall meet where no such crimes have place".

Herewith he walked proudly past the two men, who dumb with dismay, had not even the courage to raise their eyes to look at him. Then there came the town beadle and the executioner, took the two men prisoners, and forthwith hung them up before the Cloister of the Cathedral.

This did not extinguish the flame.—

Moreover it came to pass that the cunning prelate had the advantage, and obtained the money which was his main point.

Peace made with a man, who would have no peace until the town was in his hands, was useless; and the Archbishop had no intention of maintaining it. He was trying to outwit



the town and meanwhile Grein the Burgomaster was on the watch. He remembered the lion and his suspicions were roused. It came to an "open quarrel"; but this time the tables were turned, and the Archbishop and his brother, who had been admitted into the town by stealth, became Grein's prisoners. Neighbouring princes then interfered, and "eternal reconciliation" was brought about.

"Eternal reconciliation!" It was a polite form of speech; for Engelbert, who knew that he was discovered, conquered and hated, bore the city no good will towards. He did not change his plans, but his way of carrying them into effect. He thought he should accomplish his end more certainly by creating a breach between his opponents.

The "Altbürger" (old residents) the nobility of the towns, were called in Cöln, from the family which bore the name and which possessed an overwhelming amount of influence, the "Oberstolzen" (Upper prouds) and the members of the corporation were called the "Weisen" (wise) or the Weissen (whites)\*. His intention was to make them quarrel amongst themselves, so that he might conquer both: according to the old proverb: "when two quarrel the third gains the prize, or laughs in his sleeve".

However a plot for murder and conflagration, said to have been hatched by a monk, appeared to him a surer method. During the night in which the scheme was to have been put into execution, the troops of the Archbishop's allies, the Archbishop of Mayence and the cavalry of the Counts of Cleves, Berg and Gelders, sat down before the town and awaited the conflagration. It never came. Moreover that same night St. Ursula with the 10,000 Virgins, each bearing in her hand a wonderful shining taper, were seen to walk in procession round the walls and to bless the place; and when the procession was past to enter the city by one of the gates. Then the Counts cause was lost. There was no contending against such an ally of the "holy city". They retreated and therewith the siege ended. All attempts to reconcile the Archbishop and the citizens proved abortive.

This scheme of the Archbishop's had failed (as they say at Cöln "war flöten gegangen"), but not so his other plan of pro-

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\* "White" has the same signification in a slang sense in German as the epithet "Green" has in English.

moting discord. The "Oberstolzen" themselves were partly the cause of the tumult and rebellion which broke out.

The Archbishop was at Bonn, whither he had been compelled to fly for refuge. He was soon joined by a numerous body of allies, and indeed by such as could hardly have been numbered amongst his friends, except in the sense of the old proverb "that common misfortune unites even foes". A quarrel had taken place in Cöln, and the so-called "Oberstolzen", although inferior in numbers, had conquered their enemies. The members of the corporation were forced to fly the city and to seek refuge in Bonn.

The Archbishop was prudent this time; for he concealed his former hatred and received his companions in misfortune with unwonted friendliness. The wiles of the priest overcame the rudeness of the masses and they allowed themselves to be blinded. They united their forces with those of the Archbishop against the victorious opponents, whose humiliation was a common object.

A poor fellow, called in the chronicle: "Penniless" ("Habenichts der Scholepper"), was induced to break a hole through a wall against which his house was built. He was corrupted by a small bribe, and the Archbishop, his allies, and the banished members of the corporation appeared suddenly within the town, and almost succeeded in gaining possession of it. But their opponents were roused in time, assembled on the battlefield where they were joined by many of the townsfolk.

It was a hard struggle and much blood was shed; but the Oberstolzen were again victorious, and the intruders were driven back to the place whence they had come.

It was very evident that affairs could not remain in this position much longer, for the Archbishop had placed Cöln under an Interdict, and all attempts at reconciliation were frustrated by his implacable temper. Finding that he could do nothing against the town itself, he invaded the country of their ally Count Jülich, was taken prisoner by him, but soon after regaining his liberty and died, without having withdrawn the Interdict.

Engelbert was succeeded by a relation, not a connection by birth merely but a man who held similar opinions, and whose mode of action resembled his own. He inherited Engelbert's



political views, and also the dislike of the citizens of Cöln, who no longer trusted the Lords spiritual.

No blessing crowned Siegfried's exertions. The citizens of Cöln, who had entered into an alliance with the Duke of Brabant, gave battle to the Archbishop at Worringen. He was taken prisoner, as well as his ally Count Gelders, and only obtained his freedom after a seven years' captivity. But he did not keep his word and Cöln remained under the bann; if Siegfried moreover had found himself in a position to take the same fiendish vengeance upon the city, as he did upon his unsuspecting foe Count Berg, he would not have hesitated to do it. But it was not possible, for in spite of the wars Cöln continued to grow in power and in wealth, and as after the battle of Worringen the times became more favourable for commerce, its prosperity increased greatly, and the population numbered 100,000. Art flourished and luxury increased; with the latter came pride and arrogance.

There was quarrelling and discontent, until at length the Corporation and the "Altbürger" fell upon one another, and the Weaver's Guild became so presumptuous in their claims that the anger of the people was roused, and was not appeased until with the assistance of the "Altbürger", the Guild and all its adherents, to the number of 18,000, had been driven from the town. But the alarm bell was also the death knell of many of the citizens of Cöln, and for a long time of its prosperity. The constitution of the city was changed, but peace was not restored.

How could the proud "Altbürgers" be expected to accept their defeat on the subject of the constitution without feeling a desire for revenge? A longing for vengeance possessed them. They plotted; but they were betrayed and fell into the hands of the opposition. Other defeats followed. Most of the prisoners were banished, the rest degraded from their offices. The law of perfect equality took the place of the privileges of the "Altbürgers", and rights derived from birth and rank were abolished. Attempts to restore the old constitution were repressed, and the blood of those who had had the audacity to make them stained the pavement of the haymarket.

Wild and sanguinary wars between the pretenders to the archiepiscopal throne ensued—in which the town was necessarily involved. From these arose fresh struggles between the Arch-

bishop and the citizens, and the province of the Archbishop without.

In 1499 a Papal Legate was despatched to restore peace, but not before the Archbishopric had been devastated. Then again wars and distress followed from the double election of the Bishops; and in consequence the Burgundian army, under Charles the Bold, invaded the country and ravaged it afresh. Neuss sustained the famous siege of eleven months until the arrival of the imperial army.

Archbishop Hermann at length established peace. He lived in amity with the citizens, although often sorely tried by their insolence. Towards the end of the 15<sup>th</sup> century Cöln revived.

The Emperor Friedrich and his son Max enjoyed life in "merry Köln", and the citizens loved pleasure and feasting. They lived gaily, and the "Gürzenich assembly rooms" saw the flower of the beauty of Cöln dancing merrily with the young noblemen and gentlemen of the imperial suite.

Those days when contrasted with the bloodshed of the past, were very bright, and quiet seemed to be effectually re-established; prosperity increased but it engendered voluptuousness. To dull devotion the citizens had no partiality. The blood coursed too lightly through their veins.

Nevertheless storms but of another kind; were threatening, they were born of the period and arose in the spiritual kingdom. It was the Reformation which found a fertile soil in the hearts of those in Cöln who had attained a higher cultivation, whilst the clergy who did not want for adherents, prepared to offer a tough resistance.

Hermann von Wied, in the first instance, violently opposed the spiritual movement, which proceeded from Wittenberg and laid strong hold upon the German people, exercising a special influence upon those of most mature judgment. It is a noteworthy circumstance that the executioner refused to carry out the sentence of death passed upon sixteen Protestants, because he would not and dared not shed innocent blood.

Strange it was that his zeal against the Reformation should have been converted into zeal for it, but the first clear and decided proof of his sympathy was the signal for a furious opposition, and the convert had to encounter resistance and discontent.



From that time forward the ancient throne of the Bishops trembled; for Valentine von Isenburg chose rather to resign his golden mitre than give up the fair Rose of Axenburg, and Gebhardt Truchsess Waldburg, married the most beautiful among beauties of her time, Agnes von Mansfeld, and thought to remain Archbishop, Lord of the country and Elector, in accordance with the teaching of the Apostle and sound Christian penetration; but he forgott Gregory VII. and his judgment, and bitterly deceived himself.

The storm which had broken over the head of his predecessor again discharged itself over his own and that of his faithful, loving, wife Agnes, and beneath its fury both succumbed. When war broke out in the province, and the clouds grew darker round her and her beloved husband, Agnes sought refuge with the family of the Rhinegraf at Grumbach, above Kirn where she died of a broken heart. She was laid to rest in the vault belonging to the family, in the village Church of Sulzbach in the Upper Rhine country. In the early part of the present century some ruthless hand shamefully mutilated her coffin alone amongst all the princely ones which lay there, and scattered her ashes about the vault. What motive could have prompted such desecration?

Lust of greed it was not; for then all the coffins alike would have been devastated. All the rest even uninjured; this one alone which bore her name upon a plate destroyed! The offender must have understood Latin also; for the inscription was in that language.

Who may solve such a riddle? And this crime occurred in the days, in which we pride ourselves upon our mental progress!

A terrible persecution of the Protestants ensued. We need not here enter more deeply into the fearful events which occasionally took place. Thus much may be said, that most of the Protestants left the town and settled in Mühlheim; that those who were compelled to do so sought the free exercise of their faith, until the arm of the persecutor followed them thither also, and an order from the imperial court commanded that the little town should be garrisoned; that its walls and ramparts should be destroyed and razed to the ground, because it had sheltered the Protestants and their faith!

Impotent violence! Let us look into the days which followed

and consider how many flourishing wealthy Protestant communities have been formed, and let us give our own time, in this respect at least, the praise it deserves.

Cöln felt the decrease of its population all the more from the fact that those who withdrew were wealthy and industrious people, who had greatly contributed towards the prosperity of the town.

The Thirty Years' War and the wars of later times did not do the town as much injury as did that one act of intolerance.

It is an important fact that this expulsion of Protestants in the year 1618 emptied 1400 dwelling houses. We need only look at that mountain region, its prosperous condition, its factories and its manufactures to understand what men they must have been who left 1400 dwellings unoccupied, and what, unfortunate as they were, they brought to those who received them with open arms; but it was supposed that the "holy city" had been saved from ruin.

The period of the French occupation is characterized by the fact that the noble Cathedral was converted into a store-house for hay!—

The golden era of Cöln's prosperity; of its increasing trade and well being, of its revived schools of learning, and of the higher cultivation of its youth, began under the Prussian rule.

Whatever treasures of art the town possesses are dispersed among its various Churches. We will not discuss them at greater length here, since any Handbooks, particularly those of my late friend Charles Bädeler of Coblenz will serve as a guide.

But we must not forget those things which individual lovers of art have saved and collected from the period of the French occupation. We are met by the names of Wallraf, Boisserée and Brentano, to say nothing of others in more limited spheres of action.

Unfortunately the great and glorious collection of pictures belonging to these last is lost to Köln. The Pinakothek in München opened her halls to receive them, and the King's love of art gave them a refuge when, there was no prospect of one being found for them in Cöln.

It is only of late years that a patron of the arts and a liberal citizen of Cöln founded the new Museum, and in its



rooms the treasures which Wallraf saved, have been provided with a home worthy of them.

It is a good proof of the tone of mind prevailing in Cöln that it holds within its walls men who have chosen to make the fame, glory and honour of their native town, the main objects of their aspirations and bounties.

The Cathedral contains the noblest relic of the school of art which once flourished at Cöln in the famous "Dombild" (Cathedral picture), which is ascribed to Master Stephen of Cöln, a pupil of Master William. Unfortunately the past has handed down to us only their names without any further information respecting these great artists.

Many fine buildings both ecclesiastical and secular, take their place worthily, by the side of the Cathedral, and amongst them the old "Gürzenich" must not be overlooked. The Churches are all beautiful, and important in the history of architecture.

Of late years no expense has been spared in the restoration of whatever had been mutilated in the course of time, and in removing disfigurements. Thus we see these magnificent monuments restored in their original purity of style.

The University which, once played a part, though not exactly a brilliant one, has perished.

The town is becoming more and more prosperous in all commercial respects; has a great future before it, and even now impresses us with its magnificence.

The life of the people bears the stamp of brightness and gaiety. If the reader wishes to obtain a correct impression of it as a whole, he must visit the Zoological Gardens, and the fine, new Botanical Gardens at the time of the famous Carnival, and the great Musical Festivals, or during the "processions of the relics", and at the frequently recurring "wakes"; and then he will bear away with him the remembrance of such rare, freshness, gaiety and originality, as he will scarcely meet with again throughout Germany. For this reason thousands flock to Cöln from a great distance, when the time for these festivals, especially for the Carnival, comes round.

Amongst the magnificent buildings of modern times we must not omit to mention the new Synagogue, and amongst the more ancient ones the Guildhall, the Chapel belonging to it, and the House of the Templars.

Two monumental tablets affixed to buildings to which they respectively belong, are memorials, the one of the birth place of a "child of Cöln" (Kölsche Jong), who is indeed worthy of the honour; it marks the house where Rubens the "King of painting" was born; the other is placed upon the house where a Queen shed tears, and where she died in poverty and exile—Marie de Medici, widow of Henry IV. of France. What a train of thought is awakened by these tablets! What similes may be drawn by one who knows the stories!

Köln can hardly be surpassed by any other old town on the Rhine in its legendary and traditionary lore. Let us hear what tales it has to tell us!

In the Neumarkt at Köln in the "holy city", not far from the Church of the "Holy Apostles", stood the house of the Lords and Knights von der Aducht, and in his day there lived there simply, honestly and in peace, blessed by the poor for the alms he bestowed: Sir Mengis von der Aducht, and his loving wife Richmodis. Their married life was a pattern of love and conjugal faith, and their house an abode of true religion, so full was it of piety and devotion. But where on earth is perfect happiness to be found? Here dwelt riches and fame, and the grace of ancient lineage; here was every thing in abundance which heart could desire, and yet there was something wanting to complete the happiness of both, something which is often a cause of grief to poverty—it was the blessing of children. Over the grave of Mengis the shield of the Aduchts must one day be broken! Who could count the sighs of Sir Mengis? Or who the tears that fell from the beautiful eyes of Richmodis? Or who could tell the secret, earnest, prayers of both for that which wanting to the fulness of their happiness? Whatever engages the soul in waking hours is pictured still more vividly in dreams in which the more urgent desires are fulfilled.

Richmodis dreamed that the Holy Virgin, to whom she prayed daily, appeared to her, beautiful as is no mortal woman, with mien so gracious that her very soul was moved, and presented to her a small death's head, out of which three roses blossomed in sweet scented beauty, and out of these there came three little angels, which rose smiling heavenwards. But no one was able to interpret the dream.

Sir Mengis von der Aducht was a member of the Town and Council, thither he went whilst Richmodis in the bright morn-



ing light lay smiling as she dreamed her dream. She awoke; but he was gone. At her waking she felt herself sick and in pain. She longed to see him that she might tell him her dream, and tell him also of the pain which oppressed her. But he did not come, for there were weighty matters to be considered in the Council, and when he at length returned home and sought her presence he found her speechless, and at the end of three days the fairest among the beauties of Cöln was a corpse.

Who may measure the depth of her husband's grief? Who may comfort him whose happiness had fled?

He would suffer no one to prepare her for the tomb. He himself attired the pale corpse in the costliest robes; he decked her with the jewels with which he had loved to see her adorned in life; he left the gold ring which he had given her at the altar upon her cold hand; he himself placed her in the coffin, shed bitter tears over her and laid her in her grave, with one only desire in his heart, that he might ere long follow her.

But—she lived! She awoke! All around her the dark night of the tomb. Coffins stood around the vault and all was silent as death. Then she felt, she knew, the terrible fate which had befallen her. She was living among the dead! She listened, and heard a loud knocking!

The jewels, with which her husband had laid her in the coffin, had tempted the wicked sexton to rob the dead.

Raising the lid! she whom he believed to be dead lifted herself up. Paralysed with fear he fell to the ground.

She who had awoke from death left her coffin, quitted the vault and in her terror grasped the criminal burning lantern and hastened home.

Almost breathless she reached the house where her husband was bemoaning her loss. She knocked gently, and at length a window overhead was opened.

It was her husband, who asked who came to disturb his repose at that midnight hour. Without waiting for an answer he closed the window. And she knocked more loudly.

He came again, full of indignation against the offender, but what was his horror when he heard the words: "It is I, thy Richmodis! I have roused myself from the sleep of death. Oh, let me in, I entreat thee. I am chilled with the cold".

He trembled; but said: "My love is in the grave where

there is no awaking". And he closed the window; but stood behind it shuddering.

She who had been roused from her slumber prayed and wept; and he thinking that some one was mocking his grief called down to her: "Before I believe thy tale, and open my door to thee I will see my two gray horses mount the staircase and go to the loft!"

Then the unhappy Richmodis gave a glance heavenwards, with a look of unutterable anguish and with trembling lips she murmured: "Lord help me in my misery".

Then there arose a strange noise and stamping in the house. It shook as though the winding staircase of stone were going to fall in.

Sir Mengis was filled with dismay, he took a light and opening the door, beheld his gray horses ascending the staircase, and neighing as they hurried past him on their way to the loft!

The truth was revealed. He hurried downstairs; and found his Richmodis in a swoon. He embraced her in an ecstasy of untold happiness. She whom he had laid in her coffin cold in death, was now in his arms in the warmth of life. He carried her up to her warm bed and watched her with the tenderest love. Day came. Tidings of the miracle soon spread beyond the narrow limits of the house. The people assembled and stood gazing in astonishment at the sight of Sir Mengis's gray horses looking down from the window in the roof.

It is true!" cried the people, crossing their breasts. And true it was; for the good and beautiful Richmodis von der Aducht lived and bloomed in fresh loveliness. What was foreshadowed by the dream of the three roses also came to pass. Three children, fair as angels, grew up around the happy pair, whom the Lord remembered in his mercy; and when at length in a good old age they were laid to rest in the family vault, the poor called down blessings upon the memory of the lost, and mingled their tears with those of the three children. And upon the coffin of Sir Mengis there lay no broken shield.

To this very day in the house of the Aduchts in the Neumarkt the statues of the horses may be seen standing and looking down from that same window in the roof, from which the wonderful live horses once looked out—and this proves the truth of the story.



In a spacious empty hall at a marble table as white as snow sat one day the Emperor, Otto III. Opposite to him was Ezzo, Count Palatine, and between them a chessboard. The men had been already placed. The Emperor and the Count were excellent players, both young, robust men.

It was November weather. The storm wasing, sharp and cold; whirled the delicate snow-flakes in the air, and rattled through the chimneys until it was horrible to hear, even by their warm firesides people could scarce help shivering.

The Emperor was in joyous mood, and cast loving glances towards the handsome Ezzo, the friend of his youth, who whilst waiting the summons to begin the game looked through the coloured window panes, and watched the snow flakes as they were driven to and fro in the wind. Whilst the Emperor was silent, the Count's thoughts dwelt upon the image of a maiden graceful and beautiful as an angel, and so like the Emperor, that every glance at his face brought her to his memory.

The Emperor cast so penetrating a look at his partner that it seemed as if he would fain fathom his very deepest thoughts. And when the sad thought that this angel belonged to a rank to which he durst not aspire—for she was the Emperor's own sister, who had been educated in the convent at Essen, and was still living there, cast a shade of sadness over Ezzo's face; the Emperor smiled, and then turning gravely to Ezzo addressed him thus: "Thou hast played many a game with me, but never with any other aim than the honour of the victory. To day it shall be otherwise, Ezzo! we will have three games. If thou winnest them the desire of thy heart, be it what it may, shall be granted. Thou hast my imperial word which I have never broken!"

When he heard these words the image of Matilda arose before him. It was as if the red flush of evening was shed upon his face, as if the first beams of the morning sun were shining from his eyes; but soon the flush faded and his cheeks became paler than before; for how dare the poor Count Palatine, the vassal of the Emperor, one bound to do him service, how might he venture to raise his eyes and hopes to the Emperor's noble sister, who would have crowns laid at her feet so soon as she should leave the Cloister, and take her place in the imperial court?

Again the Emperor read his thoughts and rightly interpreted what was passing through his mind making his face flush and again grow pale. "What ails thee, Ezzo?" he asked. "Hast thou not courage to say Check to thy Emperor, if thou couldest? pah! Set thy mind at ease. Thou wilt not succeed so easily! Let us begin!"

And the Emperor moved.

Ezzo's quick eye saw at once that the move was a rash one, and might cost the Emperor the game, and the thoughts in his soul were whirled to and fro like the snow flakes outside, but widely different was the storm which drove them.

He made his move.

The Emperor perceived his mistake, and grew more eager; and, as is generally the case, move after move followed, which only served to make the loss of the game more certain.

Both were excited, and ere long Ezzo checkmated the Emperor, who apparently annoyed thrust his hand in among the pieces, exclaiming eagerly: "That very first move was a wild one; but Ezzo do not reckon without your host! That is only one game!" Again the pieces were placed.

"Begin!" said the Emperor.

Ezzo had made his plan, and moved. The Emperor looked at Ezzo's piece, as if to fathom his scheme, but it seemed as if his skill which almost always brought him off conqueror, had forsaken him that day, his counter move was useless.

Through Ezzo's soul there passed a wondrous feeling. Was it the fruit of some bold hope? All the powers of his mind were strung to the utmost pitch, as those of the Emperor relaxed.

The moves were slower, more considered, better weighed than in the first game; but Ezzo saw that he had a decided advantage, and ventured a bold stroke.

"Check to the Queen!" he exclaimed trembling.

"How?" cried the Emperor stamping upon the floor. "Thou hast never played better. I have never played worse! I see my calculations were wrong. I imagined that the thought of what thou would'st ask would confuse thee, and therefore that I should easily conquer but avarice rouses all thy powers Ezzo!.,

"Sire!" returned the count, and a deep blush overspread his face as he bowed his head. "It is thou who didst excite them, and if my wishes fly too high, the pain of my humiliation will be all the deeper!"



"The word of an Emperor stand firm as a rock! If everything else fails that must remain" returned the Emperor in a strange voice. "But I advise thee, do not count too certainly upon victory!"

"It is evident that thou hast won this second game we will not play it out. Let us begin a third; but take heed. This will be a hard struggle!"

The Emperor moved. His play was quiet, careful, well considered.

The Count's hand shook. His breath came quicker. The Emperor saw how excited he was.

"Be careful, Ezzo!" he exclaimed laughing. "Thy trembling hand has already half cost thee thy game. Ezzo recovered himself, his move followed. "A master stroke!" cried the Emperor." I ought not to have presumed to warn thee! The lion was asleep, and I see that I ought not to have ventured to rouse him!"

Move slowly followed move.

A third person would have seen that a struggle was going on between two masters of the art.

Hour after hour passed. Neither as yet had the advantage, but both were playing with the utmost skill.

Then the Emperor left a piece unguarded; in an instant Ezzo availed himself of it and exclaimed; "check to the king!"

Otho was startled." "I am stricken with blindness to day!" he cried,

The game was speedily decided in Ezzo's favour.

He fixed his eyes upon the ground.

"Now to the victor belongs honour and glory, and not hanging of heads," said the Emperor without the least displeasure in his voice. "Quick, Ezzo! what dost thou demand?" Ezzo looked into the Emperor's kindly eye, and with a deep blush spoke as follows: "Once in the Cloister at Essen I beheld the most lovely woman, and from that time forward have I carried her memory in my heart!"

The Emperor smiled.

"Do not forget Ezzo, that even the power of an Emperor may not dissolve a sacred vow."

"Oh, it was never taken!" said Ezzo, bending his knee before his lord and friend. Do not blame me my lord. It is your

sister Matilda, and the glance of her eye and her rosy mouth showed me that she did not feel unkindly towards me."

"Then go and make her thy wife," said the Emperor not without emotion. "Thou hast won her, not in the three games, no, but by thy faith, thy courage thy bravery!"

"But my faithful Ezzo, thou hast not yet attained thy end. The Abbess who is of my kin is a hard woman. She desires to make her a nun, and thou wilt have to fight a vigorous fight—but courage subdues the world!"

The Count flew to Essen, bearing the Emperor's word, and knocked loudly at the little gate of the convent.

But the old lady did not feel as did the young heart at her side behind the grating. The word of the sovereign however, who had inherited a father's right over his sister, weighed heavily in the other scale. She turned to the maiden, who had grown pale.

"Wilt thou exchange this thy peace for the tumult of the world?" she said gravely.

And a gently breathed, "yes" escaped the lips of the maiden. Ere long the bride was seated upon Ezzo's steed, and was journeying with all speed to Cöln and the proud horse had certainly never borne a sweeter burden.

One word had the holy Abbess said in her anger: "My staff of dry mulberry shall break forth into blossom ere give my consent to this union!"

It was arranged that the wedding should take place in the Abbey at Brauweiler, and the Emperor Otho caused an invitation to be sent to the Abbess. She came, and again harshly repeated what she had said in the Convent at Essen.

Then Matilda and Ezzo begged that the staff might be given them; and the procession moved to the cloister garden. The happy pair took the staff and planted it in the ground.

Silent and expectant stood the Emperor and the court, scarcely daring even to breathe; but in the faces of the bridal couple there mislaid a strange trusting faith.

And lo the ground began to rise round the staff. It was rent, and a fresh mulberry branch shot upwards miraculously, and put forth leaves and blossoms, and fruit came to perfection before their astonished eyes!

Then the Abbess sank down and bowed her head to the ground and all present did likewise.



And when they rose up the holy woman laid the hands of the happy couple in one another, and said: "It is God's will! May he bless you!"

The happy pair were married.

But the sprig of mulberry became a mighty tree, and more fruitful than any of the others, and when all those who had seen the miracle had long been laid to rest in the cold grave, the grandchildren and great grandchildren of the happy couple still gathered the mulberries from the tree at Brauweiler, and regarded with awe almost reverential the miraculous tree which flourished and bare fruit for hundreds of years.

In the glorious valley where the Hahnenbach rolls its clear waters into the Nahe, in the neighbourhood of Kirn-an-der-Nahe, rises a rugged rock, which extends from the summit of the mountain down to the rushing brook beneath. Upon this ridge stand three ruined fortresses one above the other like eagles' nests; they are remarkable for the boldness of their situation, and for the strength of their masonry which has endured for centuries.

They are called Callenfels, Stein and Loch, and were built as residences for the powerful race of the knights of Callenfels, and were never captured, never conquered.

This family of ancient fame was notorious for its love of war, its ferocity and highway robberies, as well as for its undying enmity towards the monks.

At one time the Abbays of Sponheim and Disibodenberg were the chief objects of their lawless attacks, and when a pilgrimage from the Rhine was made to the shrine of the St. Disibod, the freebooters gathered a rich harvest. They fell upon and robbed the pilgrims; and carried off to the fortresses those who were rich, from whom a large ransom might be expected. And many a soul expried in those dungeons in those keeps many a heart, because the ransom was delayed though it were but one moment beyond the period appointed by their cruel captors.

These knights of Callenfels were the scourge of the land, the terror of its inhabitants, the bane of the Cloister, and they even mocked at the army of the Archbishop of Trier, and at the sentence of excommunication under which they had lain for years.

At the time when St. Boniface occupied the Bishop's throne at Mainz he purposed to remove the bones of St. Disibod out of the poor chapel where they were reposing, and to place them in the high altar of the Cathedral, which had been lately, built upon the brow of the hill; and to consecrate the holy place

News of this festival and of proffered blessings filled the land; the tidings spread from Strasbourg to Cöln, from the Maine in the east to the Mosel in the west. And everywhere the hearts of the faithful were stirred to become partakers of this grace.

Suppliants gathered from far and near, in faithful procession around the bones of Disibod, which lay in the Cloister bearing his saintly name in the valley of the Nah; two Saints were there to bless the faithful; Disibod in his death, and Boniface in his life. Who that had any burden upon his soul would be absent when such benedictions might be gained?

At that time a mighty man ruled in the holy city of Cöln. He was a member of the family of "Oberstolz" wealthy and distinguished, and beloved by the people, because he prevented the Archbishop from increasing his power, and reducing the town to subjection. The burgomaster Oberstolz was "a thorn in the flesh" to him, and therefore the Archbishop, was pleased when he found that this man who had all that the world could give, wanted one thing to complete his happiness, and the lack of it grieved him sorely—he had no children and when he died his own large fortune and that of his beloved wife would fall to distant heirs.

His charming, young wife looked sadly upon the increasing lines traced by sorrow and care, upon the brow of her much loved husband; in the still night when he waking believed she asleep, she could listen to his sighs with a heavy heart; hope daily grew less, sorrow increased, and now only a miracle could help them. Then the tidings of the festival of St. Disibod reached Cöln and a ray of hope entered the soul of the wife. Though she was unable to make a journey to the holy mountain; for sickness chained her to a bed of pain, what should hinder her vigorous husband from going on a pilgrimage to the spot, where the coffin of Disibod rests in the little Chapel, which he built with his own saintly hands.

Hope rose it increased every hour; it grew to a certainty and she could conceal it no longer. She was obliged to speak



and she did so with a warmth and, fervency of faith and enthusiasm that her husband could not resist.

Attended by her blessings and prayers, he donned the pilgrims garb and ha adorned with a scallop shell, took his staff and carrying with him rich offerings, joined the company of the faithful. They came from the Lower Rhine, from the red earth of Wesphalia and from Cöln and on went the procession increasing as it advanced up the Rhine, like an avalanche which rolls down from the ridge of a mountain, bearing onward with it whatever it meets until at length it fills the valley beneath. The rumour of the pilgrimage from the Lower Rhine, and of the wealth of the pilgrims, had reached the valley of the Nah; and the dwellers at Callenfels gloried in the thought of the rich treasure which could not escape them. For weeks the procession had been advancing, and had been continually attacked and plundered by the enemy; for there is no other way of reaching the valley, from themidst of which the Disibodenberg rises, than past the little chapel of Oberstreit, where the pilgrim is bound to pray, as it is a station of the sacred Disibodenberg, and was founded by the Saint in honour of whose bones the coming festival was to be held.

Around the ancient sanctuary clustered a few houses belonging to the little village of Oberstreit, and behind it the forest stretched out in every direction. But this forest was the lair of the Knights of Callenfels from whence they fell upon the harmless and defenceless pilgrims like hungry beasts of prey, and the fortress began to be filled with prisoners as well as with booty.

Then the procession from the Lower Rhine approached, and amongst the pilgrims was the wealthy burgomaster, Oberstolz of Cöln,

They knelt round the little chapel in prayer, and from within resounded the chants of the priests. Mass was over, the blessing pronounced and the procession prepared to descend the mountain. The towers of the Abbey which was the object, of their journey, were already visible from the summit of the hill which rises out of the valley beyond.

A wild cry of terror burst forth, as the pilgrims saw a large body of horsemen with drawn swords, rush ont from the wood.

"Sauve qui peut," was the thought of every one, A fearful confusion ensued, but wherever they turned the passage was barred. They were hemmed in on all sides. Every one was ill treated and robbed. The wealthy and noble amongst the pilgrims were bound and dragged away. Amongst these latter was Oberstolz, and the knight of Callenfels exclaimed to his servant: "Hie thee to Cöln, and bring back a thousand golden gulden to Callenfels, but if thou hast not returned within the space of four weeks, and if the wife of Oberstolz does not come herself with the money, thou wilt find thy lord hung up upon the linden tree, before the gate of the fortress. If the wife of Overstolz is not here at midday, with the money, in four weeks, counting from to day, he shall behung Mark my words!

"Now get thee hence, for we are men of ourword." There could be no lingering, no delay.

The faithful old servant returned forthwith to Cöln, but sorrow and anxiety of heart were a heavy burden for his tired old limbs.

A week was already nearly gone, when almost worn out with fatigue he entered the chamber of his unfortunate mistress. She looked pale and weary for she had scarce risen from her bed of sickness to rest upon a couch. The tidings the man brought were terrible. It was not the money which troubled her poor heart, but the fearful threat of the enemy whose renown had reached even to Cöln. She asked the advice of the Archbishop, and his reply was: "Set out with all speed lest thou shouldst arrive too late."

They wrapped her in warm furs and she started upon her journey of terror. But she could only travel by short stages, for riding was too great an exertion and in order to fill her cup of woe to the full she was taken ill upon the road.

Days came and went. Weeks passed away. Her tears and grief retarded her recovery.

At last there was but a week left, she made them bear her forward in a litter, but her progress was slow, and her anxiety daily grew more and more intense. She promised to double and treble the pay of the bearers, but the way was long and the journey was difficult. Ascents and descents stayed the steps of the tired bearers, and she herself was well nigh



worn out, for no sleep came to her tearful eyes, and no rest to her tormented heart.

At length they reached the little town of Kirn, but here her strength gave way. When they lifted her from the litter she had fainted,—and tomorrow alas! tomorrow, at midday the enemy's term would have run out.

She woke on the morrow, wearied to death with the most frightful dreams. She had seen her beloved husband hanging from the bough of the linden tree!

But she was unable to move. Her thoughts wandered.—Death seemed to hover about her lips. But a few hours perhaps and she would be eased of her burden!

The morning was raw and cold. The rain poured down from Heaven. Could they carry the dying woman to the Calenfels?—It was so near. And perhaps the sky would clear!—

They waited.

But suddenly—and it was almost noon—suddenly the sick woman rose.

“Away!” she cried, “in God’s name away! Already they wait beneath the linden tree!”

Then they placed her in the litter, the bearers hastened, but the way led over the weather-worn rocks on the banks of the foaming Hahnenbach, and they had no firm spot whereon to set their feet.—!

At last, at last, the line of rock appeared, and from the summit rose the towers and battlements of the three fortresses!—

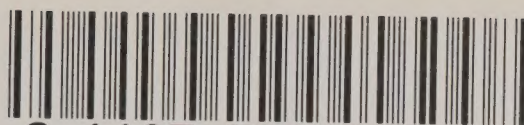
Now they see the tall, wide spreading linden tree before the gate of the lowest of the three fortresses. A crowd of men stood around it.

The sick woman raised herself.—Her quickened sight descried a corpse hanging from a bough,—and with a frightful cry of: “Too late!” she fell back upon the cushions. She was dead.

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